

# Harry Connick Jr., Boozehound

I used to be a boozehound  
Spent my time downtown  
Gettin round  
Sittin in the barroom  
Tryin to get another drink  
&quot;I think you've had enough&quot;  
&quot;Come on... Just one more&quot;  
This time I ain't feelin so fine  
Whatcha say we get to downin  
Don't throw me just forget about the line  
I wish I could be drownin  
Sweet water... I ain't seen her in a while  
I don't know if I can face her  
I know she can always make me smile  
If I can't outrun my chaser  
I used to be a boozehound  
Buzzin round midtown  
Gettin loaded  
Tryin to get a number  
Feelin mighty good  
&quot;Is this guy bothering you?&quot;  
&quot;No, no, I was just...&quot;  
All my life there ain't never been a drought  
That's probably been my downfall  
Even though, you know,  
I might be passed out  
I won't drop the high ball  
I know where the river flows  
And the lives that it devours  
Ain't it great I can touch my nose  
But I can't smell the flowers  
I used to be a boozehound  
Stumblin uptown  
Gettin higher  
Fallin off the barstool  
Rememberin where I left the floor  
&quot;Say buddy, you need some help&quot;  
&quot;No, I'm cool...&quot;  
Come and get me you can be my Boogeyman  
You can catch me on the rebound  
You may not fly like the Candyman can  
But it's safer on the ground  
Just one more trip to the fun house  
They'll smother me with foam  
See, my brother, that's the one house  
That I can call my home