

New York Rel-X, Drunk On Tuesday

I slipped on down to the corner pub alone
I tried to dry my tears
They tried to wrangle a story from me
Without determination I said

(Chorus)

Love's no fun just a bitter nightmare
He stormed right out and he said he don't care
And I'm too drunk to figure out
Just why he's gone or what I've done now

It started after I stumbled my way home
Just out for a little night cap
He'd been waiting up for me
It's 10 to 3 so where you been now

I'm curled up now with a bottle slightly stoned
The apartment is bitter cold
The couch, bed, TV, he took them all
I tried to get him to leave the toaster

What I've done now
Drunk on Tuesday
What I've done now
Drunk on Tuesday night