

# Silent Majority, Happy Hour

hey mister bartender  
are you aware  
you're slowly killing my father  
when he comes in there  
hey mister bartender  
just in case you're not sure  
you're tearing my family to shreds  
with every scotch you pour  
you've become the shoulder to cry on  
the only source of cheer  
mister bartender  
won't you lend me your ear  
never met you don't know who you are  
do you ever think about the men that live in your bar  
"drinking up Sundays spending them alone"  
there is no home  
there is no home  
"just a place where everyone knows your name"  
it's such a shame  
it's such a shame  
bartender remember this face