

# Thin Lizzy, Got To Give It Up

I've got to give it up I've got to give it up  
That stuff  
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That stuff

Tell my mama and tell my pa  
That their fine young son didn't get far  
He made it to the end of a bottle  
Sitting in a sleazy bar

He tried hard but his spirit broke  
He tried until he nearly choked  
In the end he lost his  
Bottle drinking alcohol

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Tell my brother I tried to write and  
Put pen to paper but I was frightened  
I couldn't seem to get the words out right  
Right quite right

Tell my sister I'm sinking slow  
Now and again I powder my nose  
In the end I lost my bottle  
It smashed in a casbah

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I've been messing with the heavy stuff  
For a time I couldn't get enough  
But I'm waking up and it's wearing off  
Junk don't take you far

Tell my Mama I'm coming home  
In my youth I'm getting older  
And I think it's lost control  
Mama I'm coming home

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