

Tweet, Drunk

Got a 5 in my pocket
Wanna buy me some gin
I drop a gas in the tank
Let me think it over again
Cuz I'd rather be drunk
And drive away from here
Than to be sober
So sober
Yeah

No friends coming through
I think I've lost them all
No man to take their place
So I decided to make this call, whoa ho
And I'd rather be drunk
On a cloud away from here
I don't wanna be sober
No not sober, yeah

Broke and alone
Nowhere to go
And loneliness is hurting me so
Broke and alone
Nowhere to go
And loneliness is hurting me so

One stog left to light
I think I'll smoke just a half
By the time I finish this drink
I'll roll the last of the grass, yeah eh
Cuz I'd rather be pumped
Than to drown in my tears
And that'll help me peel over
And sleep the night over, yeah
Yeah, yeah yeah yeah

Oh I could've swore
Sober
And loneliness is killing me slow
Broke and alone
Oooh, boy whatever

Did I drink too much
Cuz the road is all lop-sided
I only drove a small way
I thought I swore not to take this ride
Now my air's being pumped
And I'm drenched in my tears
I don't wanna peel over
Just wanna be sober, yeah

Oooh

Why I had to go
Killing me slow, slow
I wish I could have listened to my conscience
And not drunk a drip
I wouldn't be here in so many pieces
I shouldn't have drank a sip