

# Whiskeytown, Desperate Ain't Lonely

I try not to drink,  
'cause if I sit and think I'll go crazy  
Desperate ain't lonely  
Though I've been high  
Pockets are empty  
In the daytime I'm lonesome in the nighttime I'm sad

The letter I wrote,  
Took words from my throat I was saying  
Lay on the roadside

I guess the mailman was drunk  
The message was urgent  
How lazy a state where you don't live no-one

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'cause if I sit and think I'll go crazy  
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