

# Whitmore, Sober Days

The last year I've been waiting, waiting for my time,  
Don't fall off it, work on it, it'll happen in the end.

Mostly I've been wasted, Sober Days are few,  
A large gin's not working, it'll kill me in the end.

In the end, it's so hard,  
And I'll never get a second chance,  
Wow-oh, well I know.

I lie in bed on Sunday, staring at the wall,  
I turn round, this come down is happening again.

Push me up much further; I need a new release,  
Depression's an infections and I find it hard to beat.

Hard to beat, it's so hard,  
And I'll never get a second chance,  
Wow-oh, well I know.

The last year I've been wasted, Sober Days were few,  
A large gin's not working, it'll kill me in the end.

The last year I've been waiting, waiting for my time.  
Don't fall off it, work on it, it'll happen in the end.

In the end, it's so hard,  
And I'll never get a second chance.  
Wow-oh, it's so hard and I'll never get a second chance.  
No, I'll never get a second chance.  
No, I'll never get a second chance.  
No, I'll never get a second chance.  
Oh-o-wow.