

## Ballantines

Aimee Mann

It must be hard ringing the bells  
Of doors that don't swing wide anymore  
It must be hard hearing the sound  
Of voices just inside of the door

A man who couldn't hold your coat  
Once hung on every anecdote  
So it must be hard watching the fellows gloat  
Ballantines

It must be hard seeing the same old crowd  
Just pass you by in the street  
It must be tough knowing your stuff  
Could only horrify the elite

You cut off everyone you know  
Boy you told 'em all where to go  
Now it must be hard getting the same heave-ho  
Ballantines

Well, patrons at the bar in Lexington, Kentucky  
Once sprung for every drink you downed  
With things the way they are it's not that kind of party  
If what you've got just might be going around

The fat cats won't be getting thin  
Seeing the kind of jam you're in  
Though the angels dance on the head of another pin

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