

Why Henry Drinks

Drive-By Truckers

Them stories that you tell me are so hard to swallow
You said "Go to hell" but I know you'd just follow
The future's closing in quicker than you think
and hanging with you I know why Henry drinks

Those obnoxious drunks downstairs are fighting and cussing
and twelve years of me and you don't add up to nothing
You say what's on your mind - tell it to your shrink
so he can know like me why Henry drinks

Just a few more hours till the sun comes back around
to tear each other down and drink another round
lost it on the way now I'm hating what we found
mendacity and grudge-fucks and pieces out of town

I drink half a case of beer on my way home from work
Daddy needs his medicine to keep his hands off Mama's throat
Baby, push a little harder cuz you got me on the brink
of spilling more than guts about why Henry drinks

Telling you so much about why Henry drinks