

Smashed Again

Sloppy Seconds

Doin' a little drinking at my favorite bar
Got so smashed I couldn't drive my car
Got the phone and called me a cab
Got thrown out, and couldn't pay my tab
Nowhere to go, no cash to spend
Don't know why I'm smashed again...
Wake up in a puddle of booze
And crawl through the mountain of human refuse
In the kitchen, I piss in the sink
Open the fridge, and I reach for a drink
Clock on the wall says 1:00 pm
Don't know why I'm smashed again...
Don't know why I'm smashed again
Can't believe this mess I'm in
Johnny Walker's my best friend
Don't know why I'm smashed again
My girlfriend threw me out in the street
And now I'm layin on the cold concrete
Four a.m. there's a knock at your door
"ooh, let me sleep on your living room floor!"
That's what you get for being my friend
Don't know why I'm smashed again...
I was born with a drink in my hand,
My feet on the ground, and my head in the sand
Scotch whiskey, rum, and beer
That the only reason I'm here
Looks like another lost weekend
That's why I'm smashed again...
That's why I'm smashed again
That's why I'm smashed again
That's why I'm smashed again
That's why I'm smashed again
Paul Bohall's my best friend...
that's why I'm smashed again