

Theme From 'cheers'

Titus Andronicus

I'm sorry, Mama, but I've been drinking again.
Me and the old man got us a head start on the weekend,
And rest assured, tonight I'm going to be in Kevin's basement with all my friends,
Provided we can get, get our lazy asses down to Bottle King by ten.

And the walk home is going to be a real shit show.
I'll be picking up half-smoked cigarette butts all up and down Rock Road,
And then to throw up in the warm glow of the traffic light.
But I'm gonna put the devil inside to sleep if it takes all night.

So let's get fucked up, and let's pretend we're all okay.
And if you've got something that you can't live with,
Save it for another day, all right?
Save it for another day.

I'm sorry, Mama, but expect a call from the neighbors tonight.
All of my asshole buddies are coming over and they're feeling a little too all right.
I'm sick and tired of everyone in this town being so goddamn uptight.
But don't you worry, I'll do all the talking when they turn on the flashing lights.

When I'm an old man, I can be the quiet type,
And I can go without a moment of fun for the rest of my life.
I can read a good book, and I can be in bed by ten,
And I can get up early, go to work and come home, and start it all over again.

But while we're young, boys, everybody raise your glasses high,
Singing, 'Here's to the good times, here's to the home team.
Kiss the good times goodbye, oh yeah,
Kiss the good times goodbye.'

[Part II. Grandpa's Old Cough Medicine]

I need a timeout, I need an escape from reality,
Or else I need eternal darkness and death, I need an exit strategy.
Down in North Carolina, I could have been a productive member of society,
But these New Jersey cigarettes and all they require have made a fucking junkie out of me.

So give me a Guinness, give me a Keystone Light,
Give me a kegger on a Friday night.
Give me anything but another year in exile.

I need a whiskey, I need a whiskey right now.
God knows how many times I've said this before,
But I really don't feel like doing this anymore.

[Part III. Song for Tretiak's Movie]

So hey, Andy, let's turn into dirty old men,
Close down the bar every night at the Glen Rock Inn.
Talk about our grand kids as we stroke our grey bears.
Funny we're still doing car bombs after all of these years.

And I know there are bicycles waiting to ride,
But I could swear I heard voices from the other side, saying,
'Wait until you see the whites of their eyes.'

And now that I'm older, I look back and say,
'What the fuck was it for anyway?'
For those dreams are lying in the still of the grave -
What the fuck were they for anyway?
So let it be on a stretcher if I get carried away -
What the fuck was it for anyway?