

## Drunk

Tweet

Got a five in my pocket  
Wanna buy me some gin  
A drop of gas in my tank let me think it over again, mmm  
Cause I'd rather be drunk and drive away from here  
Than to be sober, so sober yea  
No friends comin thru  
I think I've lost them all  
No man to take there place  
So I decided to make this call, whoa ho  
That I'd rather be drunk on a cloud away from here  
I don't wanna be sober, no not sober yea

Broke and alone nowhere to go  
And loneliness is hurting me so  
Broke and alone, nowhere to go  
And loneliness and hurting so

One stog left to light  
I think I'll smoke just a half  
By the time I finish this drink  
I'll roll the last of the grass, yea hey  
Cause I'd rather feel pumped  
Than to drown in my tears  
That'll help me peel over, sleep the night over yea hey  
Yeah, yeah, yea yea

Oh I could've swore oh  
Sober, sober, sober  
And loneliness is killing me slow  
Broke and alone, whoo boy, what ever

Did I drink too much  
Cause the road is all lop-sided  
I only drove a small way  
I thought I swore not to take this ride, yea hey  
Now my air's being pumped  
And I'm drenched in my tears Oh  
I don't wanna peel over  
Just wanna be sober yea, oooh

Why I had to go  
Killing me slow, slow  
I wish I could have listened to my conscience  
And not drunk a drip  
I wouldn't be here in so many pieces  
I shouldn't have drank a sip