It's past 2 A.M. and I'm thinking 'bout you

Just took my last sip off my last bud light brew

I wanna keep drinking, what should I do

They can't serve no alcohol like I said it's after two

There's only one thing in my freezer

It sits by itself just like me

A frosty old bottle of Seagrams

That reminds me of how it used to be

I've never seen no psychiatrist, I've never seen no shrink

But these lonely thoughts, they're all that I think

And it feels so lonely, when I stand by that sink

Gin and tap water is a lonely man's drink