

Drink Up And Go Home

Jerry Garcia

You sit there a-crying, crying in your beer
You think you got troubles, my friend listen here
Don't tell me your troubles, I've got enough of my own
Be thankful you're living, drink up and go home
I'm fresh out of prison, six years in the pen
Lost my wife and family, no one to call friend
Don't tell me your troubles, I've got enough of my own
Be thankful you're living, drink up and go home

Now there sits a blind man, so blind he can't see
Do you think he's complaining, why should you and me?
Don't tell me your troubles, I've got enough of my own
Be thankful you're living, drink up and go home

I'm fresh out of prison, six years in the pen
Lost my wife and family, no one to call friend
Don't tell me your troubles, I've got enough of my own
Be thankful you're living, drink up and go home