

Drinking Again

Aretha Franklin

Drinkin' again
Thinking of when you loved me
Having a few
Wishing that you were here

Making the rounds
Buying a round for total strangers
Just being a fool
'Cause I keep hoping, hoping, hoping you'll appear

Sure I can borrow a smoke
I can sit here all night and tell these jokers some jokes
But who wants to laugh, who's gonna laugh at a broken heart
Oh, my heart is aching, I swear it's breaking

And I'm drinking again
Thinking of when you loved me
And I'm tryin' to get home
With nothin', nothin' but a memory

Yes, I'm dying to get home
Dying to get home
And I got nothin' but a bottle of beer
And just my memory