

# 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