

Drink Up And Go Home

Bobby Bare

You sit there a crying cry in your beer
You think you got troubles well my friend listen here
Don't tell me your troubles I 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 fam'ly no one to call friend
Don't tell me your troubles I got enough of my own
Be thankful you're living, drink up and go home.

Now there stands a blind man a man who can't see
Yet he's not complaining why should you or me
If you'd look around you I'm sure you would find
There's folks who got troubles worse than yours and mine.

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