

Proud Souls

Cross Canadian Ragweed

Got drunk by myself last night
& they say that's no way to make things right
I just didn't have anything better to do
The dog was asleep on the living room rug
And I watched a show about a crime of drugs
Punished a bottle of bourbon until it was through
I don't care that I can't sleep
I'd just as soon stay up all week
Might get some things done while others dream
The heater broke and the room got cold
And my knees and ankles say I'm getting older
The phone finally rang but it wasn't for me

If everyone should be together
I guess no one would be alone
That's a lot of tradeoffs in the end
Somewhere in the fields of heaven
Proud Souls laugh and love together
Some where between passion and losing friends

Sleep finally came but I woke up alone
And my head was next to the telephone
A gave the sun a cussing as I drew the shade
One thing that seems always true
When I'm hung over the sky is blue
A rough night for me makes a hell of a day

I believe in ghost and democracy
And that each man should leave his legacy
That mans work great or be it small
But I don't believe in everything
Like the designated hitter, or that diamond rings
Can make love last for ever for one and all

Somewhere between passion and losing friends