

## Partying Is Such Sweet Sorrow

Every Time I Die

At the bottom of the first drink  
I found my nerve.  
At the bottom of the next one  
I met my girl.  
At the bottom of the third drink  
I found a forth  
And at the bottom of that one  
Was a Trojan horse  
That carried in demons  
Who brought their brides  
And they tempted darkness  
Where I lost my mind.  
Well the fifth drink found it  
And carried it home  
Where my girl was waiting  
One foot out the door.

Another night spent gathering dust.  
Mug shot of a marble bust.  
Ruin leaves the lantern lit  
So I know where the good lovin' is.

I used to be a goddam saint.  
I said my prayers and I handled snakes  
Until the road introduced me to sin.  
I only shook hands with drink but he had his friends with him.  
I curse the day we raised our glass  
Up like a bridge to let the Devil pass  
Because he ain't never left this town  
And only beaten and unborn are living with him now.  
I used to be a holy man.  
"Once put an onion in a beggars hand".  
But now I'd rather not believe.  
How could a man I've never met be so cruel to me?

At least I'm in good company.  
At least I'm in good company.  
I'll drink to that.  
I'll drink to that.

Dash the cup,  
Fifteen years has been long enough.  
Put the child in an unmarked grave  
And burn the black book,  
Page by page.

Go alone,  
There is your road.  
For once, I'm awake  
And I will not serve madness.  
For once, I'm awake  
And I will not serve madness.

'Cause I am not the company I keep,  
I am not the company I keep.  
I am not the company I keep.  
I am not the company I keep.

Dash the cup,  
Fifteen years has been long enough.  
Put the child in an unmarked grave  
And burn the black book,  
Page by page.