

Drinking Again

Frank Sinatra

Drinking again,
And thinking of when you loved me
I'm having a few
And wishing that you were here.

Making the rounds...
Accepting a round from a strangers
Being a fool
Just hoping that you'll appear.

Sure, I can borrow a smoke
Maybe tell some joker a bad joke
But nobody laughs,
They don't laugh at a broken heart.

Oh, yeah, I'm drinking again
It's always that same old story
After the kicks
There's little old mixed-up me
Tryin' to lose, a dream that used to be.