

# The Next Round

Frank Turner

I drink because I'm thirsty, I drink because I'm dry.  
I'm not yet quite thirty, but I feel like I'm dying.  
I drink because I want to, I need to, I don't know what else to  
do with my time  
I won't say it but you can see it in my eyes.

You drink because you're lonely, you drink because you're sad  
You always claim every party was the best time you've ever had  
You drink because you're scared of a life of living off your own  
company.  
You won't say it but I can see it in your eyes.

Of all of the things I could become  
A lonely drunkard isn't one for which I would've wished when I  
was young  
But drink has drunk my days away  
I tried to live like Hemingway, but life just doesn't work that  
way  
And the pills don't kill the pain, they just delay.

We drink because we're scared that, if we should stop,  
The good times will go away but the bad times will not.  
And what if it's over, and we're sober, and we still feel like  
we're fixing to die.  
What then?  
Don't say it, I can see it in your eyes.

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