

## Tip Your Bartender

Glassjaw

Time for our men in uniform  
With a price upon their heads  
This is a war sober up  
But call it what you want  
The color changes up in the sun

Not throwing stones at you anymore  
Your name's in lights and I don't wonder  
Anymore  
Anymore

All my ex's live with hexes, this is why I hang  
Myself with jealousy upon a fencepost half mast  
Fashion, war between the guilty and the guilty  
And the guilty and the teen

Not throwing stones at you anymore  
Your name's in lights and I don't wonder  
Anymore  
Anymore

Oh yeah, I would like to  
Die like mice do  
I'm crying in the beer of a drunk man  
Crying

Not throwing stones at you anymore  
Your name's in lights and I don't wonder  
Anymore  
Anymore

Oh yeah, I would like to  
Like to die, like fucking mice do  
I'm crying in the beer of a drunk man  
I'm crying in the beer of a drunk man  
Crying, crying  
Buy it, load it, shoot it