

Drinking Song

Jason Webley

To the old chrome cassette,
Of my mother's voice,
I still cry when I hear her sing.
The clock struck twelve,
The voice I love so well,
Was eaten up by the machine,
It was eaten up by the machine!

When the glass is full,
Drink up! Drink up!
This maybe the last time
We see this cup.
If God wanted us sober,
He'd knock the glass over,
So while it is full we drink up!

A toast to Mary,
A girl I once loved,
Oh Lord, why do things have to die?
If drinking beer,
Could bring her back here,
I'd drink the damn place dry,
Yes, I'd drink the damn place dry!

Here's to the old house,
On Lily Pond Lane,
And the room where y boots used to rest.
One day I gave
The foundation a shake,
But my home did not pass the test,
No my home did not pass the test.