

Well we were talking and we were drinking
Letting the fat flow go
And we were asking and we were thinking
In the belly of a bar.

It was easy almost indifferent
Until my heckles rise.
What's that you're asking if I remember?
The pub walls are dissolving.

The guilt was thin then, his hair long.
Brown to match his eyes.
It's none of your business what his name was
Would I even get a prize?

There's been a hundred and that's not boasting
Just the ways of this world.
How dare he even ask this?
These pub walls are drowning.

Your glass is empty just like your heard.
It's these times I don't know you.
And how about you can you remember?
You shake your head and say "Drunk."

It's a small thing why am I angry?
These words are signs of warning
Because behind them there's the implication...
The pub is burning down.

So do I get a prize for remembering that first time,
Do I get a prize for remembering his name?