If I had a dollar bill for every time I've been wrong
I'd be a self-made millionaire and you'd still be gone
So hand me down my best dress shoes and my best dress shirt
Cause I'm going out in style to cover the hurt
And all I wanna do all day is spend it in bed
But that's bad for the body and even worse for my head
So I'll try and find a place where no one will ask me a thing
It'll help to forget and help me to sing

Cause now I'm drunk again
The means to my end
And I'm scared of myself
Cause now it's the same the faces and names
And I'm scared of myself again

Have you ever wanted to wake up from your dreaming Scared you so bad you couldn't control your heart or your breat hing

Well walk out the door with me on the floor You don't care how I'm feeling I guess a weak and tired and frightened man is no longer appeal ing

Some people have a gift of reaching right into your soul and finding the whole and making it bigger

Baby sometimes I think I catch ya crackin' cynical smiles and in a short while you'll be my heart's grave digger

Well there's not much I can do

Cause I'm at the mercy of you

So baby I guess we're through

Cause now I'm drunk again
The means to my end
And I'm scared of myself
Cause now it's the same the faces and names
And I'm scared of myself again
Cause now it's all the same the faces and the names
So go walk out the door you don't believe me no more
And I'm scared of myself again

If I had a dollar bill for every time I been wrong I'd be a self made millionaire and I wouldn't be singing