

## Sober Song

Slobberbone

Hey I been drinkin', I bet you couldn't tell  
The way I'm stinkin', as if you couldn't smell  
But what I'm thinkin', you just can't ever tell  
And that's the way that I want it to stay.

And now I'm sinkin', guess once again I fell  
My head is shrinkin', where once it used to swell  
Your friends are winkin', but they can all go straight to hell  
I'm tired of them and their condescending grins.

You say I'll never find the answers to what's on my mind  
Waiting in the bottom of some glass  
And I must agree with you, your words, they all ring true  
The answer's in the liquor -- make it last.

That's all I'm trying to do is make it ...

Last night I saw you ... with some boy from town  
And I didn't want to ... so I drank a few more rounds  
And I tried to call you ... but he said you weren't around  
And I know that he lied, but you can't say I didn't try.

So I kept boozin' ... 'til the night wore thin  
While you kept smoozin' with all kinds of men  
I guess I'm losin' that precious upperhand  
But that's O.K. I don't need it much these days.

See, there's this friend of mine -- he's always by my side  
He gives me a place to go when things get bleak  
He's always there for me ... He rubs my eyes for me  
Gives me strength when I'm feelin' weak ...

He makes me numb when I feel like a freak.

You say I'll never find the answers to what's on my mind  
Waiting in the bottom of some glass  
And I must agree with you, your words, they all ring true  
The answer's in the liquor -- make it last.

That's all I'm trying to do is make it last ...

You say he's good to you, but I do things he'd never do  
There's a certain kind of love you can't dispute  
I'll bum you smokes ... I'll buy you beer ...  
I'll pick you up off the back porch, dear ...  
Hold your hair when you have to puke ...

That's what I'm trying to tell you ...

That I've been drinkin', I bet you couldn't tell  
The way I'm stinkin', as if you couldn't smell  
But what I'm thinkin', you just can't ever tell  
And that's the way that I want things to stay.

And now I'm sinkin', guess once again I fell  
My head is shrinkin', where once it used to swell  
Your friends are winkin', but they can all go straight to hell

There thinkin' I should just move on, give up the wine and beer  
But drinkin' ain't the only reason that I loved you, dear  
So why should I give up the only thing I like to do?

There's just no gettin' sober over you ...

No gettin' sober over you ....