

Truck Driving Punk

Ten Foot Pole

I'm moving slowly
'cause i'm not feeling too good today
What was i thinking before i started
Drinking yesterday
Oh what the hell tomorrow it's only sunday

And tomorrow i will be hanging with my head
Over a bucket there's always a good side to the bad
So i said fuck it i know for sure i'm still alive
Though i wish that i was dead

I throw up six or seven times
Before i even get out bed
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Before i even get out bed

But tonight I'll drown these sorrows
And be punk fuckin drunk