

The Kitchen Floor

The Broadways

Wasted, passed out on the kitchen floor
Another week gone by and I haven't been dreaming
Blacked out and I can't remember exactly what I did last night
I hear stories in the morning and I know that I'm out of contro
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Because wheni drink nothing ever matters,
I missed the sunrise, could barely open my eyes
Now I've got to pull myself together
Right now this town really fucking tears me down
Someday it will drown me in the river
I've got to learn to put the liquor on the shelf
Or I might end up drowning myself.