

## I'll Drink to That

### The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

Standing stiff on a cliff, and I'm not gonna leap.  
Checked out the water, but it's much too deep.  
No going back, no turning around.  
I'll stay here and wait.  
God, I hope that I'm found.  
My thoughts were in knots, I couldn't get to sleep.  
Went up to the attic to see what to keep.  
Threw out the useless and now it's bone-dry.  
But I still couldn't die, couldn't figure out why.  
The place is packed, I needed that.  
A bottle cracked, I'm glad for that.  
A good night's rest, forget about that.  
I feel alive in this dive, so I'll drink to that.  
The attic was empty and my eyes were shut.  
I had to do something but I didn't know what.  
The darkness was nice but it wasn't enough.  
The clock wasn't stopping so I had to get tough.  
The place is packed, I needed that.  
A bottle cracked, I'm glad for that.  
A good night's rest, forget about that.  
I feel alive in this dive so I'll drink to that.  
Got up and out,  
And found out it was raining.  
The car lived then died, but I wasn't complaining.  
Hell bent for action, some had to be out there.  
I walked then I ran, hoping something was somewhere.  
Before too long, it didn't take long,  
This place came along and I ended up here.  
The place is packed, I needed that.  
A bottle cracked, I'm glad for that.  
A good night's rest, forget about that.  
I feel alive in this dive so I'll drink to that.