

Bar And The Beer

The White Buffalo

Some one to follow, someone to fear
Keeps me in line, keeps me in gear
But the hand that lashed out brought me to tears
That's why I am drinking up all of theses beers

The bar and the beer keeps me coming back to here
This drunken stupor is not what it seems
It helps me laugh, helps me dream

I had a fight with the woman so I stop in to think
I have my psychologist poor me drink
My head is clouded so it's plain to see
We'll work things out, the bottle and me

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