

Got To Give It Up

Thin Lizzy

R: I've got to give it up I've got to give it up
That stuff
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That stuff

1. Tell my mama and tell my pa
That their fine young son didn't get far
He made it to the end of a bottle
Sitting in a sleazy bar

He tried hard but his spirit broke
He tried until he nearly choked
In the end he lost his ball
Bottle drinking alcohol

R: I've got to give it up...

2. Tell my brother I tried to write and
Put pen to paper but I was frightened
I couldn't seem to get the words out right
Right quite right

Tell my sister I'm sinking slow
Now and again I powder my nose
In the end I lost my bottle
It smashed in a casbah

R: I've got to give it up...

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3. I've been messing with the heavy stuff
For a time I couldn't get enough
But I'm waking up and it's wearing off
Junk don't take you far

Tell my Mama I'm coming home
In my youth I'm getting older
And I think it's lost control
Mama I'm coming home

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