

## Drown In The River

Those Poor Bastards

You and me friend, we sure get along  
we got the same feelings  
yeah, we got the same thoughts  
I remember last August, you wrote me that letter  
At first I felt sick, but then I got better

And I slept for forty days,  
and forty nights in the rain  
when I finally awoke, I didn't feel quite the same

The wind was blowing, a frost was coming  
And then poor Matt Judd, he drown in the river  
And then my own Grandpa, he withered from cancer  
There's so many ways to lose your life  
That you gotta be careful where your walkin' at night

And I slept for forty days  
and forty nights in the rain  
when I finally awoke I didn't feel quite the same

Each day that passes it moves a little faster  
No matter where you are, no matter what your after  
I didn't used to know much, but I learned a lot lately  
Did I mention my sister?  
She's about to have a bastard baby

Yeah, we're sailing this ship right the bottom  
sailing this ship right to the bottom  
sailing this ship right to the bottom  
sailing this ship right to the bottom