

Drunk With Fear

Those Poor Bastards

And all the filth upon the floor
from days and weeks, and years before
remind me of my mothers face

I'm drunk with fear

The war has come and I will go
to watch the rain in burning snow
they say it's easy, hell ...

I'm drunk with fear

The choir stands to sing a hymn
the walls, they crack, a man walks in
he's standing there knee deep in sin

I'm drunk with fear

I cower down behind my chair
I got my gun hidden there
I lock and load and whisper prayers

I'm drunk with fear

Drunk with fear
sick with dread
this war is endless
lord above
lord below
I ain't never felt so
I ain't never felt so low

Remember Jim from down the street?
I watched him crawl, I watched him creep
I watched him die like butchered meat

I'm drunk with fear

And then there's Hal, remember him?
He taught my brother how to swim
I watched some folks dismember him

I'm drunk with fear
I'm drunk with fear
yeah, I'm drunk with fear
I'm drunk with fear