

Drinking Again

Trisha Yearwood

I'm drinking again
And thinking of when you loved me
I'm having a few, and wishing that
You were here

Making the rounds
And buying the rounds
For strangers
Being a fool, just hoping that
You'll appear

Sure, I can borrow a smoke
Maybe tell some joker a bad joke
But who's gonna laugh
At a broken heart

Oh, yeah, I'm drinking again
It's always the same
That same old story

After the kicks there's just little
Old mixed-up me
Trying to lose a dream that
Used to be

Look at me, I'm drinking again
All over town