

## Before I Break

Uncle Tupelo

On liquor I spent my last dime

Sunday mornin', eight a.m.  
Just cursin' myself again  
Drinkin' like each one might be my last  
Blurred memories of makin' toasts  
To the cheapest beer and talk show hosts  
Funny then but that's fadin' fast

Here's to wakin' up at night  
Half drunk in a ditch by the side of the road  
You're still thinkin' that you can't go on like this  
Headed for a break down

You keep sayin' thanks for tomorrow, 'cause I can't live  
Thanks for tomorrow, 'cause I've had enough  
Well, it'd do me just fine to make it through the night  
On liquor I spent my last dime

A worried man drinks a healthy drink  
But he drinks nine or ten  
Until he's done  
Then he'll tell you his life story  
But he won't stop until  
He's told to you and everyone

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