

## New Drink For The Old Drunk

We Are Augustines

Would you try?  
Could you buy a new drink for the old drunk  
It's no crime to resign misery with a bottle  
You walked into town without making a sound  
As you slipped and you slammed your face into the crowd  
As you tried to forget all the words that were said  
To deny all the things that you keep in your head

When you came you were new but today you're much older  
You were spent so you went to get used in the corner  
Where they kicked you around like a rodeo clown  
As it echoed through town they were beating you down  
And as the the word then spread that you liked how it hurt  
All at once you were cause for a pitiful cure

Hours pass by half forgotten  
Night turns black cause it's rotten  
And we slide right to the bottom  
Our tongues made out of cotton  
Eyes seal shut in a slumber  
Til we hear someone mumble  
Could you spare from the tumbler  
A new drink, a new drink for the old drunk

Now you waste all your days in the dark in the corner  
Without light without grace where you wait for the slaughter  
Where they spit in your face as the hours grow late  
And they laugh as they lie and then seal up your fate  
And you cringe as you binge to forget how you hate  
All the doom in this pitiful room you create

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