

Violent Femmes

"Don't Start Me On The Liquor"

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Don't start me on the liquor
I'll drink it all down straight
I'll make a toast to love
But I drink the most
When I got somebody to hate
I'm an old man
I got an old man's pain
Will the morning
Will the morning ever come again
Well, I'm likin' lickin' a lotta liquor
I'm drivin' down the drink
I'll take a toast to life
But I drink the most
When my devil start to think
I'm an old man
I got an old man's pain
Will the morning
Will the morning ever come again
Oh, I could drink, drink, drink
So I can't think, think, think
I got a hope or a home
In this life I'm all alone
On this long cold lonely night of fright
Followed by a lonely day
'Til there's nothing left I can say
Except I didn't know I was sick
And so I got sicker
He's a low down lying
Peckerwood cotton picker
Don't start me on the liquor
I got nothing more to say
I had a little money
But it all flown away
And I said oh man
Oh, ain't that a shame
Oh, I keep manin', I keep manin'
Like I got an old man's pain
Don't
Don't start
Don't start me
Don't start me on
Don't start me on the

Don't start me on the liquor

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