

Who, The "Whiskey Man"

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Knowing
Is what people tell you
That you're thinking wrong
Embrace you,
But they really mean "So long"

You talk to them
They laugh aloud
Yet they run to you
In any crowd
Whiskey Man's my friend, he's with me nearly all the
time
He always joins me when I drink, and we get on just
fine

Nobody has ever seen him, I'm the only one
Seemingly I must be mad, Insanity is fun
If that's the way it's done

Doctors say he just a figment of my twisted mind
If they can't see my Whiskey Man they must be going
blind

Two men dressed in white collected me two days ago
They said there's only room for one and Whiskey Man
can't go

Whiskey Man will waste away if he's left on his own
I can't even ring him 'cause he isn't on the phone
Hasn't got a home

Life is very gloomy in my little padded cell
It's a shame there wasn't room for Whiskey Man as well

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time
He always joins me when I drink, and we get on just
fine
Just fine

