

Atmosphere

"Pour Me Another"

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[Slug]

All she wanted was a little bit of solid
Feels like love, it doesn't matter what you call it
Heal those cuts or hide em underneath the polish
Break another promise and take me as a hostage (take me)
Hold your job down and let the zombies crowd around
Thankin' mommy's god that it's a cop's town
Keep it safe for me while I chase a fantasy
Swerving through the galaxy, searching for a family
Happily surrounded by planets and stars
She was stuck uptown, you was landing on Mars
It's all fucked up now, caught your hand in the jar
Another small step back for the man at the bar (hey bartender)
Spill a little bit of blood on the street
For the love that goes to those who they drink too much
And hold your own glass up to the heavens
Take a little time and try to count the seconds

[Chorus]

It goes, pour me another, so I could forget you now
Pour me another, so I could come let you down
Pour me another, so I can remember how
True that I am to this addiction of you [2X]

[Slug]

Drink it all away, numb it down to none
Stay awake tonight and wait for the sun
You say you hate your life, you ain't the only one
Let your frustration out the gate and watch the pony run
One double, for the hungar and the struggle
Two for the fool trying to pull apart the puzzle
Three now I smile while I wait for your rebuttle
By the fourth shot, I'm just another child in a bubble
Trying to play with the passion and the placement
Just to see what these people let him get away with

Still trying to climb a mountain for you
Hammer in my hand, still pounding on a screw
She don't listen so he don't speak no more

Nobody's winning 'cause neither is keeping score
Don't wanna think no more, just let me drink some
more
Pour me another, cause I can still see the floor

[Chorus 2X]

[Slug]

Live life tipsy, Still if it don't fit right with me
Kiss me whiskey, lift my lips, press to my angel
Swallow it and leave her empty bottle on the table
Let the past fall, making faces at that clock on the back
wall
Countdown to the last call, ask all these people that
make sounds
"How long does it take for the pace to break down"
Another lonely little trophy
If only I could walk a straight line, I'd make it home free
And everybody in this bar thinks they know me
And my story like "poor me" (yea, pour me another
homie)
I can count the days 'til you come back
Or I can follow them sunrays down to the traintracks
I can stumble drunk over hope and love
Or I could keep drinking until I sober up (hey waitress)

[Chorus]

[Slug]

Bottles and pints, and shots and cans
Couches and floors, and drunk best friends
Models and whores, and tattooed hands
Cities and secrets and cats and vans
Good times, laughter, bad decisions
Strippers and actors, and average musicians
Mornings after and walks of shame
They bartender knows me by my real name
Sing it

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