

Anita Meyer**"New Drink For The Old Drunk"**

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Would you try, could you buy a new drink for the old drunk

It's no crime to resign misery with a bottle

Well, you walked into town without making a sound
And you slipped as 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
And it echoed through town they were beating you down

And as they spread the word 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 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

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 for the old drunk

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