

Bars

"Running Out"

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Once again they scrape your carcass off the floor
From where it fell,
And throw your sad ass out the door.
It's not the first time,
But it just may be the worst time.
Luckily they know who you are.
And they know what you're about,
But your free rides in this life are quickly running out.
All in all, your life hasn't been that bad.
You succeeded in
Alienating every friend you've ever had
Who took you in
And put up with your drunken musings,
Broken bones and ego-bruising,
Conspiracies, accusations,
And other late night revelations
We used to find so entertaining.
You still think that people like you more
The louder that you shout.
But we all find the novelty is running out.
Once again you put yourself up to the test,
To see how much a human can ingest.
You should be in the book of Guinness.
It's not the first time,
But it just may be the worst time.
Even though the number of your friends,
And the benefit of their doubt is running out.
It's all running out.

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