

Ed Harcourt

"Paid To Get Drunk"

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AT the bottom of an empty glass
See myself going nowhere fast
And the barman tells me it's time to leave
But I haven't got time to care

If I have so much love to give
Where is that will to live?
Maybe you old friend will show me how
Come here pull up a chair

I get paid, paid to get drunk
Spend my money on any old junk
And every morning kills my soul
At the end, the end of each day
Every drink is directed my way
Well every morning kills my soul

Sports plays on the corner screen
This feels like a movie scene
And I'm long past done with clichés and all
My eyes are much too blurred

This is how I live my life
Escaping worries, eternal strife
And I'll try to talk to anyone
But my speech is much too slurred

I get paid, paid to get drunk
Spend my money on any old junk
And every morning kills my soul
At the end, the end of each day
Every drink is directed my way
Well every morning kills my soul

Oh ah oh
Oh ah
Oh oh oh
Ah ah ah

At the bottom of an empty glass
See myself going nowhere fast

And the barman tells me it's time to leave
But I haven't got time to care

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