10,000 Maniacs
"The Anonymous Alcoholic"

You walk in the room
The folks are all there
With glasses in hand
But you can't take the band
So you head for the bar
The barman's well stocked
He knows where you're at
He offers a drink
But you can't take none of that
(No you can't take none of that)

Everybody's having fun
So why be the one
Who's out in the cold
It's not good enough
You made a deal with yourself
You said you'd never take another drop
Your craving's big, your livers shot
You'd give a million for a solitary drop

You take your first belt
It tastes like pure hell
The second one drops
Intentions are shot
Well you think you might as well
You take another sip
You get to likin' it
The music sounds hip
So you head for the floor
(So you head for the floor)
Yea yea yea yea yea

Well you step out on the dance floor
And you grab at your boss's wife
You've been longing to hold her close
For the whole of your working life
And the band played on

Move your ass

Well your hostess is lookin' mad
As your hands start to wander
And your boss is gonna get you now
He's gonna put you six feet under
You get walked out the door
And your feet don't touch the floor

You're never gonna see 'em no more

The dawn starts to break
Your heads a big ache
You're lyin' in bed
You're back from the dead
And your mouth feels like old leather
(Old leather)
Never do it again
(You'll never do it again)

Everyone was havin' fun
But you were the one
Kicked out in the cold
You slept in your clothes
You let 'em down
Down at the club
You know your confidence got to take the rub
Your boss is sore
You've had your chance
He says he never wants to see you again
Don't wanna see you again
(Don't wanna see you again)

You've got to dry out
The boys have found out
It's the end of the line
But it's martini time
So you head for the bar..r...r..r..r..r

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