

## **Gits**

# **"Another Shot Of Whiskey"**

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You walk in with another headache  
I can tell by the lines in your face  
You seem to think if you just remove the problem  
The answers are what will come next

Another shot of whiskey and maybe I'll be ready  
For what's still crowded in your head  
Never seeing that all the good times  
Are what walked in with the bad

I don't know why we compromise ourselves  
I thought it was a common understanding  
Which all I've tried to help with  
Tell me, do I end up empty handed?

Another couple of beers while I'm safe here at the bar  
And maybe I'll get me some rest  
Don't know why all the good times  
Have to turn-up with the bad

It's like a sword of hate  
You brandish it so proud  
I wonder if you're taught what you feel  
Or is it the way you got it cold dead in your eye?

It would be good if you could just leave me  
Well, enough alone  
The crime of fate is what I have to follow through  
If I'm going to get past you

Another shot of whiskey and that's about the  
Only way I can listen anymore  
Go ahead and drown me of everything  
At least I still got my place at the bar

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