

Greg Holden

"Bar On A"

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It's nobody's fault, I did this myself.
I paid for last night with a week's worth of wealth.
It seemed at the time that it was worth what it cost.
But my head hurts remembering the memories I lost.

They say with my English charm,
That by the end of the night I'd have one on each arm.
Girls bought me drinks, and they tempted me in.
But then sent me home spinning all lonely again.

And it makes no difference what city I'm in.
The drinks cost the same, and they do the same thing.
I know it won't stop till I start up again.
But I've got no intention of getting up out of this bed.

In my experience, the memories come back.
The good times remain and the headaches, they pass.
I made some music, and I made some friends.
But I don't want to feel this way ever again.

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The drinks cost the same, and they do the same thing.
I know it won't stop till I start up again.
But I've got no intention of getting up out of this bed.

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