

Sam Kinison "State Street Residential"

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Holding Fast Until the Rent Checks Wear Thin
Because It Hasn't Sunk In... So Far

Well It's a Drab Routine, the Dust Storms Building
And Then It's Hard to Come Clean

Then the Months Stack Up to An Addictive Crutch
As If the Drink Weren't Enough
A Stagger Cannot Compete
There's no Charm in Being Residential State Street

And If I Was Sober
Could I Kill Caution and Stay Over
And If I Was Sober
Would I Rip Hearts Apart Like Paper?

I Wish You Could Know Better Than You Show
With Parted Lips Pointed Down
That the Whiskey Seems More Than You Could Ever Do.

And If I Was Sober
Could I Kill Caution and Stay Over
And If I Was Sober
Would I Rip Hearts Apart Like Paper?

What a Difference It Made
What a Difference It Made

And If I Was Sober
Could I Kill Caution and Stay Over
And If I Was Sober
Would I Rip Hearts Apart Like Paper?

What a Difference It Made
What a Difference It Made

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