

## **Too Late The Hero "Wyatt Earp's Ale Mug"**

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You call this a party?  
You're lacking piñatas and compelling conversation.  
Did I think that this would work while you carry drinks in  
pockets like a gunslinger?  
But my standards are down baby and you're cute as a  
bee.  
If we keep on trying we can make this happen.  
Where the hell is your friend when I need her?

I know who you are.  
You're my wasted years staring back at me.  
I hate to break it to you.  
I'm not the kind of guy your mother warned you about.  
You're better than this,  
And you're wishing I was the type to wake up in the  
morning with my head in my hands.

You call this a party?  
You're seasoned and I'm shy.  
We'll fix that another time.  
My blood is clean and I'm of age yet I'm hiding from  
the goddamn police.  
Are we having fun yet baby?  
Looks like you've shown some good times.  
Go ahead and say you love me; you don't have to  
mean it.  
Wouldn't want that on my mind.

You know who I am?  
I'm your wasted years staring back at you.  
I'm not the kind of guy your mother warned you about.  
You're better than this,  
And you're wishing I was the type to wake up in the  
morning with my head in my hands.

I've got some news for you,  
I've got it bad.  
I'm not proving anyone right tonight.  
Don't you dare touch me.  
I don't know just where you've been.  
And things were going so well.

I hate to break it to you,  
I'm not the kind of guy your mother warned you about.  
You're better than this,  
And you're wishing I was the type to wake up in the  
morning with my head in my hands.

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