## Welbilt "Abigail"

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Abigail don't get me down
Keep my feet upon the ground
Keep my head out of the clouds tonight
Let the room go spinning round
Another shot that's 15 down
Keep me drunk until this wrong seems right

Don't let me drive too fast
Cause I can't see clear
But it always seems like the objects are getting smaller
In my rear view mirror
I passed the road 3 miles ago
Where I needed to make a right
Shooting stars over the motel bars
With blinking neon lights.

Abigail don't get me down
Keep my feet upon the ground
Keep my head out of the clouds tonight
Let the room go spinning round
Another shot that's 15 down
Keep me drunk until this wrong seems right

Glass menageries on boats made out of stone Conversations and coffee spoken on a broken telephone A thousand forks in the road When I just need a spoon Complications on weeks vacations Eating up the afternoon

Bookstores selling VCR's and Spanish inquisitions
Cigarettes in the trenches while bombshells target their
position
Got no way out of no man's land
Before the light of day
Purgatory and bedtime stories
Always seem to keep me awake

Abigail don't get me down Keep my feet upon the ground Keep my head out of the clouds tonight Let the room go spinning round Another shot that's 15 down Keep me drunk until this wrong seems right

Abigail don't get me high
I need to wake up feeling right
Pay the rent and get to work on time
Yes I need to spend the night
Take my keys without a fight
Another aspirin and tomorrow's fine

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