

Thompson Square

"Keeping Up With The Joneses"

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Just one, I know I can handle that
I pull that bottle from it's hiding place, yeah
Just one, and I'll put it back

It is one after another
Till your key turns in the door
And I'll slur, "Baby, I'm sorry"
As you help me off the floor

I've been fightin' my demons
I've been gaining ground
Crawlin', walkin', been fallin' back down
It ain't been a bed of roses
Keeping up with the Joneses

That bottle just won't let me be
It's killed everything that's good in my life
And now, it's workin' on me

Well, I've come to believe
That whiskey is a spell
And you were sent straight down from Heaven
To pull me out of Hell

I've been fightin' my demons
I've been gaining ground
Crawlin', walkin', been fallin' back down
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Any man in his right mind
Would have set me free, given up on me
Said we're through
But, baby, not you

Someday, I'll bury my demons
Deep in the ground
If I'd never met you, that's where I'd be now
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