

The New Cities

"The Slow Descent Into Alcoholism"

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I say my, my slow descent into alcoholism
It went to my head, where I really need it
With the views that remain untreated
I say my, my, my, my slow descent into alcoholism
It went something like this song
Something like this song
Something like this song

Salvation holdout central(x3)

I say my ever-loosening grip on the commonest
courtesies slipped
From my hands when I really need her
When I need change for the parking meters
I said my, my, my, my slow descent into alcoholism
It went something like this song
Something like this song
Something like this song

Salvation holdout central (x16)

Uh huh (x9)

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