

Crooked Fingers

"New Drink For The Old Drunk"

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Would you try, could you buy a new drink for the old drunk

It's no crime to resign misery with a bottle

Well, you walked into town without making a sound

And you slipped as you slammed your face into the crowd

As you tried to forget all the words that were said

To deny all the things that you keep in your head

When you came you were new but today you're much older

You were spent so you went to get used in the corner

Where they kicked you around like a rodeo clown

And it echoed through town they were beating you down

And as they spread the word that you liked how it hurt

All at once you were cause for a pitiful cure

Hours pass by half forgotten

Night turns black 'cause it's rotten

And we slide right to the bottom

Our tongues made out of cotton

Eyes seal shut in a slumber

'Til we hear someone mumble

Could you spare from the tumbler

A new drink for the old drunk

Now you waste all your days in the dark in the corner

Without light, without grace, where you wait for the slaughter

Where they spit in your face as the hours grow late

And they laugh as they lie and then seal up your fate

And you cringe as you binge to forget how you hate

All the doom in this pitiful room you create

Hours pass by half forgotten

Night turns black 'cause it's rotten

And we slide right to the bottom

Our tongues made out of cotton

Eyes seal shut in a slumber

'Til we hear someone mumble

Could you spare from the tumbler
A new drink for the old drunk

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