

Owen Beverly

"Drunk Lover"

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Alone was the right way to send you home
Three-deep in the Bonneville
With a backseat mouth full of sleeping pills

But you chose the wrong time to let me know
That an image of shame and sin
Was about to come into the foreground

And I can taste what you're saying and I want more
Faith was the answer I was gunning for
But she was gone before I could even say it
I drew the lines while the colors bled and faded out

And I've never asked for more than I deserved
But you could have kept me from falling out
Inside the racing mouth of the river bed

And ours is a bridge that I'm prepared to burn
With a gallon of gasoline
And strike-on box full of misery

Well I can taste what you're saying and I need more
Faith was the answer I was gunning for
But she was gone like the water from a fountain
I felt the incidence of time as it counted down

You cut the rope I was hanging from
I'm gonna push when it comes to shove

You broke the bottle I was drinking from

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