

## Slobberbone

### "Little Drunk Fists"

Visit "[Little Drunk Fists](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Little drunk fists across the tip of my chin  
Guess I should've known that they'd be there again  
Little drunk fists across the width of my jaw  
Gets sometimes to where I just don't feel them at all  
That's OK, I can wait another day  
For these stupid concessions to be made  
And you weren't to blame  
We put Jack and Johnny Walkers' names  
In the policeman's notebook when he came  
Little drunk fists need some time to their own  
Went out to meet some friends but ended up all alone  
Little drunk fists find and pick up a phone,  
But fumble on the numbers when they try to dial home

Little drunk fists reach for just one more round  
But end up buying a sixth when the fifth hits the ground  
Little baby fists touch my face; clutch my nose,  
Though they'd rather touch their mother's, but she  
don't know  
Little drunk fists drove the car home last night,  
Turned left on Oak Street when they should have  
turned right

Visit [Slobberbone](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.