

## The Odds

### "The Last Drink"

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carrying your ashes from bar to bar  
i'm in a mess and you're in a mason jar  
and you're under my arm like a football  
i'm not ready to let go and that is all  
you were never big on conversation  
and that hasn't changed since your cremation

and i feel most times like you do  
you know i feel most times like you do

i wish that i was hard nosed  
fight a forest fire with a garden hose  
and be brave enough right now  
to start on something new

you were right there in the ern  
light as a feather  
if my hands weren't shaking i'd  
glue you back together  
this watering whole was our favourite stop  
so i'll take off the lid and pour a drink down the top  
for you and i'll pull down on that magic lever that  
makes it stay the past forever

and i feel most times like you do  
you know i feel most times like you do

someone stabbed my voodoo doll  
now it hurts each time that nature calls  
and you're lucky that natures finished calling out to you

you were down to your very last  
little belt loop but you were  
tougher than a pittbull in the paratroops  
and if you're afraid of getting hurt  
to suffer more ills  
like the hypochondric that died choking on his pills  
so i should swallow real hard and deal with this pain  
cuz i'm as wasted as a neat freak in a hurricane

and I feel most times like you do

you know i feel most times like you do

I thought i was the one that died  
it just was heavens weird amusement ride  
but you pinched me in my dream  
and i saw it wasn't true

so i'm dumping your ashes on the floor  
Im gonna laugh as people slip on you  
while coming in this door  
and i'll drink on what you said  
to stop my feet dragging  
no one dogs bark should ever stop the wagon

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