

**Tim Easton****"Dear Old Song And Dance"**

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Well It's Good Afternoon  
Cuz' I slept in much too long,  
Well I woke up today, sixty days on  
And I would not even be here,  
If I stuck with that same Old Song And Dance.

With the booze and pills and powders,  
And the bloodymary mornings,  
Red headed sluts and car bombs  
Irish Whiskey and Scotch everything  
The heroin, cocaine and morphine  
Ecstasy, Opium and Wine,  
Uppers, Downers, Siders  
And Alaskan Girls will kick your ass  
With Northern Lights and Southern Comfort  
Good weed, bad weed, hash and hypnotized.  
Tequila and cheap beer,  
Belgian beers' the best  
but I could never get enough Ativans  
Said, Xanies and Valiums' the stuff,  
Got me feelin' good but lookin' rough

And I never found Paote  
So if it's great, be sure and let me know  
Cuz' the mushrooms and acid did just fine  
Oh, thank you drugs we had us a time, yo  
Thanks for all the fun  
And the seven times in jail but now I'm done  
And I wish you the best  
Be sure to call me every now and then,  
But mostly then  
I hope you're satisfied  
Cuz' you should be  
Dear Old Song and Dance

When I put you first and missed that day  
I knew I had to hit the brakes  
I was sick and tired of waking up  
With a dead man in my eyes

Now if you're Dutch,

You can laugh,  
The rest of you can all fuck off.  
Thank God I'm getting older,  
And just now learning who I am.

I'm getting older,  
And learning who I am  
And waking up sober in Amsterdam

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