

## Trash Can Sinatras

### "Drunken chorus"

Visit "[Drunken chorus](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I'm looking on the bright side  
But I still don't see the light  
And why are friends so hard to find  
On Wednesday night?  
I've got a ten pound note in my pocket  
And it'll never find it's way back home  
And you thought I'd be lonely  
When you'd gone

Discipline is a shelter  
The punishment's my home  
Built on sticks and stones  
And now brittle bones  
I'm just a slip of a thing  
And now I'm on the slide  
And I get so confused on my own

Barmaids beware  
Sweet-stout style  
And whiskey-drunk flair

I'm drinking the wishing well dry  
And collecting the coins  
And my cup's brimming over with bliss  
Seems that when my throat gets dry  
My words get wry  
And I raise my glass like a fist  
Every sip's a kiss

You used to say my secrets were safe  
And that I had no need  
To lock them away  
But I could kick myself to death  
For leaving you the key  
And now I know  
What security means to me  
Hard to get a hold of  
What it means to me  
And it's hard to get out of the gutter  
When it's raining feet  
And every helping hand's a fist

I'm drinking the wishing well dry  
And collecting the coins  
And my cup's brimming over with bliss  
Seems that when my throat gets dry  
My words get wry  
And I raise my glass like a fist  
Every sip's a kiss

But hey where will I go  
And now that you have gone  
And now that you have gone  
And now that it has gone  
Where will I go  
No no where, where will I go  
No no where will I go, no nowhere

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.