

Mojo Apostles, The

"I don't Feel Like Drinking"

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Summertime is too far away And Spring's around the corner
At least that's what the weatherman
Gets paid to say And I don't get paid to think
That's what I hear What am I going to sing today
Each night I take a headlong fall Into the arms of god
And then I die And I die a little death
When I wake up And my dreamland alter-ego
Tells me he's had it up to here
With this arrangement

And I don't feel much like drinking But I'm drinking
anyway
Cause it's all I know to do
When my red heart is pumping gray
And I don't feel much like drinking But I'm drinking
anyway yeah

Whaddaya want for breakfast
I'll have a mimosa
Just skip the goddamn orange juice
And make the champagne Bourbon on the rocks
And this won't be my most productive day
I'm boxed up and I'm broken down I'm over under
sideways round
I'm running with my tailpipe dragging Sparks are flying
out beneath my wheels
I say a prayer to Manny Moe and Jack And to our lady of
perpetual combustion
I've got her statue melted down upon my dash

And I don't feel much like drinking But I'm drinking
anyway
Cause it's all I know to do
When my red heart is pumping Grey
I don't feel much like drinking But I'm drinking anyway

I'm drinking anyway, yeah
I'm drinking anyway, yeah

