

# Lies And Bullshit

*by* Damion Hamilton

You sit brooding at the bar  
On a Friday night

On the patio on a Friday night

And people try to figure you out

I think

And I am so quite and

So tired

Too tired to even drive home

Drained

I just need that drink to feel better

And I stare off in a haze

Whats wrong?

I don't know

People walk by and pat

Me on the leg

Why they do that I don't know

Im inna daze

No women around

Perhaps I need a woman

I don't know

People think it's woman  
Trouble

"Ninety nine problems

And a bitch aint one."

Some one plays on  
The jukebox

I don't know whats

Wrong wit me

Friday night

They're chatting

Chatting their

Lives away

I don't know whats

Wrong with me

The whole bar

Illuminated with

Human voices

I sit down watching a  
Basketball game

I could care less about

