The Blues

by Damion Hamilton

I was sitting at the bar
Feeling the blues after work
Drinking my 64 0z pitcher
Of beer

Body hurting all over

And this kid begins to talk to me
About how drinking is killing my
Brain cells

And of course i have heard this
Shit all before

Yet i act dumb all the same

Like really?
I did not know that!!

I try not to think about
This, of course when I'm drinking

Wrong place wrong time

Well he's right!!
But he drinks a hell of alot
More than me

He takes shot after shot
Beer after beer
And blacks out
Almost every night

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Yet I'm the fucked up one?

Crazy when you think about it

Yet the world tried to kill my
Body, which is I'm drinking in the first place

Well the world kills my body

And i kill my brain

guess

We are both

Even