

I Drink

Mary Gauthier

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C up to F up to G back to C F down to Dm G C very slow

He d get home at Five Thirty, fix his drink,
sits down in his chair,

Pick a fight with Mother, complain about us kids
getting in his hair,

At night he d sit alone and smoke, I d see his frown behind
his lighters flame,

Now that same frown is in my mirror,
I got my daddies blood inside my veins

Fish swim, Birds fly, daddies yell, mothers cry,
Old men, sit and think, I drink.

Guitar melody

Chicken TV dinner, six minutes, on defrost,
three on high,
Beer to wash it down with, then another little
whisky on the side,
It s not so bad alone here, it don t bother me,
every night s the same,
I don t need another lover, hanging round,
trying to make me change,

Fish swim, Birds fly, lovers leave, by and by
Old men, sit and think, I drink.

I know, what I am, but I don t, give a damn.

Fish swim, Birds fly, daddies yell, mothers cry,
Old men, sit and think, I drink.