

**Curse Of A Drunk
The Takers**

C
nobodys talkin, the airs filled with time
Am
and the juke box is broken dont bother with ya dime
F **C**
the neons fadin the records theyre all the same
C
the bottles used to cut deep but theyve lost their edge
Am
and the skys turning gray my eyes are turnin red
F **C**
and my my mind is set on the night i decided to stay
C
its cold in this house when the weather gets in
Am
and my thoughts are like ice, whiskeys in my skin
F **C**
and im layin on dreams and slowly i fade out
C **G** **Am** **F**
and the curse of a drunk is he ll go home alone
C **G** **Am** **F**
meet me outback at five meet you there and get stoned
C **G** **Am** **F**
and we ll talk about where were from
C **G** **Am** **F**
and how we would go back if our ships hadnt sunk
C **G** **Am** **F**
and im floatin into the door
C **G** **Am** **F** **C** **G** **Am** **F**
im killin myself fightin this civil wa--ar
C
im chained to the bar its chained to my seat
Am
and i d ask her to dance if i could get to my feet
F **C**
but my boots are too drunk to try and put on a show
C
well the world stoped turning i crawled into bed
Am
and im ashamed of myself pull the covers over my head
F **C**
and my stomachs on fire for fear of tomorrow
C
its cold in this house when the weather gets in
Am
and my thoughts are like ice, whiskeys in my skin
F **C**

and im layin on dreams and slowly i fade out
C G Am F
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and im floatin into the door
C G Am F C G Am F
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