

Curse Of A Drunk
The Takers

C#
nobodys talkin, the airs filled with time
Bbm
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
Bbm
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
Bbm
and my thoughts are like ice, whiskeys in my skin
F# C#
and im layin on dreams and slowly i fade out
C# G# Bbm F#
and the curse of a drunk is he ll go home alone
C# G# Bbm F#
meet me outback at five meet you there and get stoned
C# G# Bbm F#
and we ll talk about where were from
C# G# Bbm F#
and how we would go back if our ships hadnt sunk
C# G# Bbm F#
and im floatin into the door
C# G# Bbm F# C# G# Bbm F#
im killin myself fightin this civil wa--ar
C#
im chained to the bar its chained to my seat
Bbm
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
Bbm
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
Bbm
and my thoughts are like ice, whiskeys in my skin
F# C#

and im layin on dreams and slowly i fade out

C# **G#** **Bbm** **F#**

and the curse of a drunk is he ll go home alone

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and im floatin into the door

C# **G#** **Bbm** **F#** **C# G# Bbm F#**

im killin myself fightin this civil wa--ar

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