

Curse Of A Drunk  
The Takers

Bb

nobodys talkin, the airs filled with time

Gm

and the juke box is broken dont bother with ya dime

Eb Bb

the neons fadin the records theyre all the same

Bb

the bottles used to cut deep but theyve lost their edge

Gm

and the skys turning gray my eyes are turnin red

Eb Bb

and my my mind is set on the night i decided to stay

Bb

its cold in this house when the weather gets in

Gm

and my thoughts are like ice, whiskeys in my skin

Eb Bb

and im layin on dreams and slowly i fade out

Bb F Gm Eb

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

Bb F Gm Eb

meet me outback at five meet you there and get stoned

Bb F Gm Eb

and we ll talk about where were from

Bb F Gm Eb

and how we would go back if our ships hadnt sunk

Bb F Gm Eb

and im floatin into the door

Bb F Gm Eb Bb F Gm Eb

im killin myself fightin this civil wa--ar

Bb

im chained to the bar its chained to my seat

Gm

and i d ask her to dance if i could get to my feet

Eb Bb

but my boots are too drunk to try and put on a show

Bb

well the world stoped turning i crawled into bed

Gm

and im ashamed of myself pull the covers over my head

Eb Bb

and my stomachs on fire for fear of tomorrow

Bb

its cold in this house when the weather gets in

Gm

and my thoughts are like ice, whiskeys in my skin

Eb Bb

and im layin on dreams and slowly i fade out

**Bb** **F** **Gm** **Eb**

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im killin myself fightin this civil wa--ar

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