

Curse Of A Drunk
The Takers

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

and im layin on dreams and slowly i fade out

B **F#** **G#m** **E**

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

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im killin myself fightin this civil wa--ar

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