

Curse Of A Drunk  
The Takers

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

and im layin on dreams and slowly i fade out

**D** **A** **Bm** **G**

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

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and im floatin into the door

**D** **A** **Bm** **G** **D A Bm G**

im killin myself fightin this civil wa--ar

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