

**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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D **A** **Bm** **G** **D A Bm G**
im killin myself fightin this civil wa--ar

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