Drunk On Sunday
Woodbox Gang

Band: Woodbox Gang
Album: White Trash Voodoo

Drunk On Sunday

VERSE 1
G C G
Drunk on Sunday I opened the mailbox
G A D
Stuffed with a week s worth of junk coupons and waste
G C G
Reusing the grounds that made yesterday s coffee
G D G
Reminds me of how coffee should never taste

VERSE 2
Bare walls echo piercing barks from evil hound dogs
No plush sofas or thick rugs deaden the shrill
Caked with unknown substances dishes are piled
Next to empty beer cans and unpaid water bills

CHORUS
C G
Once I had money and ruled in my kingdom
G D
Alone in a castle so tall
G C G
But you struggle to get it and you suffer to keep it
G D G
And it s better to have nothing at all

VERSE 3
Phone is silent except for the salesman
Who work on commission alone in the grind
Ten thousand cold calls and one might be a winner
Ten thousand cold days they will have in their time

VERSE 4
Dark depression long masked as ambition
A shot through the head self inflicted months prior
Allowed this existence I relish to prosper
And brought soothing apathy I d long desired