

# Buck-O-Nine, Barfly

these are the hard times  
these are the good times  
these are the fine times  
the keep me in line times  
until you went away  
now these are the hey days  
the never get laid days  
the play with myself  
and forget about my health days  
wont you come back to me  
i love the way you walk  
the way you smile  
the way you talk  
and i love  
the way you torture me  
now im a barfly  
i wish that i could die  
i never thought it would be this way  
and i cant understand why  
why you went away  
its so mysterious  
makes me delirious  
sometimes im curious  
but all around furious  
wont you come back to me