

Mary Gauthier, I Drink

Written by Mary Gauthier and Crit Harmon

He'd get home at 5:30, fix his drink
And sit down in his chair
Pick a fight with mama
Complain about us kids getting in his hair
At night he'd sit alone and smoke
I'd see his frown behind his lighter's flame
Now that same frown's in my mirror
I got my daddy's blood inside my veins

Fish swim
Birds fly
Daddies yell
Mamas cry
Old men
Sit and think
I drink

Chicken TV dinner
6 minutes on defrost, 3 on high
A beer to wash it down with
Then another, a little whiskey on the side
It's not so bad alone here
It don't bother me that every night's the same
I don't need another lover
Hanging 'round, trying to make me change

Fish swim
Birds fly
Lovers leave
By and by
Old men
Sit and think
I drink

I know what I am
But I don't give a damn

Fish swim
Birds fly
Daddies yell
Mamas cry
Old men
Sit and think