it starts in the afternoon after we've downed a few we argue for an hour then soak for two you ask me about the future and what I think it'll bring I freeze up and can't think of a single thing

is this the life that you wanna live
I've given you all I possibly can give
I wonder why the hell you're still here with me
this isn't how I wanted things to be

you ramble on about the way that I make you feel and that nothing I say, nothing I do is real let's hope by tomorrow all memories of this are gone I guess all you needed was someone that you could lean on