

Jackyl, Brain Drain

I feel no pain
The bottle is my ball and chain
Am I insane?
My breath smells like kerosene
Don't look at me
I'm a sight for sore eyes to see
I can't believe I'm a walking talking misery

Brain drain 190 grain
It's not the caine, not the mary jane
But the golden grain

Don't touch my bottle
You might drop it, break it, then I die
If life's worth living, why do I always cry the blues?
Don't you pray for me
I don't need your fucking sympathy
Just a little drink, it means about the same to me...yea

Brain drain 190 grain
Am I insane? Will I ever change?
Brain drain 190 grain

It's not the caine, not the mary jane
But the golden grain

I'm a redneck punk
Can't remember when I wasn't drunk
People say I stink
I don't care what they think
No colored whiskey
I don't need that rock and rye
Pass that 190
And I'll say bye-bye