

# 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