

# U2, Two shots of happy one shot of sad

Two shots of happy, one shot of sad  
You think I'm no good, well I know I've been bad  
Took you to a place, now you can't get back  
Two shots of happy, one shot of sad  
Walked together down a dead end street  
We were mixing the bitter with the sweet  
Don't try to figure out what we might of had  
Just two shots of happy, one shot of sad  
I'm just a singer, some say a sinner  
Rolling the dice, not always a winner  
You say I've been lucky, well hell I've made my own  
Not part of the crowd, but not feeling alone  
Under pressure, but not bent out of shape  
Surrounded, we always found an escape  
Drove me to drink, but hey that's not all bad  
Two shots of happy, one shot of sad  
Guess I've been greedy, all of my life  
Greedy with my children, my lovers, my wife  
Greedy for the good things as well as the bad  
Two shots of happy, one shot of sad  
Maybe it's just talk, saloon singing  
The chairs are all stacked, the swinging's stopped swinging  
You say I hurt you, you put the finger on yourself  
Then after you did it, you came crying for my help  
Two shots of happy, one shot of sad  
I'm not complaining, baby I'm glad  
You call it a compromise, well what's that  
Two shots of happy, one shot of sad  
Two shots of happy, one shot of sad  
(happy birthday, frank)