

One seventh of a week, six to go

The worms are crawling in my mind  
The bottle can make everything fine  
The worms will be back like on a track  
The liquor store, right next door  
How I got here took some time  
The choice didn't seem to be mine  
The beautiful things I drank away  
All for just the chance to play  
The wife and kids, way long gone  
Can't even find them with the phone  
Splash some water on my face  
Eat some toothpaste for this taste  
Take a deep breath and try not to think  
Maybe have to run for the sink  
Right next door I can get well  
Wouldn't you instead of this hell?  
The feeling will change as the drinks go down  
Next thing you know, I'll be headed downtown  
I'll stop at my favorite, see who's there  
Same old faces going nowhere  
The feeling is good as I slide on my stool  
Soon it's the other kind that's the fool  
Twelve dollars in my pocket and everything's just fine  
Give them boys there one and put it on mine