

What A Way To Go

© 2008 Will Stanley

Another night and you know I can be found
Down at the tavern downing rounds
You may think it's a waste of cash and time,
But I'm inclined to assume I'll find salvation in my stein.
Or my moonshine.

I admit I drink too much, and I admit I don't think too much
Cuz there's a permanent party in my soul
And even though I agree, that booze may be the death of me
If it turns out to be so, what a way to go.

Another girl and another hackneyed line,
Thank God, exaggerating ain't a crime
But if that don't work, I ain't afraid to change my plan
As best I can, cuz when it comes to romance, I'm a yes-man.
Yes ma'am.

I admit I flirt too much, and I chase skirts too much
I've got loads of loving in my soul
And even though I agree, that chicks may be the death of me
If it turns out to be so, what a way to go.

Please don't tell me I should be ashamed
Getting all you can, is the name of the game.

I admit I love Pabst/Beck's too much, and I love sex too much
I guess I've got excess in my soul
And even though I agree, overdoing may be the death of me
If it turns out to be so, what a way to go.