Drink up and Go Home

Jimmy Martin

You sit there a-crying, crying in your beer $IV \qquad V$ You think you got troubles, my friend listen here $IV \qquad \qquad I$ Don't tell me your troubles, I got enough of my own $IV \qquad V \qquad I$ Be thankful you're living, drink up and go home

Chorus

 $IV \qquad \qquad I\\ I'm \ fresh \ out \ of \ prison, \ six \ years \ in \ the \ pen \\ IV \qquad V\\ Lost \ my \ wife \ and \ family, \ no \ one \ to \ call \ friend \\ IV \qquad I\\ Don't \ tell \ me \ your \ troubles, \ got \ enough \ of \ my \ own \\ IV \qquad V \qquad I\\ Be \ thankful \ you're \ living, \ drink \ up \ and \ go \ home$

Now there sits a blind man, so blind he can't see
Do you think he's complaining, why should you and me?
Don't tell me your troubles, I've got enough of my own
Be thankful you're living, drink up and go home

Chorus

Chart - Chorus

