Time for a Drink

Days come and go just like wine

I whine about it

Tell myself I’m feeling fine

I’m fine about it

Walking into brick walls

I’m blind about it

Hanging up on God when he calls

A sign

I doubt it

Desperately close to the end

Without so much as a friend

To warm me or form me

Or warn me when the storms begin or happiness ends

Weeks come and go just like beer

I hear about it

Tempt me to shed one more tear

My dear I shout it

Time is the mistress of doom

No room to doubt it

Brides ache inside for a groom

I can’t do without it

Desperately close to alone

Waltzing into the unknown

No netting forgetting upsetting the wedding

When a message comes and rings on their phone

Months are like shots in a drink

I think about it

Change every time that I blink

No link to route it

Spring turns to summer and fall

It’s all in doubt it

Freezes before it will thaw

Devout and solid

Desperately close to my heart

A jingle that rings off the chart

Too long of a song to

Right any wrong it’s gone

And there’s no way to start all over again

Day’s come and go just like wine