

The Alphabet of Alcohol

There's no one at the Bar.
It's so very late.
The bartender he eyes me,
Well, he'll just have to wait.
Cause there's so many pretty bottles yet to explore,
Until I don't see your face anymore.

I've tried Absinthe and I've tried Amaretto,
Until I walk like I'm held up by Gepetto,
But nothing I drink helps me forgetto 'bout you.
I've had oodles of Boodles and Bacardi Rum,
I've had Bombay until I'm deaf and I'm dumb,
So tell me how come,
I can't forget about you.

Cognac and Dubonnet don't do the trick,
Eggnogs and Frappes I lay 'em on thick.
Grasshoppers, Hurricanes, but still you stick,
Nothing I do seems to help me a lick.

Ice in Jack Daniels and then Kettle One,
I read bartender's manuals just for the fun,
But nothing I've done helps me forget about you.

Lambrusco, Madeira, Nouveau and Ouzo,
If I ramble on, you'll just have to excuzo,
But none of this boozo, helps me forget about you.
A pim's cup, a Queen Liz, a rum punch, a scotch,
If you don't like it, well, you don't have to watch,
Still the whole damned hotch potch,
Can't help me forget about you.

Tequila and Urqwell and vodka and wine,
Don't erase memories of when you were mine,
If you X me Y a zombie's so fine,
If it could cure me I'll call it divine.

I realize as off my barstool I fall,
I've had the Alphabet of Alcohol,
But none of these spirits has helped me at all,
You're haunting whisper I still can recall,
No, nothing I drink,
There's nothing I think,
No, nothing I drink,
Helps me forget about you.
I can't forget about you.