

67-1000  
he still is

i used to know him when he drank a 5th of makers every night  
i used to hide him in the kitchen so he wouldn't pick a fight  
i used to hope that he would find a way to start living right  
but he still is, just like he was

i used to wonder how his body could take all the abuse  
when confronted on his habits he'd try to answer without sounding too obtuse  
yet stumbling around at 10am I'd still find bourbon in his juice  
he still is, just like he was

his wife berated him daily for everything he said  
i often thought if i were him would rather be quite dead  
but 10 years on and he i still see him soldiering forward instead  
he still is, just like he was

he is, like he was  
i suppose i am as well  
each just trying to make our way  
any worse off, difficult to tell  
he is, and will be  
like the millions come before  
if you're hearing this song  
perhaps you'll realize what's in store