

# Theme from "Cheers"

## Titus Andronicus

I'm sorry, mama, but I've been drinking again  
Me and the old man got us a head start on the weekend  
And rest assured tonight I'm going to be in Kevin's basement with all my friends  
Provided we can get, get our lazy asses down to Bottle King by ten  
And the walk home is going to be a real shit-show  
I'll be picking up half-smoked cigarette butts all up and down Rock Road  
And then throw up in the warm glow of the traffic light  
But I'm going to put the devil inside me to sleep if it takes all night  
So let's get fucked up  
And let's pretend we're all okay  
And if you've got something that you can't live with, save it for another day  
Alright, save it for another day  
I'm sorry, Mama, expect a call from the neighbors tonight  
All of my asshole buddies are coming over and they're feeling a little too alright  
I'm sick and tired of everyone in this town being so goddamn uptight  
But don't you worry, I'll do all the talking when they turn on the flashing lights  
When I'm an old man I can be the quiet type  
And I can go without a moment of fun for the rest of my life  
I can read a good book and I can be in bed by ten  
And I can get up early, go to work and come home, and start it all over again  
But while we're young, boys, everybody raise your glasses high  
Singing, "Here's to the good times, here's to the home team  
Kiss the good times goodbye  
Oh yeah, kiss the good times goodbye"  
I need a timeout  
I need an escape from reality  
Or else I need eternal darkness and death  
I need an exit strategy  
Down in North Carolina  
I could have been a productive member of society  
But these New Jersey cigarettes and all they require  
Have made a fucking junkie out of me  
So give me a Guinness  
Give me a Keystone Light  
Give me a kegger on a Friday night  
Give me anything but another year in exile  
I need a whiskey, I need a whiskey, I need a whiskey  
right now  
I need a whiskey, I need a whiskey  
God know how many times I've said this before  
But I really don't feel like doing this anymore  
So hey, Andy, let's turn into dirty old men  
Close down the bar every night at the Glen Rock Inn  
Talk about our grandkids as we stroke our gray beards  
Funny we're still doing car bombs after all of these years  
Now I know there are bicycles waiting to ride  
But I could swear I heard voices from the other side  
Saying, "Wait until you see the whites of their eyes"  
And now that I'm older, I look back and say

"What the fuck was it for anyway?"  
Those dreams are lying in the still of the grave  
What the fuck were they for anyway? So let it be on a stretcher if I get carried away  
What the fuck was it for anyway?  
What the fuck was it for anyway?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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