**Round and Around**

 Written by Steve Poynter Jan. 2016

He sits on his barstool just holdin’ on, one drink away from being totally gone

His eyes are half open but he’s gettin’ blind; they’ll both be closed long before closin’ time

He’s got a head full of worry, an ache in his heart, an old worn out memory still tears him apart

He’s got a drink in his hand and a tear in his eye, wounds that won’t heal and a ghost that won’t die

And he sits there alone going round and around, spins on his barstool like a merry go round

Thinkin’ and drinkin’ for days at a time, wastin’ his life and losin’ his mind

He tries to quiet the noise in his head, but the voices just get louder instead

Tellin’ him things he doesn’t want to hear, so he orders up another bump and a beer

And he sits there alone going round and around, spins on his barstool like a merry go round

Thinkin’ and drinkin’ for days at a time, wastin’ his life and losin’ his mind

He never imagined he’d end up like this; he thinks about all that he’s missed

Spends most his days retracing his past, assessing his future as he empties his glass

As, he sits there alone going round and around, spins on his barstool like a merry go round

Thinkin and drinkin for days at a time, wastin’ his life and losin’ his mind

Wastin his life in three quarter time