

Come Sit and Drink With Me

By: Dre' (Andre'a) Monson 2017

The battle is over. Neither side has actually won. Dead scatter the streets along with rubble. A tavern woman sees the remaining few from both sides, equally broken. She brings out the last of her barrels and bottles, steps outside and invites anyone living to peacefully drink and sleep in her establishment.

My sisters, my brothers

And many others...

Come, sit and drink with me.

My sisters, my brothers

And many others...

Come, sit and drink with me.

Hate has no place

At my table.

Come with an open heart and mind.

Hate has no place

At my table.

Leave all your fears and judgements outside.

A toast!

To those that died this night.

A toast!

To those that fell.

A toast!

To those that must live with their shame.

A toast!

To those lying in pain.

Now raise your glass,

Tip your head back.

Down your drink and ask for more.

Raise your glass,

Tip your head back.

Fall asleep upon the floor.

My sisters, my brothers

And many others...

Come, sit and drink with me.

My sisters, my brothers

And many others...

Come, sit and drink with me.

(Repeat verses as many times as desired, end on chorus.)