Trashed

Ian Gillan & Tony Iommi

It really was a meeting
The bottle took a beating
The ladies of the manor
Watched me climb into my car and I was
Going down the track about a hundred and five
They had the stopwatch rolling
I had the headlights blazing I was really alive
And yet my mind was blowing
I drank a bottle of tequila and I felt real good
I had the tape deck roaring
But on the twenty-fifth lap at the canal turn
I went off exploring
I knew I wouldn't make it the car just wouldn't make it
I was turning the tires burning
The ground was in my sky
I was laughing the bitch was trashed
And death was in my eye
I had started pretty good and I was feeling my way
I had the wheels in motion
There was Peter and the Greenfly laughing like drains
Inebriation
The crowd was roaring I was at Brands Hatch
In my imagination
But at the canal turn I hit an oily patch
InebriationOoh Mr. Miracle, you saved me from some pain
I thank you Mr. Miracle, I won't get trashed again
Ooh, can you hear my lies
Don't you bother with this fool just laugh into my eyes
So we went back to the bar and hit the bottle again
But there was no tequila
Then we started on the whiskey just to steady our brains
'Cause there was no tequila
And as we drank a little faster at the top of our hill
We began to roll
And as we got trashed we were laughing still
Oh bless my soul

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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