

Tonight

The Fags

I get up early just to sit around. A cup of coffee, and I'm pacing the floor. I'm way too wired, I can't settle down. I smoked a pack between this morning and four. The phone is ringing, man it never stops. Seems like no one wants to pay to get in. I hear the horn and Tim's on time for once. He's standing curbside with a shit-eating grin. We're east on 94, next stop Paluzzi's door. Hit the bar and everything'll be alright. T-T-Tonight. The soundcheck's over so we're out of here. Meet the boys and see the sights for awhile. I feel alright, let's have another beer. I'm looking good, although I'm so out of style. Scene's like a clock, man I could set my watch. You're fifteen minutes up and run out of time. I hear you're big across the pond somewhere. Call someone who cares, I'll loan you the dime. We head back to the show. I know the way to go. Hit the bar and everything'll be alright. T-T-Tonight. The crowd is rowdy, getting out of hand. I think the bass amp blew a couple of times. I drank so much, man I could hardly stand. I think I might've blown a couple of lines. We're headed out the door, next stop!...T-T-Tonight.

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