

Niteclub

Old 97's

Eighteen-hundred miles from this old niteclub

 A girl is turning twenty-two today

 How am I supposed to entertain you?

My fingertips are worthless when my mind's so far awayEighteen hundred miles from Manhattan

 The niteclub yawns and opens up its doors

 Thank God that I don't have to pay the cover

Every night I'm broker than I was the night beforeThis old niteclub stole my youth

 Yeah this old niteclub stole my true love

 It follows me around from town to town

 I just might get drunk tonight, burn the niteclub down

 Yeah I just might get drunk tonight, burn the niteclub down

[Incomprehensible]Telephones make strangers out of lovers

 Whiskey makes the strangers all look good

 Well my angel of the morning is in mourning

My life was misspent, don't let me be misunderstoodAnd this old niteclub stole my youth

 Yeah this old niteclub stole my true love

 It follows me around from town to town

 I just might get drunk tonight, burn the niteclub down

 Yeah I just might get drunk tonight, burn the niteclub down

 Yeah I just might get drunk tonight, burn the niteclub down

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>