

One Hell of a Party

Air

Please do not follow where I am leading
Someone must clear these things away
Here in the burnt out husk of the morning
Struck out with nothing left to say Yeah this was one hell of a party
Nobody ever got to bed
But the morning after's killing me
And I have to rest my head And just where were we trying to get to
I can't recall one single word
And the faces that pushed themselves before you
Congeal into one, nothing transferred This was one hell of a party
And it's still living in my head
But the morning after shines so cold
So follow where I live

Songwriters

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