

In the Cold Light of Morning

Placebo

In cold light of morning
While everyone is yawning, you're high
In the cold light of morning
The party gets boring, you're high As your skin starts to scratch
And wave yesterdays action goodbye
Forget past indiscretions
And stolen possessions, you're high
In the cold light In the cold light of morning
While everyone's yawning, you're high
In the cold light of morning
You're drunk sick from whoring and high Staring back from the mirrors
A face that you don't recognize
It's a loser, a sinner
A cock in a dildo's disguise
In the cold light Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow As your skin starts to scratch
And wave yesterdays action goodbye
Forget past indiscretions
And stolen possessions, you're high
In the cold light of day Tomorrow's only a king
Whistle, whistle
Whistle, whistle
Whistle, whistle
Whistle, whistle
Whistle away In the cold light of day

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