

# Frolic Room

311

Yeah, there's a gravity in me, pulling me to want to see  
What is going on tonight beneath the electric starlight  
I like to mix with walks of life, who live life on the other side  
Pulling muscles from their shell, a place to some that looks like hell  
Oh, a classic song that the jukebox has on  
has me moving  
Oh, the faces here make it so surreal  
Oh, in the company of pretty girls and new vagrants  
One drink away from sleeping on the pavement  
I'm not quite sure what I find so appealing  
About the happy hour stealing  
A party, after party, 'til it started to get grating  
Another and another what are we celebrating  
There's always something not to miss, diving back in the abyss  
And it gets so very stale but tomorrow's a new tale  
In the frolic room, oh the seat I assume, yeah  
And I'm drawn to the night and it's damn neon light, yeah  
Where are we meeting up at, let me guess, bet I know  
Does it have a sign in the window, ice-cold six packs to go  
Sleep it up if you have to, there's a booth always in shadow  
The reality is all around you, it's the best reality show  
In the company of the privileged and the nearly damned  
Mixing like a cocktail of pure spirits slammed  
In the danger zone is where you'll find me  
In a certain dive so inviting  
A party, after party, 'til it started to get grating  
Another and another what are we celebrating  
There's always something not to miss, diving back in the abyss  
And it gets so very stale but tomorrow's a new tale  
In the frolic room, oh the seat I assume, yeah  
And I'm drawn to the night and it's damn neon light, yeah

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