

Last Song, Last Call

Bigwig

Jersey in my rearview is always a bitter sweet sight
20 hour drive with eight and the gear is packed tight
And now the neighbors are complaining
That everyone's singing
The cops are shutting down the show
Last song is here but no one wants to go
Not 'til it's done
What? That's bullshit
You got nothing better to do than to break up our fun?
Shut the fucking place down! Smashers on the box, cheap drinks, and we're feeling alright
A mystic isle welcoming toast tonight
Take two and pass it
Everyone's dancing
Bartender's turning off the sound
That means last call is here so drink 'em down
And everyone out!
What? That's Bullshit
It's not even 1:59
Dirty just bought a round
Shut the fucking place down! Designated drunk just fell flat on his face
We're not moving
Supposed to leave at midnight now it's past eight
Now we're fucking late!
So everyone in!
What? That's bullshit!
Get back in the van just do it all again
But now it's fucking broken

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