

# Party On

## Damien Dempsey

Doing E, doing speed, doing cocaine  
Mix it with alcohol and go insane  
In the morning the edge of the knife  
Where the hell is the bright side of life? It's a farcical high for a few hours  
Then you're blind and you can't see the bright flowers  
For the light of a child and the glee  
If you splurge then the law you'll agree Turns you into a shell of what you used to be  
All the weeks you're living in a fantasy  
Fantasize about the party to come  
Then your day life just doesn't seem fun I'm not telling you how to do your thing  
I'm just laying down some facts about indulging  
How the shit going 'round can become  
Your controller, your dictator, your one I'm giving it up I swear in the New Year  
No more of that for me, you'll see  
I'm going to be going straight I can't wait  
Until this year is gone, party on Coming down on the ground in a small house  
You're a man but you feel like a small mouse  
Not so long ago you felt like a king  
Someone give me psychiatrist a ring We'll have no bread and feel feckin' brain dead  
All alone in a room full of E heads  
Feel so hollow and sickeningly and worthless  
There's no cure in the mosques or the churches I met strangers who barely six hours ago  
Were the best friends I thought I'd ever know  
Now they're strangers again 'cos I'm down  
And I won't say 'Hello' if I see them in town

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