

# Trashed

Ian Gillan

It really was a meeting  
The bottle took a beating  
The ladies of the manor  
Watched me climb into my car and  
I was going down the track about a hundred and five  
They had the stop-watch rolling  
I had the headlights blazing I was really alive  
And yet my mind was blowing  
I drank a bottle of tequila and I feel real good  
I had the tape deck roaring  
But on the twenty-fifth lap at the canal turn  
I went of exploring  
I knew I wouldn't make it the car just wouldn't make it  
I was turning tires burning  
The ground was in my sky  
I was laughing the bitch was trashed  
And death was in my eye I had started pretty good and I was feeling my way  
I had the wheels in motion  
There was Peter and the Green fly laughing like drains  
Inebriation  
The crowd was roaring I was at Brands Hatch  
In my imagination  
But at the canal turn I hit an only patch  
Inebriation Ooh Mr. Miracle you saved me from some pain  
I thank you Mr. Miracle I won't get trashed again  
Ooh can you hear my lies  
Don't you bother with this fool just laugh into my eyes So we went back to the bar and hit the bottle again  
But there was no tequila  
Then we started on the whiskey just to steady our brains  
'Cause there was no tequila  
And as we drank a little faster at the top of our hill  
We began to roll  
And as we get trashed we were laughing still  
Well bless my soul

Songwriters

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