

Who's in Charge?

The Grand Astoria

Who's coming next?
Be my guest
Celebration of life
Is reason why we are here
I'm not a priest nor a saint
Answer lies in between
And my songs can't hurt no ears
I'd like to be, I'd like to see
I'd like to go there alone
But this means pleasure's all mine
Don't need that much
Take a piece, take a slice
Close your eyes
And taste this fruit so divine

And I say
Who's in charge of this all?

Next time you're there
Well, I swear
You will never go back
It's now you temple and home
To rest your legs, clear your mind
We accept everyone
And share all that we own
I'd like to be, I'd like to see
I'd like to go there alone
But this means pleasure's all mine
Don't need that much
Take a piece, take a slice
Close your eyes
And change the tears into wine

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