

Allison Foley

Better Than Ezra

Calmly, like a razor
I got us on the door
Or I got a tape of clerks
Someone left the night before So I come over later
You're sittin' in that chair
Smokin' on your cigarette
Fingerin' you hair So I get drunk and stoned
Every time you come around
So I get drunk and stoned
Every time you come around
Yeah, yeah, yeah Twenty nine and aimless
You bartend down on fourth
Your parents pay insurance
And the Parson's Audit course Over schooled and uninspired
Tust fund up your nose
All the wasted talent but, uh
Ain't that how it always goes? So I get drunk and stoned
Every time you come around
So I get drunk and stoned
Every time you come around
Yeah, yeah, yeah So long, Allison Foley
So long, bye, bye Comeup higher, comeup higher, comeup
Comeup higher, comeup higher, comeup
Comeup higher, comeup higher, comeup
Comeup higher, take a step higher Sometimes you understand the reasons
How you went astray
Least of all the answer
But it hurts to watch you waste away So I get drunk and stoned
Every time you come around
So I get drunk and stoned
Every time you come around
Yeah, yeah, yeah So drunk and stoned
So drunk and stoned
So long, so long
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh So long, Allison Foley
So long, bye, bye
So long, Allison Foley
So long, bye, bye
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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