Sleeping on the Floor

The Pink Spiders

Rocks and salt, a small umbrella and I'm fine
But straight from the bottle might save me a little time
I don't need no chaser, baby, I don't need no lime
Are you there Jose? Is there no reason to your rhyme?Don't let this night ever end
Don't let this bottle run dry
Don't let this room spin around my head'Cause it's one shot, two shots, three shots, four
We haven't had enough until we've had a little more
It's 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4
We were swimming in tequila, now we're sleeping on the floorLost and loaded, losing track of it tonight
Maybe I got married, maybe I got in a fight
But I saw the devil in a flashing neon light
He said, "You'll be fine as long as you stick with me tonight"So don't let this night ever end
Don't let this bottle run dry
Don't let this room spin around my head'Cause it's one shot, two shots, three shots, four
We haven't had enough until we've had a little more
It's 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4
I think I'm watching television, I'm not really sureIt's one shot, two shots, three shots, four
My stinging ears are ringing, throat is burning, legs are sore
It's 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4
We were swimming in tequila, now we're sleeping on the floorIn the winter of my discontent, the darkest hour of my despair
You hardly impaired double vision, I thought but wasn't sure
That I saw you seated alone across a crowded room
And as I approached what I thought had to be
The most beautiful girl in the worldLooking lonely and in need of quality conversation
I realized it was not you, but actually
A large cardboard cut-out of Joe Camel
Holding a surfboard and I was ashamedSo don't let this night ever end
Don't let this bottle run dry
Don't let this room spin around my head'Cause it's one shot, two shots, three shots, four
We haven't had enough until we've had a little more
It's 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4
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We were swimming in tequila, now we're sleeping on the floor

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