

# Happy Hour

## The Housemartins

It's happy hour again  
I think I might be happy if I wasn't out with them  
And they're happy, it's a lovely place to be  
Happy that the fire is real, the barman is a she

Where the haircuts smile  
And the meaning of style  
Is a night out with the boss  
Where you win or you lose  
And its them who choose  
And if you don't win then you've lost

What a good place to be  
Don't believe it  
'Cause they speak a different language  
And it's never really happened to me (it's™s happy hour again)  
Don't believe it, oh no  
'Cause it's never been happy for me (it's™s happy hour again)  
No-oh-oh oh

It's another night out with the boss  
Following in footsteps overgrown with moss  
And he tells me that women grow on trees  
And if you catch them right they will land upon their knees

Where they open all their wallets  
And they close all their minds  
And they love to buy you all a drink  
And then we ask all the questions  
And you take all your clothes off  
And go back to the kitchen sink

What a good place to be  
Don't believe it  
'Cause they speak a different language  
And it's never really happened to me (it's™s happy hour again)  
Don't believe it, oh no  
'Cause it's never been happy for me (it's™s happy hour again)  
No-oh-oh-oh

What a good place to be  
Don't believe it  
'Cause they speak a different language  
And it's never really happened to me  
Don't believe it, oh no  
'Cause it's never been happy for me (it's happy hour again)

Don't believe it, don't believe it (it's happy hour again)  
Don't believe it (it's happy hour again)  
And again, and again  
It's happy hour again and again and again  
It's happy hour again and again and again  
It's happy hour again

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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