

# Backroom

## Blondie

Some of my old friends say I'm self possessed  
I hope you don't mind if I get something off my chest  
Between you and me I only go out at night  
Sunlight in my eyes just makes me uptight  
In the backroom we be drinking all night  
We be living in a vacuum  
We be looking for a fight  
In the backroom we be drinking all night  
We be running out of headroom  
We be looking for a fight  
Crowd was thinning out  
And he came through the door  
I look right at him  
He looks at the floor  
Awkward glances catch the thread long ago  
I'm seeing red  
Does your sister dress you up  
Does the devil know you're dead  
I don't know if Gabriel keeps a place for me  
I still want to go to heaven & see what I can see  
I don't want to have St Peter close the gate on me  
I still want to get to heaven & be what I can be  
We had moved to the place  
I heard them say 'Last Call'  
I stepped over all of them  
And walked on down the hall  
The man says not to wait for judgment  
It comes everyday  
Absolution at a price  
And we all have to pay  
In the backroom we be drinking all night  
We be living in a vacuum  
We be looking for a fight  
In the backroom we be drinking all night  
We be running out of headroom  
We be looking for a fight  
I don't know if Gabriel keeps a place for me  
I still want to go to heaven & see what I can see  
I don't want to have St Peter close the gate on me

I still want to get to heaven & be what I can be

Shoo sha doo

Shoo sha doo

Shoo sha doo

Shoo sha doo

Shoo sha doo

Shoo sha doo

Shoo sha doo

Shoo

(We be drinking all night)

In the backroom we be drinking all night

We be living in a vacuum

We be looking for a fight

In the backroom we be drinking all night

We be running out of headroom

We be looking for a fight

Lyrics provided by

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