

Unlucky Lounge

Tilt

Bad ventilation duration of a beer, commonplace shithouse drown my fear, =
this whiskey goes down easy, smooth as a sow's ear, belly up and suck =
another, you're in the clear. Every day deception, faking a motive, a =
regular jokes "This is where I live" appraising each intruder, one tipsy =
glimpse of them, loyal to a forgotten stratagen. Get on in, shake off =
the road, don't you know that you're blocking the door? Unlucky lounge, =
keeps her tables clean for you, forever darkness at noon. A vestige of =
some former self saddles up slowly to the bar, she recieves the news =
above, where the bottles stand, at least in here you take your luck wash =
it down with a beer, you'll know soon enough, don't expect nothin' fancy =
here, all you have is what we got.

Submitted by: Mel

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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