All-nighter

The Whomping Willows

Its nearly eleven
Do you think well stand the test of time?
Youre a cloud short of heaven
But you know I want you to be mine
I'm sitting here waiting
Yeah, and its getting frustratingGot to, go to the garage
Got to get some fags and make some tea
Can you lend me enough wedge
Do you want to walk up there with me?
Im sitting here waiting
Yeah, Im tired of debating
[Incomprehensible]Weve been up all night
I can feel a strange attraction
Now its getting light
But I cant spur you into action
Sure not alone
But so on my own, ohIts a quarter to seven
Dont you think weve stayed up half the night?
Youre a cloud short of heaven
But Id love to see you strut your stuff
And Im sitting here waiting
Yeah, and it could be X-rated
We could be, oh, so happy
We could be, oh, so happy

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