

Not a Dull Moment

Bad Astronaut

I remember well the smell of tequila
One bed, one bath, two months with Steph
 Drinkin' up the sunrise
 Then sleep till eight at night
I had a ten day birthday till Thanksgiving
 We burnt the bird and hit the road
 Blur in stereo, sonic bookmarks and bad scenes
But not a dull moment, I barely miss living in Los Angeles
 Only took a week to start the warfare
 Eccentric neighbors on welfare
The turntable spun to the beat of pounding on the walls
 We'd sink another drink with Billy Idol
 Have sloppy sex on the living room floor
 A whirlwind of simple pleasure principal
 Principles are gone
 It's not a dull moment
I barely miss living in that selfish bliss with Steph
 And I always have the past to be warned
 And I always knew the last laugh was more
And I can taste the gold ring tarnish in my mouth
 And I need a drink to wash it out
 It's not a dull moment
I barely miss living in that state of filth
So I cleaned the yard, the yard, the yard
 Mow the lawn, scrub the stained rug
So what? It's safe and sound I have found

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