

Hey, Wanna Throw Up? Get Me Naked.

Minus the Bear

Let's get the fuck out of here, it's like a congregation
From every drinks glass drips condensation
She's got her jacket on her back
We put our last drinks back and hit the first red light
No one moves, no one stands
Red-lip-sticks on her drink glass
He's gone for three nights, come on
He's gone for three nights, come on
Come on come on come on I got somewhere else to be

Songwriters

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