

Drinking In LA

The Twang

I woke up again this morning with the sun in my eyes,
When Johnny came over with a script surprise.
A mafioso story with a twist,
A too wong foo, julie newmar hitch,
Get your ass out of bed, he said:
I'll explain it on the way. But we did nothing, absolutely nothing that day, and I say:
What the hell was I doing drinking in l.a. at 26?
I got the fever for the flavour, so the payback will be later, still I need a fix. And the girls on the bus kept on
laughing at us,
As we rode on the ten back to Quenten again.
Flaring out the g-funk,
Sipping on a juice and gin,
Just me and a friend.
Feeling kinda groovy,
Working on a movie. (yeah right!) But we did nothing, absolutely butkis that day, and I say:
What the hell was I doing drinking in l.a. at 26? I know that life is for the taking, so I better wise up, and take it
quick. Some men there wanted to hurt us,
And other men said we weren't worth the fuss.
I could see them all bitching at the bar,
About the fine line, between the rich and the poor.
Then Johnny turned to me and he said:
what do you think we got done son? We've got a conclusion, and I guess that's something, so I ask you:
What the hell were we doing drinking in l.a. at 26?
I got the fever for the nectar and the payback will be later, still I need a fix. Say:
Ah yeah, well ah yeah, ah-ah yeah, say ah-yeah, ah-yeah etc So I ask you:
What the hell was I doing drinking everyday at 26?

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