

Niteclub (Demo)

Old 97's

Eighteen-hundred miles from this old niteclub
A girl is turning twenty-two today
How am I supposed to entertain you?
My fingertips are worthless when my mind's so far away
Eighteen hundred miles from Manhattan
The niteclub yawns and opens up its doors
Thank God that I don't have to pay the cover
Every night I'm broke than I was the night before
This old niteclub stole my youth
Yeah this old niteclub stole my true love
It follows me around from town to town
I just might get drunk tonight, burn the niteclub down
Yeah I just might get drunk tonight, burn the niteclub down
[Incomprehensible] Telephones make strangers out of lovers
Whiskey makes the strangers all look good
Well my angel of the morning is in mourning
My life was misspent, don't let me be misunderstood

Songwriters

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