Last Call

As Friends Rust

Don't expect what you've been expecting.
Don't look for love here, no love to be found.
Gruesome on the upstroke, painful going down.
It's gonna be a dark, dark night.
Yours are the figures that we've been projecting.
Your figure, his figure, sprawled out on the ground.
I go to watch the sex before it happens.
It's gonna be a dark, dark night.
Get a couple in you.
Really knock them dead tonight.
It's a game of give and take.
Give and take good head tonight.
Never see the faces. It's far too dark for that.
This game is old.
Really knock them dead tonight.
Here in the nightclub the heathens convene,
under the pretense of swimming upstream.
We're so predictable and yet we don't seem to notice.
Slicked back and primped up, we apply our self-esteem.
Dabbing, not smudging, build ourselves into a dream.
The order of intake is a delicate thing.
It's gonna be a dark, dark night.
It's a waste of time.
Buying drinks.
Sipping drinks.
Spilling drinks.
Buy another drink.
Small talk.
Tall tales.
Feeling up.
Falling down.
Taking you home.
Unzipping.
Swivel-hipping.
Sweat dripping.
Casting shadows.
Tumble, straddle.
Drugged by strobe and unsung battles.
Buying drinks.

Sipping drinks.
Spilling drinks.
Taking you home.
Hey,Roxanne.
I'm on a roll.
It's a waste of time.

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