

Worst at the Best of Times

Duke Special

You're the best of singers with whiskey and wine
You play your part to perfection
They wake you up and tell you it's time for bed
But there is no question of letting this run any more
The cigarette's burning your fingers
There's too much wine on the floor
And more, and more, and more
You're the best, the worst, the best
Now move, you've made a great art of wasting your time
You're the national treasure for madness
But birds that sing without leaving their trees
Are prone to delusional grandness
And don't let this run anymore
Come down from your branch while you're able
There's too much blood on the floor
And more, and more, and more
You're the best, the worst, the best
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up
You're the best, the worst, the best
You're the best, the worst, the best
You're the best, the worst, the worst at the best of time
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

Songwriters

Archer, Iain / Wilson, Peter David

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