

Paintbox (Jimmy Caprio)

Pink Floyd

Last night I had too much to drink
Sitting in a club with so many fools
 Playing to rules
 Trying to impress but feeling rather empty
 I had another drink
Drink, a, drink, a, drink, a, drinkWhat a way to spend that evening
 They all turn up with their friends
 Playing the game
 But in the scene I should have been
 Far away
 Away, away, away, away, away
Getting up, I feel as if I'm remembering this scene before
 I open the door to an empty room
Then I forgetThe telephone rings and someone speaks
 She would very much like to go out to a show
 So what can I do, I can't think what to say
 She sees through anyway
Away, away, away, awayOut of the front door I go
 Traffic's moving rather slow
 Arriving late, there she waits
 Looking very angry, as cross as she can be
 Be, a, be, a, be, a, be, a, be
Getting up, I feel as if I'm remembering this scene before
 I open the door to an empty room
 Then I forget

Songwriters

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