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, 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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