

The Morning After

Tankard

Can this be or am I dreaming?
What a mess!
Woke up drunk lying on the floor
This cannot be, my place is trashed Broken bottles everywhere
Vomit oozing, down the stairs I asked myself, how did this happen?
Don't recall
Why the nasty, pounding headache?
I need relief, where's the tylenol? Lying in my bed
With a swollen head
What did I do?
I always regret the morning after Morning's passed, now I think I remember
Holy shit
Ugly bitch playing with my member
Mutated sow with an extra tit Senseless ruckus late at night
That's when we began to fight
Four a.m. and we were hungry
Cooked some food Ate until the fridge was empty
Then they left, all their bellies full Now my brain feels like mashed potatoes
Getting sick
I swear to kick this nasty habit
And never drink for ever more Headache ceases, all is fine
Getting thirsty, where's the wine? I cannot stop though I'm seeing double
Sloshed again
I know, it's sad but I really need it
'Cause alcohol is my only friend Lying in my bed
With a swollen head
What did I do? Lying in my bed
With a swollen head
What did I do?
I always regret the morning after

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