

Sad Not Trashed

Spouse

Every corner of the room was at a dead tie with the clock.
When we finally got our courage up, we were both too drunk to fuck.

Katrina's with her customers,
she goes over can's and can'ts,
She said you'd better get your wallet out
before you even think about me
getting in your pants.

Every angle in the mirrors a reflection of the clock.
When we finally got our courage up, we were both to fucked to talk.

I hope you're making it alright,
I hope you're taking it so hard.
I hope you're thinking on your feet.
I hope you feel it all the time.

We're so sad when we're not trashed.
We're so sad when we're not trashed.
We're so sad when we're not trashed.
We're so sad when we're not so,
trashed.

We're so sad when we're not trashed.
Bag of air after we crash.
We're share a smoke our dreams all dash.
But so far it's not so bad.

La da da da la da da da
La da di da la da da da da

Lyrics submitted by Lizzie.

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