

Sunday Morning After

[Amanda Marshall](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

"Uh-hello?"
"Where are you?"
"What time is it?"
"Umm, it's 1:30, in the afternoon"
"Are you alright?"
"Hang on" I woke up with a killer hangover
Hope it was worth all this pain
(I'd do it all over again) By the time the party was over
Tequila was my claim to fame
(I couldn't remember my name) I was dancing with Jake
When I last saw my keys
That was my first mistake
'Cause what happened to me?
(Oh!) I look down at my arm, baby
And something's lookin' back at me
And I cannot believe it Oh, my God!
I woke up with a snake tattoo
Oh, my God!
And I think that my tongue's pierced too Oh, my God! Oh, my God!
It's the Sunday mornin' after
And baby, who the hell are you?
Ahh woo hoo I remember yelling, "Hey DJ!"
"Jack the volume, I love this song"
(And then it all gets hazy) And my clothes are selling on E-Bay
(Click me)
And I don't know what I'm gonna put on
(Where were my friends to save me?) I blacked out, I came to
And it's all such a blur
Had a blast, I assume
But I'm really not sure Exactly where I am now, baby?
Wake up and tell me your name
(Excuse me)

'Cause this is insane Oh, my God!
I woke up with a snake tattoo
Oh, my God!
And I think that my tongue's pierced too Oh, my God! Oh, my God!
It's the Sunday mornin' after
And baby, who the hell are you?
(Oh, my God! Oh, my God!)
(Oh, my God! Oh, my God!) My alter ego took over
And took me on a fantasy ride
(Took me on a ride)
Oh, you can take me anywhere twice
But the second time will be to apologize
(I've got you started, baby) Oh, my God!
I woke up with a snake tattoo
Oh, my God!
And I think that my tongue's pierced too Oh, my God! Oh, my God!
It's the Sunday mornin' after
And baby, who the hell are you? Oh, my God!
I woke up with a snake tattoo
Oh, my God!
And I think that my tongue's pierced too Oh, my God! Oh, my God!
Then it's the Sunday mornin' after
And baby, who the hell are you?
(Oh, I can't remember) Oh, my God!
I woke up with a snake tattoo
(I can't remember)
Oh, my God!
And I think that my tongue's pierced too
(Oh yeah yeah, I can't remember) Oh, my God! Oh, my God!
(Oh, I can't remember)
It's the Sunday mornin' after
And baby, who the hell are you? Where am I? What am I?
Who am I? How am I?
How did I?
(I can't remember)
Where am I? What am I?
Who am I? How am I?

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