

# Sleeping On The Floor

## The Pink Spiders

Rocks and salt, a small umbrella and I'm fine  
But straight from the bottle might save me a little time  
I don't need no chaser, baby, I don't need no lime  
Are you there Jose? Is there no reason to your rhyme?  
Don't let this night ever end  
Don't let this bottle run dry  
Don't let this room spin around my head  
'Cause it's one shot, two shots, three shots, four  
We haven't had enough until we've had a little more  
It's 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4  
We were swimming in tequila, now we're sleeping on the floor  
Lost and loaded, losing track of it tonight  
Maybe I got married, maybe I got in a fight  
But I saw the devil in a flashing neon light  
He said, "You'll be fine as long as you stick with me tonight"  
So don't let this night ever end  
Don't let this bottle run dry  
Don't let this room spin around my head  
'Cause it's one shot, two shots, three shots, four  
We haven't had enough until we've had a little more  
It's 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4  
I think I'm watching television, I'm not really sure  
It's one shot, two shots, three shots, four  
My stinging ears are ringing, throat is burning, legs are sore  
It's 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4  
We were swimming in tequila, now we're sleeping on the floor  
In the winter of my discontent, the darkest hour of my despair  
You hardly impaired double vision, I thought but wasn't sure  
That I saw you seated alone across a crowded room  
And as I approached what I thought had to be  
The most beautiful girl in the world  
Looking lonely and in need of quality conversation  
I realized it was not you, but actually  
A large cardboard cut-out of Joe Camel  
Holding a surfboard and I was ashamed  
So don't let this night ever end  
Don't let this bottle run dry  
Don't let this room spin around my head  
'Cause it's one shot, two shots, three shots, four

We haven't had enough until we've had a little more  
It's 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4  
I think I'm watching television, I'm not really sure  
It's one shot, two shots, three shots, four  
My stinging ears are ringing, throat is burning, legs are sore  
It's 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4  
We were swimming in tequila, now we're sleeping on the floor

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>