

## Arcade Fire "Gin Sippin'"

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Strolling down the strip, we were straight strip tripping  
Tipping all the dealers we were straight gin sipping  
Go gamble, fuck hos, everybody knows everybody  
smokes dope

You can smell on our clothes  
A little bit of indo a little bit of girls  
Because we were kind of curious what was under their  
skirts

Oh, we're just fucking around  
They don't know we're just fucking around

Split it, hit it, win it, stick around for a minute  
Throw another bill in it; though, you'll be broke without  
credit  
You will be glad that you did, 'cause you'll be fucked up  
and faded  
With a gold digger who's pretty and thinks that you're  
rich and witty

Oh, we're just fucking around  
They don't know we're just fucking around

I'd been stinking from drinking  
My boys are AWOL I'm thinking  
I needed a room for the weekend  
On to the hotel with the beacon  
I gave a tip to this chick it was a chip worth a grip but  
that was it  
A wink and a key and I went to my room  
Oh, not two, there were three different whores all for  
me  
What a time what a place they won't remember my face

No one knows, oh, we're just fucking around  
They don't know we're just fucking around

Soon afternoon came and I'd been up for two days  
I had played the same game with money and hos you  
know how it goes  
Our weekend had ended with all the hos we befriended  
But our egos had landed since we went home empty

handed  
Come on and let's go, let's go hit the road for four  
hours home  
We'll go and get stoned and no one will know

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