

Whiskeytown

"Here's to The Rest of The World"

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I know the world is a mess
I like the patterns on your dress
Would you have a drink with me please
Have a couple or three

I see you walk by, I don't speak but try
Have a drink with me please don't say anything
I look like a mess
The patterns of your dress, they blind me

Here's to the rest of the world
I guess that you deserve something you work so hard
At trying to be just like everyone else
Except people like me

Well, the lights shining down onto the street
The city lingers as it overheats
I'm on idle right now, don't feel so proud
Wait for the others to join the crowd

And they come, ones, threes

Here's to the rest of the world, oh, I don't know
Here's something that you deserve, a drink or two
Come on and sit down with me and we'll pretend
everything
We'll pretend everything, it's easy

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