

## Sunday At Eleven

### "Dead Night"

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I'm falling out your room  
and I'm looking like a wreck  
her bloody-red blurred lipstick  
all over my wet neck  
had an eight-hour-blackout  
looks like I got in a fight  
doesn't matter cause  
it must have been a  
damn good night

oh my morals  
crawlin' on the floor  
on fire, on the scene  
it's all too late

my buddy says she dumped me  
caus I was puckin'  
on her skirt  
my fuckin' new tuxedo  
still layin' in the dirt  
my sister got so pissed  
cause her guinney-pig got fried  
doesn't matter cause  
it must have been a  
damn good night

chorus

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