

## **Zutons, The**

### **"It's the Little Things We Do"**

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Well i woke this morning with a tear drop in my eye  
Because last night it felt like the best night of my life  
Now there's something that is wrong rotting my insides  
And i don't understand why my brain wants to die  
I had women, wine, party time and everything that  
mattered  
And when i woke up today you know my brain was all in  
tatters  
I had bits of my lungs shrapnel glass and cigarettes for  
breakfast  
And my lips are blue, my toes are numb and i think i've  
got the shivers

It's the little things that we do when you go out in the  
night  
And it's pay day today just for having a good time  
As your hangover unfolds well the questions will arrive  
Why do i feel like death for having a good time

so i get up and go down the stairs and try to make a  
sandwich  
But the ham and chesse, margarine they speak an evil  
language  
It says "don't eat me  
I dont deserve to be there in your stomach"  
And I break on down and cry why do good times turn to  
bummers

It's the little things that we do when you go out in the  
night  
And it's pay day today just for having a good time  
As your hangover unfolds well the questions will arrive  
Why do i feel like death for having a good time

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