

# 311

## "Frolic Room"

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Yeah  
There's a gravity in me  
Pulling me to want to see  
What is going on tonight  
Beneath the electric starlight

I like to mix with walks of life  
Who live life on the other side  
Pulling mussels from their shell  
A place to some that looks like hell

Oh  
A classic song that the jukebox has on has me moving  
Oh  
The faces here make it so surreal

Oh, in the company of pretty girls and new vagrants  
One drink away from sleeping on the pavement  
I'm not quite sure what I find so appealing  
About the happy hour stealing

A party, after party  
Til' it started to get grating  
Another, and another  
What are we celebrating  
There's always something not to miss  
Diving back in the abyss  
And it gets so very stale  
But tomorrow's a new tale

In the Frolic Room  
Woah  
The seat I assume  
Yeah  
And I'm drawn to the night

And its damn neon light  
Yeah

Where are we meeting up at  
Let me guess bet I know  
Does it have a sign in the window

Ice cold six packs to go  
Sleep it up if you have to  
There's a booth always in shadow  
The reality is all around you  
It's the best reality show

Oh, in the company of the privileged and the nearly  
damned  
Mixing like a cocktail of your spirit slam  
In the danger zone is where you'll find me  
In a certain dive so inviting

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Til' it started to get grating  
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What are we celebrating  
There's always something not to miss  
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In the Frolic Room  
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Yeah

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