

## Backstreet Boys

### "Can't Find The Door"

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Excuse me  
I need a little more money  
Just a drink to score  
But I can tell you honey  
I need a hundred more  
I gotta give myself  
What Im looking for  
Gotta feed my head now, ones for all  
With two scary Bloody Marys and a Thunderball, baby  
Its gonna be alright now, baby  
Its gonna be alright, Im doing fine  
I said one, two, three and a little bit more  
Oh, my God, I cant, cant find the door  
I cant find the door  
I cant find the door  
I cant find the door  
I cant stand straight  
But I can think right  
With my Frisco San Fransisco Im still growing up  
Mature all the way to the Lucifer cup, baby  
Its gonna be alright now, baby  
Its gonna be alright, Im doing fine  
I said one, two, three and a little bit more  
Oh, my God, I cant, cant find the door  
I cant find the door  
I cant find the door  
I cant find the door  
I aint want no Soda  
And no female Ginger Ale  
'Cause I need special treatment so I can go home  
Maybe Ill make it to the five o clock loan, man  
Its gonna be alright now, baby  
Its gonna be alright, Im doing fine  
I said one, two, three and a little bit more  
Oh, my God, I cant, cant find the door  
I cant find the door  
I cant find the door  
I said one, two, three and a little bit more  
Oh, my God  
one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine  
Wheres the door?

Wait a minute honey  
Oh, my God, yeah

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