

Colour Of Fire

"Fuck Work, Let's Party!"

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Come all sit up, taste decay,
Fuck Work, party with me...
ambitions on hold, inhibitions away.
Every last fucker in the room's eating out of my hand,
Every last fucker in my way can understand that..

if you let the pain take you right through the other side
you can feel alright...
Fuck Work, Let's Party!

Your distress can sail away...
I get off in every way.
Every last fucker in the room that I can't stand.
Every last frustrated fashionista,

If you let the pain take you right through the other side
you could feel alright...
Fuck Work, Let's Party!

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