

## Duke Special

# "Worst At The Best Of Times"

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You're the best of singers with whiskey and wine  
You play your part to perfection  
They wake you up and tell you it's time for bed  
But there is no question of letting this run any more

The cigarette's burning your fingers  
There's too much wine on the floor  
And more, and more, and more  
You're the best, the worst, the best

Now move, you've made a great art of wasting your  
time  
You're the national treasure for madness  
But birds that sing without leaving their trees  
Are prone to delusional grandness

And don't let this run anymore  
Come down from your branch while you're able  
There's too much blood on the floor  
And more, and more, and more  
You're the best, the worst, the best

Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up  
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up  
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up  
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up  
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up  
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up  
Get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up, get up

You're the best, the worst, the best  
You're the best, the worst, the best  
You're the best, the worst, the worst at the best of time  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

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