

Fitzgerald Patrik

"Tonight"

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Dying slowly, feeling ill

I can't explain the way i feel

Poeple die, and so will i

It could be slow, it could be quick

Quit slow, and it seems such a waste

God will give you just one taste

Only one sip of his wine

Only one life, cats get nine

Feeling bored, that's no fun

Being out of touch with everyone

Click my fingers, crack my toes

Kick the dog, and break it's nose

I intelectualize it all

To prove my mind's still on the ball

I go spy at the neighbours next door

Listen to them through the wall

They do the same they did last night

At first they argue, and then they fight

And then they screw, just to please me

It's just about more fun than TV

But people die, i will soon

And then i won't write any more tunes

And i won't stand here and talk to you

And wonder what the fuck to do

Tonight

Tonight

Tonight...

[repeat everything, with slight modifications

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