

Hoarsebox "Rosey"

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6 am - I know all too well,
Those days are gone, got nothing left to tell.
You come in - looking to go out,
But I'm afraid that I'll be opting out.
Sessioning - is alright for now,
But there is also time for figuring out,
What it is - that you are trying to do,
The mundane has it's logic baby too.

Chorus

SHOUT IT OUT

I'll wake up tomorrow feeling Rosey baby,

SHOUT IT OUT

SHOUT IT OUT

You'll wake up tomorrow feeling Rosey baby

SHOUT IT OUT

All things - are dead and gone,
Sunday morning and your pretty face is long.
Party's - gone out the door,
And morning breath makes you a weekend whore.
The things you said!
You drank away your wits,
But now you're givin' it up,
You're going to kick the habit,
'Cause you woke up clothed and don't recognise this
place,
While all I got is ZZZ's out of my face.

MIDDLE 8 - I don't know but I've been told Ravers can be
bought or sold.

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