

Jaya

"Twist The Cap"

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This one goes out to all the bartenders
To the winners and to the losers
And this one here's to the drug users
To the sinners and to the boozers
And man one time for the nightshift workers
And all the fed up clowns that quit the circus
And this one here's for all the righteous losers
In the land of the dead trying to make it through
Wasted 3 am, the lights are on and the bar is closing
I didn't start it but I end this war on the battleground
with the drunken soldiers
Make it home by the grace of god man
Park the whip fall up the stairs
It's a fine line between relaxed and defeated
I cross the wires, I kill the demons

Twist the cap and drain the bottle for all
You know you might be dead tomorrow

This one here's for all the criminal Minded,
To my past convictions all my Future priors
And everyone that got left Behind
All the lost souls, on the sea of Life
To the good times and the bad times
And all the beers in between
From the Cradle to the grave
Cause no one has a clue what the fuck it all means
Wasted, afternoon, on my back porch just pushing thru
96 degrees and climbing
5 strings On my guitar and a 12 of Budweiser
Take Another hit and pass
Crank up the jams two sevens clash
Man so many people just live to die
Waste away just killing time
Lost souls
Minds closed
The lights are out and the engines cold
So fuck it, I'm on a whole different channel sucker
And if you lock one door, I'll open up another

Twist the cap and drain the bottle for all

You know you might be dead tomorrow

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