

Loud Family "Soul Drain"

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Disconnected
Unsuspected
There was nothing up our sleeve

Raised our glasses
Took the classes
Till we honestly believed

Came with flowers
Stayed for hours
Took it all the way to bed

Pat and Vanna
Joe Montana
All the Star Search rage, we said it was a good game
We shrugged and played along
We gave our glad endorsement
But now it just seems wrong

Cry the cold rain
Down the soul drain
It's that special time of year

Find a snowstorm
I might get warm
'Cause the weather's worse in here

Grab the ice tongs
Sing the fight songs
'Cause my finger's off the pulse

Tea with Donald
Lunch with Ronald
I was not myself, I was a good accomplice
An ideal go-between
I stood up under torture
But now I'm coming clean

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