

## **Lowest Of The Low "Night Of The Living Assholes"**

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A haze is in bloom  
Alone in my room  
And the only relief is that you're not here too  
The moon is on fire  
The night of the living assholes  
A truth has been born, it's tattered and torn  
Think it over...

Brendan's afraid  
That Sheila got laid  
She crashed and she burned all the plans that he'd  
made  
Now he's tossin' 'em down like some suicidal clown  
And I'm fuckin' bored  
Of being a lifeguard  
So, kick it over...

Is that a foot in your mouth?  
Or are you just glad to see me?  
Yeah, I've been waiting all night  
For someone to come and bore me  
What part of the word no  
Do you have trouble understanding?  
Oh, baby, baby, I gotta go

My lights are flashing, my ship is sailing  
I think my train is derailing

Sometimes I feel like a clown  
Sometimes I feel like a saviour  
I guess that don't justify my anti-social behaviour  
But there's a wire in my head  
A white lightning solution  
Forget the books that I've read  
I'll kick your teeth in, you beat my head in  
Wait for the wisdom to set in

It's such a gas  
Slumming with the working class  
For painters and sisters  
Let's wind him up and see if he cracks  
The street's full of glass

The night of the living assholes  
Don't waste your energy on me  
You fuckin' phony p.b.  
Or I'll kick it over...

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