

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"Toxic Toast"

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Queensbury a number eight
Hell Hotel punk rock estate
Way, way, back, back in the day
A hundred years it seems that way

Just across from Wayne's Junk store
Three floors up then straight ahead
If someone thought to lock the door
Use the fire escape instead

Someone's always up to something
One thing's always understood
If nothing happened in a minute
Wait another, something would

Avoid the landlord, spend the rent
Raising hell with reckless style
And sure our time was poorly spent
But toxic toast still makes me smile

Looking back now, not sure how
We made it through, not all of us but most
Still haunts me, like it wants me
I remember, I remember, I remember toxic toast

This stuff's a hundred-thirty proof
Glue threw the TV off the roof
The whole damn place just wasn't stable
Andrew trashed the coffee table

Rico's here, the party's reeling
Colam's been spray painting the ceiling
Can't make a call and man it's gold
Alcohol and stranglehold

Toxic toast, Jake coined the phrase
Haven't thought about it for a while
Mindless endless nights and days
But toxic toast still makes me smile

Looking back, not sure how
We made it through, not all of us but most

Still haunts me, like it wants me
I remember, I remember, I remember toxic toast

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