

Minus "Flophouse Nightmares"

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We booted and brained in fine wild bar place
With high floatin dandies all around.
There is a surden elctrical magic, surrounded by
dishrag faces.
I hope the moon doesn't come home drunk this
evening,
When the shadows are coming at about dusk time.
We are hungry to burn in the candle of flame.
Fall in the temple of quivers and slaps.
Share some laughs, tramps and take a hot butterbath.
In the end our faces are reflected in a puddle
And our faces don't seem to mind and the puddle
doesn't lie.

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