

Necronomicon "Nightlife"

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Another day of work. You pray
for nothing only want your pay.
Coming home and think of life,
bore yourself, wish party starts at five.

I get a drink, a beer, you think,
watch the liquor, see it's wink.
A lovely taste, you know the tricks,
bore yourself, wish party starts at six.

The local pub is very close,
off his flat and there he goes.
At the bar a bit like heaven,
you're still bored, wish party starts at seven.

You order next a Jonny Walker,

sit yourself beside a talker.
It's down in one for that's its fate,
Not really bored, wish party starts at eight.

Can't get enough, you call a wine,
a couple of, the feeling's fine.
Forget that quick with Vodka Lime.
Getting pissed, wish party starts at nine.

You try to recall but it's gone
was there a party, was there none?
The sun is up , good morning man!
Another day, the parties start at ten.

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