

Qwel "Hall Of Mirrors"

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* send corrections to the typist

Oh God, what the?
Oh fuck, how many drinks did I..
Oh my God, where's my wallet?
Oh God, I think I'm gonna fucking...
Oh God

Now how am I gonna get from this bar stool, to across
the room without puking?
Either barf-drool on this broad's shoes
Talking stupid, drippin', fall into a liquid ball of spew
age
I know I'll do this again eventually
Which tempted me and tempted me to get fucked up
I don't know, but it ain't the centipede rich drinkin'
spending spree
Shared with three kids at the crib skip the rent at least a
week
Speaking in tongues to all both of you
In hopes to get a drink I think I'll crawl over
To a sober sympathetic ear to spit this lim-pathetic jeer
Oh my God, 'cause I don't hear so well
Is it a trouble seeing double even when your eyes are
shut
You can time travel through black outs and wake up
inside some ??? club
Six pence of beer, my dear friends are near
You all look like demons from here
In this mer hall of mirrors, cheers (cheers) (cheers)

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