

Radio Die, Die "The Bartender"

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it was a saturday
i woke up early clocked in and crossed out my name
im cleaning the counters the smoke filtered through
the air
i watched as they stumbled i watched as the last fly
flew
cause there they go drunken swarm of suits and ties
cigarettes and bloodshot eyes
cause there they go drunken swarm of suits and ties
decomposing as they drive
i slept through saturday
tv told me everything that went on that day
lost interest until i heard the news anchor say
theres been a 502 on the 101 blocking the interstate
and i felt uneasy
cause there they go drunken swarm of suits and ties
cigarettes and bloodshot eyes
cause there they go drunken swarm of suits and ties
decomposing as they drive
yeah.
oh my god
im responsible for this now
im responsible somehow
cause there they go
i did my job i did it well
they didnt deserve to go to hell
cause there they go drunken swarm of suits and ties
cigarettes and bloodshot eyes
cause there they go drunken swarm of suits and ties
decomposing as they drive
yeah. drive

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