

## Rorschach Test "A Toast"

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I wonder why they call this happy hour for surely no  
one's happy here  
A flock of faces try to hide their pain and sorrow  
between the vodka, gin and beer  
They're never leaving here.  
For all the time that I have wasted on being wasted all  
the time  
For every lie I've told and all the lies I've swallowed with  
just a pinch of salt and lime

Raise your glasses one more time  
Here's to good friends  
Tonight is kind of special  
This drink I hold will soon be holding me  
It always ends as it begins  
The passing out and coming to  
For all the things you do, here's to me, here's to you.  
Here's to good friends

For every tarnished reputation

For every beauty queen turned whore  
For every time I've seen my life flash right before my  
eyes out of my mouth and on the floor  
And I still come back for more.  
For all the dead left on the highway.  
For every mother left alone.  
For every fool who started out by trying just one sip and  
wound up drinking methadone.  
At least you're not alone.  
Here's to good friends  
Tonight is nothing special  
This drink I hold will soon be holding me  
It always ends as it begins the passing out and coming  
to  
For all the things you do  
Here's to me  
Here's to you  
Here's to good friends.

