

Tragedy

"All Tore Up"

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We were a blow-out of wicked proportions
An accidental company
If we said, 'We're gonna go out
And get all tore-up tonight
Then we did
We got a little happenin'

Play yer Tonight's-The-Nights right
And don't clear the place
Sweep up a little on your way out
We might make it

With Dottie, the bluegrass singer
Baring her local breast
Singing, "You want an open concept!?"
-I'll give ya open concepts!"

Ya play yer Fuck-Off-Nows right
And don't clear the place
Wreak some havoc on the way out
You might make it

"Drink up folks it's getting' on time to close"

They said, "we don't even like you."
'I'm with you,' I said,
But perhaps you think the road
Is a means to have an end
Where it's a living in the end,
The living end
The living image of the end

Play yer Tonight's The Nights right
Don't clear the place
Sweep up a little on your way out
You might make it
If yer Tonight's The Nights right
Ya don't clear the place
Sweep up a little on your way out
You might make it

Tonight's the night
Tonight's the night, tonight
Tonight the night
Tonight
Tonight tonight tonight
Tonight's the night
Tonight
Tonight tonight tonight
Tonight's the night
Tonight

Tonight tonight tonight

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