

Seventh Celestia "Classy Bars"

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A doorman stands immaculate,
And just in front some boys in suits make threats
in Classy Bars,

The drinks go round, the talk begins,
At Baccarat, the house it wins,
in Classy Bars,

Our eyes are cold - our hearts are black with
Morals sold - there's no going back,
Our lives are yours - it's all we lack,
in Classy Bars,

In other rooms with thicker walls,
the girls come in and a silence falls,
in Classy Bars,

The cruelty's fine 'cause money talks,
The threats are there as the waiter walks,
through Classy Bars,

It may be fair if you're in the clique,
The roulette spins - it's no that unique,
in Classy Bars,

A gun rang out, the dash outside,
And on the grass a patron lies
in Classy Bars,

Our eyes...

No questions asked - it's all discreet,
Whatever you want - whatever you seek
in Classy Bars,

We're all friends here, he shakes a fist,
I look ahead at what I've missed
in Classy Bars

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