

# I Blame Coco "Party Bag"

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Who mixed up the blood with the red wine tonight?  
Who put the sugar in the salt shaker?  
And when the nerves kick in it's the punchline  
Well you're speaking to tongues  
But you're having too much fun to unwind

So pick up a party bag  
To take home the fun we had  
In this vanilla sky  
In this vanilla sky

So pick up a party bag  
To take home the fun we had  
In this vanilla sky, we'll fall

So are you eating well  
(Yes)  
Are the bed's as comfy in the flames of Hell?

And the wedding bells  
(What?)  
Let us get married in this prison cell

And if the left glove fits the right hand  
And if the devil dances on your side  
Should he cover his horns  
Should he cover his eyes and mouth

So pick up a party bag  
To take home the fun we had  
In this vanilla sky  
In this vanilla sky

So pick up a party bag  
To take home the fun we had  
In this vanilla sky, we'll fall

We'll fall

Well it's a dark, dark night for destruction  
But we'll be alright  
You feel the fast heartbeats on your chest

So even the deaf man can dance  
To the punch fest, to the punch fest

So pick up a party bag  
To take home the fun we had  
In this vanilla sky  
In this vanilla sky

So pick up a party bag  
To take home the fun we had  
In this vanilla sky  
In this vanilla sky, we'll fall

Well it's a dark, dark night for destruction  
But we'll be alright  
Well it's a dark, dark night for destruction  
But we'll be alright

So pick up a party bag  
To take home the fun we had  
In this vanilla sky, we'll fall

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