

Beneath The Sheets "Two In The Morning"

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It's two in the morning; it's two in the morning I'm dying
To know her name, and where she came from
It's two in the morning; it's two in the morning she's
biting
Teeth in my veins, what a great first impression

Oh my lord, must've blacked out again

It's three in the morning; it's three in the morning I'm
struggling
To stand up straight, as the liquor consumes me
It's three in the morning; it's three in the morning I'm
stumbling
Into her place, what a great first impression

Oh my lord, must've blacked out again
Now I know I should've listened to my friends

She was a bloodsucker
Should've known she was a bloodsucker
She was a bloodsucker
Now I got the parasite

It's four in the morning; it's four in the morning I'm
dying
To get some air, but I can't find a window
It's four in the morning; it's four in the morning She's
crying
But I don't care, one more taste before I go

Oh my lord, must've blacked out again
Now I know I should've listened to my friends

Having a ball, Oh aren't we all
I had a taste now I can't get enough of her
This is all I know
She claws at the walls, claws at the walls
I had a taste, now I can't get enough
This is all I know

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