

Quietdrive

"Toast"

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One for the flavor, one for motion
One for the Godless vagabond child
One for the things that have no solution
One for those who blew my mind
One for the loose girls, one for salvation
One for just nothing, and one just because
One for the preachers, one for damnation
Hey Mister, that's the way it goes
Let's do the tango with the barfly's Lady
This bartime may be wrong
One for the moments of mixed up emotions
One for the hard times that don't get me down
Drowned in my motions, potion by potion
I drink a toast to anything now
One for tomorrow and one for today
One for wishy-washy anniversaries
Somebody's always havin' a birthday
So one for them and one for just me

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