

## **Arcade Fire, The "Gin Sippin'"**

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Strolling down the strip, we were straight strip tripping

Tipping all the dealers we were straight gin sipping

Go gamble, fuck hos, everybody knows everybody  
smokes dope

You can smell on our clothes

A little bit of indo a little bit of girls

Because we were kind of curious what was under their  
skirts

Oh, we're just fucking around

They don't know we're just fucking around

Split it, hit it, win it, stick around for a minute

Throw another bill in it; though, you'll be broke without  
credit

You will be glad that you did, 'cause you'll be fucked up  
and faded

With a gold digger who's pretty and thinks that you're  
rich and witty

Oh, we're just fucking around

They don't know we're just fucking around

I'd been stinking from drinking

My boys are AWOL I'm thinking

I needed a room for the weekend

On to the hotel with the beacon

I gave a tip to this chick it was a chip worth a grip but  
that was it

A wink and a key and I went to my room

Oh, not two, there were three different whores all for  
me

What a time what a place they won't remember my face

No one knows, oh, we're just fucking around

They don't know we're just fucking around

Soon afternoon came and I'd been up for two days

I had played the same game with money and hos you  
know how it goes

Our weekend had ended with all the hos we befriended

But our egos had landed since we went home empty  
handed

Come on and let's go, let's go hit the road for four  
hours home

We'll go and get stoned and no one will know

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