

Roots Manuva

"A Toast"

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I wonder why they call this happy hour for surely no
one's happy here
A flock of faces try to hide their pain and sorrow
between the vodka, gin and beer
They're never leaving here.
For all the time that I have wasted on being wasted all
the time
For every lie I've told and all the lies I've swallowed with
just a pinch of salt and lime

Raise your glasses one more time
Here's to good friends
Tonight is kind of special
This drink I hold will soon be holding me
It always ends as it begins
The passing out and coming to
For all the things you do, here's to me, here's to you.
Here's to good friends

For every tarnished reputation
For every beauty queen turned whore
For every time I've seen my life flash right before my
eyes out of my mouth and on the floor
And I still come back for more.
For all the dead left on the highway.
For every mother left alone.
For every fool who started out by trying just one sip and
wound up drinking methadone.
At least you're not alone.
Here's to good friends
Tonight is nothing special
This drink I hold will soon be holding me
It always ends as it begins the passing out and coming
to
For all the things you do
Here's to me
Here's to you
Here's to good friends.

