

Sloan

"OUT TO LUNCH"

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(P. Pentland/Sloan)

Burn it down
Now we can't have anymore
So turn it south
We're headed for sunny shores
Pick me up in your limousine
Take me out to lunch
Pry my mind with the best champagnes
And make me talk too much

Something's always wrong with this situation
(Something's always wrong)
'Cause when it comes down to you and me
We never get along
I know someone that looks like you
But they don't have the fire you do
In your eyes

Heads up
Here she comes
Eyes glazed over
And a bottle of fun
She keeps moving
But she's fading fast
She says she's never felt sicker
But she's having a blast
But look inside
She feels like crying
Bottle's dry
And no one's buying

Something's always wrong with this situation
(Something's always wrong)
'Cause when it comes down to you and me
We never get along
I know someone that looks like you
But they don't have the fire you do
In your eyes

Have a drink to toast yourself
And another to your health

And one more for the road
And the good times

Burn it down
And we can't have anymore
So turn it south
We're headed for sunny shores

Something's always wrong with this situation
(Something's always wrong)
'Cause when it comes down to you and me
We never get along
I know someone that looks like you
But they don't have the fire you do
In your eyes
In your eyes
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