

Sloppy Seconds **"Take You Home"**

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Well I don't wanna take you home.
Because you're passed out on the floor.
You found your own way to the party and you can find
your own way to the door.
You laid out in your own bed of vomit so now you can
just lie there on it.
For all I care, I don't care at all.
I don't wanna take you home because even I'm too
drunk to drive.
I've seen this all before, don't think we'll make it home
alive.

I can feel it now, coming down on me in a real life
game of monopoly.
Go to jail! Go directly to jail!
I don't wanna take you home, so you can way your
choices now.
Nobody at your home cares if you come back anyhow.
So there's a rock-hard sofa in the cold garage,
A Yellow Cab, or a black and white Dodge
I don't wanna take, I don't wanna take you home.
I don't wanna take you home.

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