

Davey Johnstone

"Vatican Roulette"

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Your body aches from all the alcohol you drank
But you tell yourself that you're still in control
This chick's been talking for so long about herself
That you hope all of this listening pays off soon
Well you heard that this was easy
And you understand that every man has a certain set
of things he has to prove

You were only sixteen about an hour ago
And you did not fear what you did not know
So you went upstairs to get what you've been waiting
for
You took three deep breaths and held her hand real
tight
She whispered "take it slow" and turned off the light
You wonder if she's done this kind of thing before

Sixteen candles are on this bed tonight
And with every piece of clothing you take off they die
These sixteen candles will burn out tonight
And the fire won't rekindle once the last flame dies

You wake up slow but sure that something is amiss
The light beside the bed is on, your stomach hurts, and
your pants are gone
The bits and pieces of the night fade in and out
You just can't comprehend, so you go and ask a friend
He said he saw you go upstairs, a girl with darkish
brownish hair
That you sort of, kind of, don't really remember
Do you remember?

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