

Hip Tragically "Little Bones"

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It gets so sticky down here
Better butter your cue-finger up
It's the start of another new year
Better call the newspaper up
2.50 for a hi-ball,
And buck and a half for a beer
Happy hour, happy hour
Happy hour is here
The long days of Shockley are gone
So is football Kennedy style
Famous last words taken all wrong
Wind up on the very same pile
2.50 for a decade
And a buck and a half for a year
Happy hour, happy hour
Happy hour is here
I can cry, beg and whine
T'every Rebel I find
Just to give me a line
I could use to describe
They'd say, "Baby eat this chicken slow

it's full of all them little bones"

So regal and decadent here

Coffin cheaters dance on their graves

Music, all it's delicate fear

Is the only thing that don't change

2.50 for and eyeball

And a buck and a half for an ear

Happy hour, happy hour

Happy hour is here

Nothing's dead down here, just a little tired

They'd say, "Baby eat this chicken slow

It's full of all them little bones

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