

Fags, The "Tonight"

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I get up early just to sit around.
A cup of coffee, and I'm pacing the floor.
I'm way too wired, I can't settle down.
I smoked a pack between this morning and four.
The phone is ringing, man it never stops.
Seems like no one wants to pay to get in.
I hear the horn and Tim's on time for once.
He's standing curbside with a shit-eating grin.
We're east on 94, next stop Paluzzi's door.
Hit the bar and everything'll be alright.
T-T-Tonight. The soundcheck's over so we're out of
here. Meet the boys and see the sights for awhile.
I feel alright, let's have another beer.
I'm looking good, although I'm so out of style.
Scene's like a clock, man I could set my watch.
You're fifteen minutes up and run out of time.
I hear you're big across the pond somewhere.
Call someone who cares, I'll loan you the dime.
We head back to the show.
I know the way to go. Hit the bar and everything'll
be alright. T-T-Tonight. The crowd is rowdy,
getting out of hand. I think the bass amp blew a couple
of times. I drank so much,
man I could hardly stand. I think I might've blown
a couple of lines. We're headed out the door, next
stop!...T-T-Tonight.

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