

Good Life, The

"O'Rourke's, 1:20 AM"

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it's different when you're lonely
the whole world's in love
holding hands between bar stools
and you're holding your tongue
hold on-you're so fucked up...
so fickle
isn't this what you want?
so simple, so single
but it's different when you're hopeless
when the bars close their doors
growing hostile toward your waitress
those extra tips went ignored

it's different cause you're desperate
begging mercy on the sidewalk
to a sea of last callers
(keep the conversation quick
and keep them interested!)
you're different-and they sense it
your eyes can't disguise it
so glassy, half empty
ready to spill

hold on-please don't leave yet
i can't go home alone
it doesn't go over so well
so hold on just a little longer
at least through the night
at least 'til the morning
hold on. hold on to me
i can hardly stand-much less
the sight of myself
so hold on, hold on tight dear
put your foot on the gas
get me the fuck out of here

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