

The Fags "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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