

With my toes dangling into the sea,
Into a fog, into a lonely drink.
Don't lift me up,
I'm a wreck, I know.
Still, I've got miles to walk from the cape along the
coast.
And we'll play helicopter in the sand
And bite our thumbs at the acquaintances,
And make it known we're on par for the evening,
And take the butcher's knife through my words again.

Then in walk the mannered men
With their smokescreen yes.
And the sequined girls
With their skirts hemmed high.
And you will know from this
That it's all to start.
Our glasses clink,
And our plastic swords stab our olive hearts.

All night like a friendly ghost
We haunt the ins and outs of this house of our gracious
host
And give thanks, but not much helps.
And so here is where we give the toast:
Cheers to the wives of the drunks.
Cheers to the husbands that tag along for good luck.
Cheers to the miles it took to get here.
Cheers to the the nerve it takes to forget who we are.

Then in walk the mannered men
With their smokescreen eyes.
And the sequined girls
With their skirts hemmed high.
And you will know from this
That it's all to start.
Our glasses clink,
And our plastic swords stab our olive hearts.