

Welcome to Norway

Well shake it up and fizzle it out, call it what you will  
There's nothing quite like getting out of your face to stop you  
felling ill...

But the next day you're out there and you're still stoned  
Your only seeing policemen, you're feeling all alone  
You need a dose of vitamins, you need some H2O  
Concentration comes too fast and then it tends to go  
And if you get all stoned again the whole thing just repeats  
So pull it up and wake it up with arms and legs and feet  
Then you get to be so knackered cos, you're doing this and that

You need to quit the madness, re-learn how to relax  
By the time you've reached the point at which you've lost the w  
ill to rush  
You'll be so relaxed that next day, you'll be doing twice as mu  
ch!

So pour it down or cook it up, call it what you can  
There's nothing quite like food and drink to stop you going mad

But the next day you're out there and you're still full  
Of alcohol, cholesterol, wind and piss and drool  
You need a pile of tablets, you need a place to sit  
The time it takes to run around has shrunk and doesn't fit  
Then gradually you lose the speeds  
Of fast and slow and ideas feed  
From work to play until the need  
To set the gap has gone  
So until then I think I'll spend  
The week re-living the weekend  
And vice-versa he's off again  
Now where's that chorus gone?  
Open it up or close it down but take it when you go  
Cos there's nothing quite like going away to a place you hardly  
know

And having a session of mental regress - yes yes  
I think we get the point... joint?! Pint?!

O - S - L - O

Good night!