

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!