

# All Messed Up

Gary Moore

The party's over  
I can't drink no more  
My head is hurtin'  
I'm looking for the door  
But it's so hard to find  
So hard to find

Walk to my car on my hands and my knees  
Hand in my pocket  
I'm looking for the keys  
But they're so hard to find

Look at my son, he's no friend of mine  
Reach for my shades before I go blind  
Maybe tomorrow I don't wanna know  
All messed up with no place to go

I'm seeing double  
The whisky's to blame  
I'm having trouble remembering my name  
So hard to tell, it's so hard to tell

Can't get no sleep  
There's a quarrel and fight  
I'm not sure if I'm dead or alive  
So hard to tell

Look at my son  
He's no friend of mine  
Reach for my shades before I go blind  
Maybe tomorrow I don't wanna know  
All messed up with no place to go

I can't believe it's really me in the mirror  
Feel like I'm falling off the rails  
looks like a hellhouse on my tail

Look at my son  
He's no friend of mine  
Reach for my shades before I go blind  
Maybe tomorrow I don't wanna know  
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