

I remember memories of girls I've met
the voices sound much clearer on my cassette
I remember parties and people there
I remember punk rock chicks with orange hair

So come on, come on
it's only me and my tape recorder
come on, come on
alcohol takes every other
come on, come on
through this chaos and disorder
come on, come on
come on, come on tonight

La-la-la-la-la...

I remember drunken, sad confessions
psychological ultralife transmissions
is it cause I'm knowing 'bout her boyfriend
he's staying to talk with another girl again

I remember afterwards when they told her
when she cried upon my shoulder
A memory washed out of her brain
I remember the loneliness and pain

La-la-la-la-la...

So come on, come on
it's only me and my tape recorder
come on, come on
alcohol takes every order
come on, come on
through this chaos and disorder
come on, come on tonight