

Top Floor, Bottom Buzzer

Morphine

First we'll pick Priscilla up. And then we'll stop for Jane.
And Mary Ellen needs a ride. We're going by her place.

We're going to a party. Our friends will all be there.
I got the directions. It's across the river somewhere.

We rang the top floor, bottom buzzer.
Top floor, bottom buzzer. Top floor, bottom buzzer.
The middle won't work. Ring the one under.

Priscilla's in the kitchen she's mixing drinks.
She's mixing one for me I think.
And one for Mary Ellen and one for Jane.
Priscilla, she knows how to use a shaker.
She doesn't get up as early as a baker. Uh huh.

There's a muchacha, teaching me to mambo.
There's my buddy Pete eyeing a bowl of combos.
Ramona and a man do a tango dip. Cheek to cheek, hip to hip, co
me on.

The window's open it's the heart of the summer.
More people coming looking for the number.
Mary Ellen sees them she has a little stutter. She yells...

T-top floor, b-bottom buzzer. Top floor, bottom buzzer.
Top floor, bottom buzzer. Top floor, bottom buzzer.
The middle won't work. Ring the one under. Come on. Woo.

It was later it was after two.
We found a bottle of good chartreuse.
The lights were green and gold. We played Latin soul.
By the time Priscilla put the Al Green on the bottle was gone.

On the top floor, bottom buzzer.
Top floor, bottom buzzer. Top floor, bottom buzzer.
The middle won't work. Ring the one under. Come on. Woo.

Top floor, bottom buzzer. Top floor, bottom buzzer.
Top floor, bottom buzzer. The middle won't work. Ring the one u
nder. Come on. Woo.