

## The Day After

### Oxymoron

Your hangover fades and the fog gives way again  
... you shun the light, your limbs so heavy  
Sweet memories of the previous night return  
... out on the piss you spent your last money  
Youç£?e had a great time, a good laugh until late  
But still thereç£? an urge to put something straight  
The previous night some decent hours were spent  
... there is a face behind your blurred remains  
And you almost hoped the height you felt would never end  
... the morning only spoils the memory  
Of all the feel now thereç£? only left a bit  
And commonplace slowly takes the rest of it  
[Chorus:]  
Done some brain cells  
... endless barroom nights  
... Iç£? used to the old headaches  
... yeah, it was fine  
So why this bitter smack that you cannot name ?  
THE DAY AFTER ... thereç£? no laughter  
(again this time)  
Well, nothing you have done was to regret  
What is it that makes you forget the fun you had?  
You wish you could turn back the wheel of time  
Although as far as you can see youç£? act the same  
After all one thing remained -  
This bitter smack you canç£? explain