

Last night I had too much to drink
Sitting in a club with so many fools
Playing to rules, trying to impress
But feeling rather empty
I had another drink

What a way to spend that evening
They all turn up with their friends
Playing the game
They're in the scene
I should have been far away
Getting up, I feel so bad
Remembering what's been before
I open the door
To empty room
Then I forget

The telephone rings and someone speaks
She would very much like to go out to a show
So what can I do?
I can't think what to say
She sees through anyway

Out of the front door I go
Traffic's moving rather slow, I'm arriving late
There she waits looking very angry
As cross as she can be
Getting up, I feel so bad
Remembering what's been before
I open the door
To an empty room
Then I forget