

# Nightmare Theater

## Sloppy Seconds

Emerson, we celebrate  
Friday nights we'd stay up late  
Monster movies, ten to two  
What the hell went wrong with you?  
Now your girlfriend makes you go  
Out with her to the movie show  
But you don't see no horror flicks  
Just that junk your girlfriend picks

I don't know what you see in her  
I'm watchin' nightmare theater  
All alone on Friday night  
I'm at home but that's alright with me

You can't tell me you prefer  
That garbage that you see with her  
No Meg Ryan, no Brad Pitt  
No summer "feel-good" hit  
Friday night is in the toilet  
Please don't tell me you enjoyed it  
Blame the Bride of Frankenstein  
You got yours and I got mine

I don't know what you see in her  
I'm watchin' nightmare theater  
All alone on Friday night  
I'm at home but that's alright with me

There ought to be a matinee  
That you could see on Saturday  
And you could have your Friday nights  
For beers with me and Vincent Price

You can't tell me you prefer  
That garbage that you see with her  
No Meg Ryan, no Brad Pitt  
No summer "feel-good" hit  
Friday night is in the toilet  
Please don't tell me you enjoyed it  
Blame the Bride of Frankenstein  
You got yours and I got mine

I don't know what you see in her  
I'm watchin' nightmare theater  
All alone on Friday night  
I'm at home but that's alright with me

Now your girlfriends makes you go  
Out with her to the movie show  
But I walked with a zombie too  
What the hell went wrong with you?

I don't know what you see in her  
I'm watchin' nightmare theater  
All alone on Friday night  
I'm at home but that's alright with me  
Tištěno z [www.txp.cz](http://www.txp.cz)