

Winterthur

The Apers

I don't wanna die in the streets of Winterthur tonight
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I still remember it like yesterday o-o-oo
Drove down to Switzerland with Ox and Tate and Paul
Went to Glasgow, saw the Manges and the Queers
The Cheekbones put us up, they also gave us beers

In the middle of night, everybody was alright
Switzerland ain't that bad after all
Everyone was doing fine, no problems of any kind
Fair to say it was miracle
Now someone get me out of here

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As I recall now, 6 months later I went back
What was I thinking, man, was Aper smoking crack
Hell no, I just smoke pot, but what yr gonna do
I had a show to play, wha o-o-o-o-oh

Right when I came off the stage, bad luck slapped me in the face
Someone stole my hooded sweater
Visions popped up in my head of me outside frozen to death
Wearing nothing but my leather
Now someone get me out of here

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