

Toxic Toast

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

Queensbury Number Eight.
Hell Hotel punk rock estate.
Way way back in the day.
One hundred years it seems that way.
Just across from Wayne's Junk Store.
Three floors up then straight ahead.
If someone thought to lock the door,
Use the fire escape instead.
Someone's always up to something, one thing's always understood
. .
If nothing happened in a minute, wait another, something would.
Avoid the landlord, spend the rent, raising hell with reckless
style.
And sure our time was poorly spent, but toxic toast still makes
me smile.
Looking back now, not sure how
We made it through, not all of us but most.
Still haunts me, like it wants me.
I remember, I remember, I remember toxic toast.
This stuff's one hundred-thirty proof.
Glue threw the TV off the roof.
The whole damn place just wasn't stable.
Andrew trashed the coffee table.
Rico's here, the party's reeling.
Colam's been spray-painting the ceiling.
Can't make a call and man it's gold,
Alcohol and stranglehold.
Toxic toast, Jake coined the phrase.
Haven't thought about it for a while.
Mindless endless nights and days,
But toxic toast still makes me smile.
Looking back, not sure how
We made it through, not all of us but most.
Still haunts me, like it wants me.
I remember, I remember, I remember toxic toast.