

Sleeping On The Floor

The Pink Spiders

Rocks and salt, a small umbrella and I'm fine,
But straight from the bottle might save me a little time
I don't need no chaser, baby, I don't need no lime
Are you there José?
Is there no reason to your rhyme?

Don't let this night ever end
Don't let this bottle run dry
Don't let this room spin around my head

'Cause it's one shot, two shots, three shots, four -
We haven't had enough until we've had a little more
It's 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4 -
We were swimming in tequila, now we're sleeping on the floor

Lost and loaded, losing track of it tonight
Maybe I got married, maybe I got in a fight
But I saw the devil in a flashing neon light
He said, "You'll be fine as long as you stick with me tonight,"

So, don't let this night ever end
Don't let this bottle run dry
Don't let this room spin around my head

'Cause it's one shot, two shots, three shots, four -
We haven't had enough until we've had a little more
It's 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4 -
I think I'm watching television, I'm not really sure
It's one shot, two shots, three shots, four -
My stinging ears are ringing, throat is burning, legs are sore
It's 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4 -
We were swimming in tequila, now we're sleeping on the floor

In the winter of my discontent, the darkest hour of my despair,
Through highly impaired double-vision, I thought, but wasn't sure,
That I saw you seated alone across a crowded room.
And as I approached what I thought had to be the most beautiful girl in the world,
Looking lonely and in need of quality conversation, I realized
It was not you, but actually a large cardboard cut-out of Joe Camel holding a surfboard.
And I was ashamed.

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