

Lost Weekend

The Qemists

It's Friday night and i'm alone,
The stars are out and i'm at home,
Feel like i'm coming alive,
See the knuckles turning white.
It's Friday night and no-ones home,
I'm in this city all alone,
Feel like a carnival tonight,
Strap it up and take a ride, ride, woohoo

And round and round she goes,
And where she stops no-one knows (2x)

Feel it coming on, feel it coming on now.

I got your money

Woohoo I got your money
Woohoo I'll treat you honey
Woohoo I'll keep you up for days
I got your sugar,
I'll be your hooker
I'll keep you up for days.

Saturday night i'm fucking stoned, stoned
While all the suckers got the jones, jones
I'm on the freeway gonna blow, blow
The red lights saying, go, go

Saturday night i'm fucking gone, gone
And all my friends are saying don't, don't
The world is flashing like a strobe, strobe
And push the pedal saying woah, woah shit

I got your money
hold on hold on
I'll treat you honey
hold on hold on
I got your money

I got your money

Woohoo I got your money
Woohoo I'll treat you honey
Woohoo I'll keep you up for days
I got your sugar,
I'll be your hooker
I'll keep you up for days.

Its sunday morning, i'm with you
How did I end up in this room
I'm in a bed that isn't mine,
The walls are closing in tight, tight
Its sunday morning, i'm with you you
Your voice is like a sonic boom, boom
And round and round she goes,
And where she stops no-one knows (3x)
Tištěno z www.txp.cz