

It's the Little Things We Do

The Zutons

Well I woke this morning with a teardrop in my eye
Because last night it felt like the best night of my life
Now there's something that is wrong rotting my insides
And I don't understand why my brain wants to die

I had women, wine, party time and everything that mattered
And when I woke up today you know my brain was all in tatters
I had bits of lungs shrapnel glass and cigarettes for breakfast

And my lips are blue, my toes are numb and I think I've got the
shivers

It's the little things we do when you go out in the night
And it's pay day today just for having a good time
As your hangover unfolds well the questions will arrive
Why do I feel like death just for having a good time

So I get up and go down the stairs and try to make a sandwich
But the ham and cheese, margarine they speak an evil language
It says "Don't eat me I don't deserve to be there in your stomach"
And I break on down and cry why do good time turn to bummers

It's the little things we do when you go out in the night
And it's pay day today just for having a good time
As your hangover unfolds well the questions will arrive
Why do I feel like death just for having a good time