

Lost Weekend

Write This Down

Look alive, look alive
Can't catch us by surprise this time, this time
We drift, we drift like phantoms and the cautious sing us their
anthems
We can quote, we can quote you any of the hymnals while seated
in the back pew
But we are terrified of what we've said and done tonight
We are the dirty, rotten, cheap and confused
Caught in a lost weekend, a lost weekend
Holy rollers and jokers, fantasy's over
So return as prodigals
Smash the walls, fight your friends
It's getting out of hand again, again
Freezing cold, freezing cold
This cigarette is useless
I swear it's my last one
We are ghosts, we are ghosts
We're hiding from our day jobs in bar room sanctuary's
We are terrified of what we've said and done tonight
We lost our way, we starved for days, is that the best we can do?
o?