

Flashlight Brown, My House

I wonder if it's friday night or if it's sunday night
My house is crazy and I don't know why
I'd like to think I'd like to sleep or even meditate
But I'm sure they won't hear a word I say
They sit around and hang around and eat up all my food
Wear my clothes and drink up all my booze
Even if I were to leave or tell them to be gone
They'll refuse and ask me "where's the doms?"
So give them my love
Now that you've had your fun
Please leave us alone
Get out of our home
It's 4 am on sunday and I'll never get to bed
Another drink and I just may be dead
They're all still here prancing around and I think I'm having fun
But it would be good if they could be gone
Bleed on my guitar and ruin all our favorite songs
Puke on our new couch to keep your drinking game going on
Saddle up to my tv and wait there for the sun
You may think you're funny but you're just a fucking drunk