

Gary Moore, All Messed Up

The party's over
I can't drink no more
My head is hurtin'
I'm looking for the door
But it's so hard to find
So hard to find

Walk to my car on my hands and my knees
Hand in my pocket
I'm looking for the keys
But they're so hard to find

Look at my son, he's no friend of mine
Reach for my shades before I go blind
Maybe tomorrow I don't wanna know
All messed up with no place to go

I'm seeing double
The whisky's to blame
I'm having trouble remembering my name
So hard to tell, it's so hard to tell

Can't get no sleep
There's a quarrel and fight
I'm not sure if I'm dead or alive
So hard to tell

Look at my son
He's no friend of mine
Reach for my shades before I go blind
Maybe tomorrow I don't wanna know
All messed up with no place to go

I can't believe it's really me in the mirror
Feel like I'm falling off the rails
looks like a hellhouse on my tail

Look at my son
He's no friend of mine
Reach for my shades before I go blind
Maybe tomorrow I don't wanna know
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