

River City Rebels, Cloudy Times

I'll drink that whiskey for you, my love, my love!
Tie me up, cut me up, send me to my knees, hey yeahey.
Cloudy Times, sex, alcohol!
That's all I need.

Bacardi luck, Irish luck,
I'll come runnin' runnin' runnin' back for more.
My little Puerto-Rican Baby's got me running back for more.
Cloudy times, sex, alcohol!
That's all I need.

Sensuality. (So warm when you're on top.
Sexuality.) I wanna wanna wanna last.
Sensuality. (yeah, what about it?)
Sensuality, yeah, what about it?

Moonlight silhouette
My eyes are rollin' rollin' rollin' back in my head.
As my baby bends back she's so scandalous.
Cloudy times, sex, alcohol!
That's what I need.

[Dan mumbling]

Too much, too much,
Never too much sex and alcohol
nonononono not at all.

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nonononono not at all.

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