

Scabs, Live It Up

Neon light

wanderin' around, feelin' alright

crowded street

pushers, pimps, it's the elite

take a shot of brandy at the 'full moon bar'

better take one for the road

slam some tequilla at 'the boulevard'

hope I 'll die before I grow old

Live it up, move it up down the road

I gotta live it up, move it up down the road

Cheap perfume

a lonely lady walkin' into the room

she's on the sauce

she lifts her glass and she spills of course

she's lookin' pretty hot in a suit and a tie

she tries to make me feel like I'm the coolest guy

but there will be heart ache at the end of the line

to me it's just a good time

Where's my mates? They didn't keep the promises that they made

where's my date? Pour me a drink, you 'd better make it straight

suddenly I'm on my own

maybe there's a place called home