

# Team Sleep, Kool-Aid Party

I drink up  
I drink up

Rich Cambodia  
sailors warning  
face down on the pillow  
sweet dreams of a stuck night in jail

climbing higher on razor wire  
your eyes are tired  
you think your just down on your luck

my luck is changing feel the raging  
let the fire burn as we go  
kool-aid party  
it makes me horny

A fist full of tears  
I scream when my ship has come in

Your ship has come in,  
Your ship has come in.