

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.