

The Housemartins, Happy Hour

It's happy hour again
I think I might be happy if I wasn't out with them
And they're happy it's a lovely place to be
Happy that the fire is real the barman is a she
Where the haircuts smile
And the meaning of style
Is a night out with the boss
Where you win or you lose
And its them who choose
And if you don't win then you've lost

What a good place to be
Don't believe it
'Cause they speak a different language
And it's never really happened to me
{It's happy hour again}
Don't believe it
'Cause they speak a different language
And it's never really happened to me
{It's happy hour again}

It's another night out with the boss
Following in footsteps overgrown with moss
And they tell me that women grow on trees
And if you catch them right they will land upon their knees

Where they open all their wallets
And they close all their minds
And they love to buy you all a drink
And then we ask all the questions
And you take all your clothes off
And go back to the kitchen sink