

# The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Almost Anything G

(Nate Albert/Dicky Barrett/Bosstones)

It's 4:30 in the morn'  
I'm tattered, tired and torn  
Trying to keep up the pace,  
This ain't my home, this ain't my place  
The candle keeps on burning  
at this point there's no returning  
The policy is clear, anything goes when you are here  
Almost anything goes  
From the nightclubs to the shows  
Almost anything goes  
From the haircuts to the clothes  
Almost anything goes  
From your head down to your toes  
Almost anything goes,  
Does this place ever close?  
I wanna wake up in a city  
That likes to go to bed  
Where they know what time of day it is  
but I'm stuck here instead  
The rules are disregarded  
So it's time we all got started  
Moving at this hyperspeed  
This city seems to need  
Nice place to visit but I don't wanna die here  
I stay on my toes wherever I go by  
I was killing all my money,  
Spending brain cells just as fast  
So I'll grab a taxi cab, head somewhere I can crash  
Driver, port authority  
Home's my destination  
Don't wake me up till we're near  
Park Street Station  
There's this electric lure that's sometimes so attractive  
But I'd rather hang my hat on a hook that's not so active  
I was walking on the wild side, I was in that state of mind  
The neon lights were bright  
but I'll be leaving them behind  
Big city of dreams can be a nightmare  
A knife, a fork a bottle, a cork I'm outta here