

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Almost Anything Goes

(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