

311, Frolic Room

Yeah, there's a gravity in me
pulling me to want to see
what is going on tonight
beneath the electric starlight
I like to mix with walks of life
who live life on the other side
pulling muscles from their shell
a place to some that looks like hell

Oh, the classic song that the jukebox has on has me moving
oh, the faces here make it so surreal

Oh, in the company of pretty girls and near vagrants
one drink away from sleeping on the pavement
I'm not quite sure what I find so appealing
about the happy hour stealing

A party, after party
til' it started to get grating
another, and another
what are we celebrating
there's always something not to miss
diving back in the abyss
and it gets so very stale
but tomorrow's a new tale

In the frolic room, whoa
the seat I assume, yeah
and I'm drawn to the night
and it's damn neon light, yeah

Where are we meeting up at
let me guess bet I know
does it have a sign in the window
ice cold six packs to go
sleep it off if you have to
there's a booth always in shadow
the reality is all around you
it's the best reality show

Oh, in the company of the privileged and the nearly damned
mixing like a cocktail of pure spirits slammed
in the danger zone is where you'll find me
in a certain dive so inviting

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