

Acid Drinkers, Flooded With Wine

Man came on friday night
He was full of optimism
Its so rare now,
We started full of hope,
We started full of hope.
Time stands for us
And maybe we look good
Please forgive us, baby
You will not understand us.
Hey, don't look into my eyes
I don't sell colored dreams
I'm really sorry, baby
But I'm sure, you wont understand me
Believe me, Honey
We're flooded with wine
Yeah, were still runnin'