

# Air, Hell of a Party

Please do not follow where I am leading  
Someone must clear these things away  
Here in the burnt out husk of the morning  
Strung out with nothing left to say  
Yeah, this was one hell of a party  
Nobody ever got to bed  
But the morning after's killing me  
And I have to rest my head  
And just where were we trying to get to?  
I can't recall one single word  
And the faces that pushed themselves before you  
Congeal into one, nothing transferred  
But this was one hell of a party  
And it's still living in my head  
But the morning after shines so cold  
So follow where I live  
Yeah, this was one hell of a party  
Nobody got to go to bed  
But let's face it now, it's over  
And this morning after's killing me  
And I have to rest my head