

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