

Air, One 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
Struck 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

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

This was one hell of a party
Nobody got to go to bed
Let's face it now, it's over
But this morning after's killing me