

# Bigwig, Last Song, Last Call

Jersey in my rearview is always a bitter sweet sight  
20 hour drive with eight and the gear is packed tight  
And now the neighbors are complaining  
That everyone's singing  
The cops are shutting down the show  
Last song is here but no one wants to go  
Not 'til it's done  
What? That's bullshit  
You got nothing better to do than to break up our fun?  
Shut the fucking place down!

Smashers on the box, cheap drinks, and we're feeling alright  
A mystic isle welcoming toast tonight  
Take two and pass it  
Everyone's dancing  
Bartender's turning off the sound  
That means last call is here so drink 'em down  
And everyone out!  
What? That's Bullshit  
It's not even 1:59  
Dirty just bought a round  
Shut the fucking place down!

Designated drunk just fell flat on his face  
We're not moving  
Supposed to leave at midnight now it's past eight  
Now we're fucking late!  
So everyone in!  
What? That's bullshit!  
Get back in the van just do it all again  
But now it's fucking broken.