

# Die Radio Die, The Bartender

it was a saturday  
i woke up early clocked in and crossed out my name  
im cleaning the counters the smoke filtered through the air  
i watched as they stumbled i watched as the last fly flew  
cause there they go drunken swarm of suits and ties cigarettes and bloodshot eyes  
cause there they go drunken swarm of suits and ties decomposing as they drive  
i slept through saturday  
tv told me everything that went on that day  
lost interest until i heard the news anchor say  
theres been a 502 on the 101 blocking the interstate and i felt uneasy  
cause there they go drunken swarm of suits and ties cigarettes and bloodshot eyes  
cause there they go drunken swarm of suits and ties decomposing as they drive  
yeah.  
oh my god  
im responsible for this now  
im responsible somehow  
cause there they go  
i did my job i did it well  
they didnt deserve to go to hell  
cause there they go drunken swarm of suits and ties cigarettes and bloodshot eyes  
cause there they go drunken swarm of suits and ties decomposing as they drive  
yeah. drive