First Degree, Night In A Hotel

It's 'bout a night in a hotel
The party is over
Voices still ring like a bell
Didn't want to go there

An old missed friend he send me a letter to come
Promised me whiskey and fun
Thought to myself it would be better to run
Talk about the things we've done

I've been really confused of what I've seen
My friend was not the same he's been
I've been really shocked of this guy
What he tried to deny

It's 'bout a night in a hotel
The party is over
My friends face still in my mind
Feel as if I've been blind

Only friend of all these guys has been my whyskey
Did not know what I should talk

Small talk, nice talk, my head seems to explode
I think I'm going crazy
One o'clock, two o'clock, time hasn't flowed
My thoughts gone mean and dirty

Couldn't stand it no more
Would like to ignore these guys
Strange look in their eyes
You know
Want to sing them this song
I do not belong to them
Couldn't tell them

Only friend of all these guys has been my whiskey
Did not know what I should talk