

Linoleum, Marquis

He wakes up
Sha- sha- shaking
With half a tooth missing
Lifts his head feels the aftermath kick in
Last night he was shining
And so entertaining
Today he is tired and wasted and grey

And each time he says he won't do it again

His head is a rhythm
And muscles start twitching
As he lights up a cigarette
Which does him no favours
Today like the others
He'll spend under the covers
And wait for the night to get up there again

And each time he says he won't do it again
But tonight you know that he'll do it again

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