

Oxymoron, Day After

Your hangover fades and the fog gives way again
... you shun the light, your limbs so heavy
sweet memories of the previous night return
... out on the piss you spent your last money
You've had a great time, a good laugh until late
but still there's an urge to put something straight
The previous night some decent hours were spent
... there is a face behind your blurred remains
and you almost hoped the height you felt would never end
... the morning only spoils the memory
of all the feel now there's only left a bit
and commonplace slowly takes the rest of it
Done some brain cells
... endless barroom nights
... I'm used to the old headaches
... yeah, it was fine
so why this bitter smack that you cannot name ?
THE DAY AFTER ... there's no laughter
(again this time)
Well, nothing you have done was to regret
what is it that makes you forget the fun you had?
you wish you could turn back the wheel of time
although as far as you can see you're act the same
After all one thing remained -
this bitter smack you can't explain