

# The Abs, Point Me At The Fridge

Won't you come on over tonight  
My self control is at an ebb  
Come on over tonight  
Cold Newcy brown, a chunk of Leb  
My place is yours, this is true  
A pile of cans is rising fast  
Just no telling how long this session's  
Gonna last

Come on over tonight  
The rugby match is on the box  
The second I go for a shite  
The welsh go over, Ringland rocks  
The outside world is at bay  
At least until the news comes on  
Defiance is the rock we'll build our home upon

Been away for a while  
And objectively I surveyed my role  
Pursuing the sunburst narcotic  
That rejuvenates my very soul  
I mean what I'm saying  
Love what I'm saying  
Hoping and praying  
Truly conveying  
Our wishes to those who support what we're doing  
They know who they are

Come on over tonight  
And really freak the neighbours out  
Come on over tonight  
The place is smelling like "The Trout";  
Clambering up from the deck  
With pins 'n' needles in my calf  
Point me at the fridge  
Before the second half!