

# The Buzzcocks, Morning After

Sun streams through the window, it's another day  
I lie in bed nursing my hangover  
Couldn't stomach breakfast  
I feel like throwing up

Wake up and face the morning after  
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The switch to double brandies was a big mistake  
Now my mouth tastes like the bottom of a birdcage  
It's nature's way of telling me  
That I had better stop

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