The Zutons, It's The Little Things We Do

Well I woke this morning with a teardrop in my eye
Because last night it felt like the best night of my life
Now there's something that is wrong rotting my insides
And I don't understand why my brain wants to die

I had women, wine, party time and everything that mattered
And when I woke up today you know my brain was all in tatters
I had bits of lungs shrapnel glass and cigarettes for breakfast
And my lips are blue, my toes are numb and I think I've got the shivers

It's the little things we do when you go out in the night
And it's pay day today just for having a good time
As your hangover unfolds well the questions will arrive
Why do I feel like death just for having a good time

So I get up and go down the stairs and try to make a sandwich
But the ham and cheese, margarine they speak an evil language
It says "Don't eat me I don't deserve to be there in your stomach"
And I break on down and cry why do good time turn to bummers

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