

Tilt, Unlucky Lounge

Bad ventilation duration of a beer
Commonplace shithouse drown my fear
This whiskey goes down easy
Smooth as a sow's ear
Belly up suck another
You're in the clear

Everyday deception
Faking a motive
A regular jokes
"This is where I live"
Apprasing each intruder
One tipsy glimpse of them
Loyal to a forgotten stratagen

(chorus)
Get on in
Shake off the road
Don't you know that
You're blocking the door
Unlucky lounge
Keeps her tables clean for you
Forever darkness at noon

A vestige of some former
Self saddles up slowly to the bar
She revieces the news above
Where the bottles stand
At least in here you take
Your luck wash it down with a leer
You'll know soon enough
Don't expect nothin' fancy here
All you have is what you got