

When The Tequila Runs Out

Dawes

Everyone that greeted me, was moving slow and drinking fast
I was lost inside a painting on a wall
A pretty baby with a cigarette, was looking for a place to ash
Stumbling toward the voices down the hall

They had thriller on the stereo, not the album, just the song
For two dancers all in white, that no one really knew
There were a lot of leather jackets, there was a haircut reading palms
There was a line outside the bathroom that didn't really move

When the tequila runs out, we'll be drinking champagne
When the tequila runs out, we'll be drinking champagne
When the tequila runs out, we'll be drinking champagne
When the tequila runs out, we'll be feeling no pain

Some girls forgot their bathing suits but felt like jumping in the pool

Right after making sure the underwater lights were on
I was staring at a silhouette, I was blushing like a fool
Letting everyone pretend they hadn't planned it all along

Then our host bust out of his bedroom, with his glasses slightly bent

He gets up on the diving board to tell us how he feels
"Ladies and gentlemen we've begun the initial descent,
And now it's time to pull up on the wheel"

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On the floor of the living room, I saw my past life passed out
Laying next to her handsome new flame
I didn't recognize his face too much 'cept for the grimace on his mouth

He looked a lot like me, he seemed to be in pain

I didn't hear the picture window break, I didn't see the rising sun

But I could feel the morning breeze

Then I heard her tired voice speak up and say "I think this party's done"

She asked if I could drive her home, and then she added please
(Please)

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