

A Good Day for the Damned

Jaya the Cat

The bells are ringing and we've set up
court in the kitchen it might be too early for
what we're up to but we're up to it
And for the millionth time in a billion ways
we've tried and tried and failed again

But this time I think we're gonna make it
Hand in hand with your lost dignity,
stumbling down the block like you own the fucking thing
Pull up to your local head up to the bar
and that crumpled up man with the crumpled up hat

With the look in his eyes that say fuck all that
Let's up his death grip on his shot glass and starts smiling
And the missions bells are ringing to the passing of the trains
As the morning breaks don't worry my darling
This Sunday morning we won't have to water down
our whisky with tears
Cause it's a good day for the damned

Sunglasses for your sins and as you catch
your reflection in the mirror you're laughing cause
even if the jokes on you it's still funny
So it's back out the door and onto
the streets things might not be as bad as they seem

And as you unroll the bills in your pocket
you made it outta last night better than you should have
And as you float home on drunken wings home sweet hotel's calli
ng again
It's been a good day for the damned
and as you lay your head down on your pillow man
As you pass out you're still smiling
And the bells keep ringing