

Nightmare Theater

Sloppy Seconds

Emerson, we celebrate
Friday nights we'd stay up late
Monster movies, ten to two
What the hell went wrong with you?
Now your girlfriend makes you go
Out with her to the movie show
But you don't see no horror flicks
Just that junk your girlfriend picks

I don't know what you see in her
I'm watchin' nightmare theater
All alone on Friday night
I'm at home but that's alright with me

You can't tell me you prefer
That garbage that you see with her
No Meg Ryan, no Brad Pitt
No summer "feel-good" hit
Friday night is in the toilet
Please don't tell me you enjoyed it
Blame the Bride of Frankenstein
You got yours and I got mine

I don't know what you see in her
I'm watchin' nightmare theater
All alone on Friday night
I'm at home but that's alright with me

There ought to be a matinee
That you could see on Saturday
And you could have your Friday nights
For beers with me and Vincent Price

You can't tell me you prefer
That garbage that you see with her
No Meg Ryan, no Brad Pitt
No summer "feel-good" hit
Friday night is in the toilet
Please don't tell me you enjoyed it
Blame the Bride of Frankenstein
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I don't know what you see in her
I'm watchin' nightmare theater
All alone on Friday night
I'm at home but that's alright with me

Now your girlfriends makes you go
Out with her to the movie show
But I walked with a zombie too
What the hell went wrong with you?

I don't know what you see in her
I'm watchin' nightmare theater
All alone on Friday night
I'm at home but that's alright with me