

When the Hangover Strikes

Squeeze

When the hangover strikes
And I open my post and the coffee is on

And I'm burning my toast, I let the battle commence
I see a sun in the trees and a draught at the door
With my head in my lap, there's a day to explore
But I'm left without sense

As the hangover strikes
And I turn on the tap but the water's too loud

And I'm caged by the fact, that the battle's not lost
Is it the hair of the dog or the baa of a lamb
In a sheepish attempt to be half of the man
That I might be or was

Pour pour pour, shaken one
Pour pour, pour me another one, another one

When the hangover strikes
And a mirror reveals, that it's midnight or bust

And a drink does appeal, now the battle is won
So the cure of the can, pours its heart out to me
Though I'm feeling locked up but I can't find the key
Well no damage was done

Pour pour pour, shaken one
Pour pour, pour me another one, another one

Damage was done