

Could It Be Sunstroke?

You, Me, and Everyone We Know

Could It be sunstroke making the way you rope me into conversation so
wrong

Like playing darts with man with no hands, it's easy I mean

I guess I'm easy it seems.

You've got your problems and I've got mine

Let's learn to cope one drink at a time

You've got your problems

So relax lock the door

Think about what we start young for

So relax lock the door

Think about what we start young for

Bathe in the hot, hot sun

Bathe in the hot, hot sun

Could it be that I'm a little unclean

That the worst of my senses have grown extra keen

Could it be that I'm a little unfed

That I'm noticing more and more space in my bed

You've got your problems and I've got mine

Lets learn to cope one drink at a time

You've got your problems

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You've got your problems and I've got mine

The suns giving us cancer all of the time

You've got your problems and I've got mine

Lets learn to cope one drink at a time

You've got your problems

Lets make you mine

So relax lock the door

Think about what we start young for

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