

Welcome to Norway

Well shake it up and fizzle it out, call it what you will

There's nothing quite like getting out of your face to stop you  
felling ill...

But the next day you're out there and you're still stoned

Your only seeing policemen, you're feeling all alone

You need a dose of vitamins, you need some H2O

Concentration comes too fast and then it tends to go

And if you get all stoned again the whole thing just repeats

So pull it up and wake it up with arms and legs and feet

Then you get to be so knackered cos, you're doing this and that

You need to quit the madness, re-learn how to relax

By the time you've reached the point at which you've lost the w  
ill to rush

You'll be so relaxed that next day, you'll be doing twice as mu  
ch!

So pour it down or cook it up, call it what you can

There's nothing quite like food and drink to stop you going mad

But the next day you're out there and you're still full

Of alcohol, cholesterol, wind and piss and drool

You need a pile of tablets, you need a place to sit

The time it takes to run around has shrunk and doesn't fit

Then gradually you lose the speeds

Of fast and slow and ideas feed

From work to play until the need

To set the gap has gone

So until then I think I'll spend

The week re-living the weekend

And vice-versa he's off again

Now where's that chorus gone?

Open it up or close it down but take it when you go

Cos there's nothing quite like going away to a place you hardly  
know

And having a session of mental regress - yes yes

I think we get the point... joint?! Pint?!

O - S - L - O

Good night!