

Wipe the hand-stamp off your face and wrist
And the sweat from my face
Empty the coffers and pull the trigger one more time
And seize a little day

She screams at the box to play another song for her
But she'll burn down that stage
In the morning they tell us that she will rise
And haunt this place

What a lovely sight
We've got another night
This morning is gonna make us right

All the hurtin' left over from the night before
What a lovely sight
This morning after is gonna make room for more
We've got another night

What a lovely sight
We've got another night
This morning is gonna make us right