

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