

Smoking On The Balcony

Go Back to the Zoo

There's nothing left to do here on the Saturday night
The same old boring fish you've known all your life
Our feelings on the left, the joke is on the right
But com'n, com'n, com'n, com'n

You left me smokin' on the balcony
Like everything was all right
You left me smokin' on the balcony
Like everything was all right

Ooh, I'm sick of all these hot shots tryin' to get it made
Hoarding themselves for not a single day
Sophisticated friends to be in rock'n'roll bands
Now com'n, com'n, com'n and leave those homies alone

You left me smokin' on the balcony
Like everything was all right
You left me smokin' on the balcony
Like everything was all right

Oh, we don't know
What we're running for
Oh, we don't know
What they're running for

There's nothing left to do here on the Saturday night
I'm sick of all these hot shots (...?)
Our feelings on the left, our forties on the right
Now com'n com'n com'n com'n com'n com'n

You left me smokin' on the balcony
Like everything was all right
You left me smokin' on the balcony
Like everything was all right
Like everything was all right
Like everything was all right
Like everything was aaalllll right
Like everything was all ri-i-i-i-ight