

Party Bag

I Blame Coco

Who mixed up the blood with the red wine tonight
Who put the sugar in the salt shaker
And when the nerves kick in it's the punchline
Well you're speaking to tongues, but you're having too much fun to unwind

So pick up a party bag
To take home the fun we had
In this vanilla sky (2x)
So pick up a party bag
To take home the fun we had
In this vanilla sky, we'll fall

So are you eating well (YES!)
Are the bed's as comfy in the flames of Hell?
And the wedding bells (WHAT!)
Let us get married in this prison cell

And if the left glove fits the right hand
And if the devil dances on your side
Should he cover his horns
Should he cover his eyes and mouth

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We'll fall

Well it's a dark, dark night for destruction
But we'll be alright
You feel the fast heartbeats on your chest so even the deaf man can dance
To the punch fest, to the punch fest

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Well it's a dark, dark night for destruction
But we'll be alright
(2x)

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