

## Twist The Cap

Jaya the Cat

This one goes out to all the bartenders  
To the winners and to the losers  
And this one here's to the drug users  
To the sinners and to the boozers  
And man one time for the nightshift workers  
And all the fed up clowns that quit the circus  
And this one here's for all the righteous losers  
In the land of the dead trying to make it through  
Wasted 3 am, the lights are on and the bar is closing  
I didn't start it but I end this war on the battleground with t  
he drunken soldiers  
Make it home by the grace of god man  
Park the whip fall up the stairs  
It's a fine line between relaxed and defeated  
I cross the wires, I kill the demons

Twist the cap and drain the bottle for all  
You know you might be dead tomorrow

This one here's for all the criminal Minded,  
To my past convictions all my Future priors  
And everyone that got left Behind  
All the lost souls, on the sea of Life  
To the good times and the bad times  
And all the beers in between  
From the Cradle to the grave  
Cause no one has a clue what the fuck it all means  
Wasted, afternoon, on my back porch just pushing thru  
96 degrees and climbing  
5 strings On my guitar and a 12 of Budweiser  
Take Another hit and pass  
Crank up the jams two sevens clash  
Man so many people just live to die  
Waste away just killing time  
Lost souls  
Minds closed  
The lights are out and the engines cold  
So fuck it, I'm on a whole different channel sucker  
And if you lock one door, I'll open up another

Twist the cap and drain the bottle for all  
You know you might be dead tomorrow