

A Night At Union Pool

Matt Simons

Let's get out of this apartment
Cabin fever's running high
We should get our shit together
But we're only 25
Feels like we're just getting started
Trying to get our kicks
It's nothing that a hundred dollars
Worth of alcohol won't fix

Late night at the dive
Can't you smell the smokers
And hear the finance brokers
And the words they thought might work
Talking to the girls
Trying to act mysterious
But coming off too serious
Let's get another round
With our friends till we get plastered
What a beautiful disaster

We were having such a good time
Till the laughter petered out
When someone from Staten Island
Put a bad taste in our mouths
Oh man he was such an asshole
So the bouncer kicked him out
Thought that we could turn this night around
But now I have my doubts

Have you had enough?
I can tell you're lying
'Cause I could hear you crying
In the bathroom of the bar
To the backseat of the car
Where we told the Uber driver
That you probably wouldn't barf
But we all know that you could
So he started driving faster
What a beautiful disaster
And we'll hurt the morning after
What a beautiful disaster