

# 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