

Blackout

Mickey Avalon

Woke up early feeling funny
Phone missing, nose runny
Where's my weed? Where's my money?
How the fuck did I get so bloody?
Got up out the bed and I fell on the floor
A base pipe yelling: "Mickey hit me some more!"
Two cheap hookers that I hardly know
Trying to trick me out on the corner on my ass out the door
So I kicked her in the dick and broke out the back
I got a lot of rhythm but I ain't got no pants
So damn faded I was handicapped
Sirens sounding out the ambulance

I'm trying to black out
And not remember shit
I'm trying to black out
I can't feel my dick
I'm trying to black out
I plead the fifth
I'm trying to black out
And not remember shit
I'm trying to black out
I can't feel my dick
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Avalon, you can call me Mickey
Where the fuck did I get all these hickies?
Bad breath, but her face was pretty
My name's tattooed on her fake titties
She was soft to the touch but hard to impress
A little to much of the Hollywood press
Trying to find a way to get me out of this mess
I'd like to call an Uber but ain't got the address

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