

Hey, Wanna Throw Up?

Minus the Bear

Let's get the fuck out of here, it's like a congregation
From every drink's glass drips condensation
She's got her jacket on her back
We put our last drinks back
And hit the first red light

No one moves, no one stands

Red lipstick's on her drink glass

He's gone for three nights, come on
He's gone for three nights, come on
Come on, come on, come on

I got somewhere else to be