

Visiting Hours

Old 97's

There's a half a million drunks out
And there's hundred thousand thugs
And I'm selling booze to kids now
Wearing my kid sister's gloves

I don't know what I'm doing anymore
I don't know what I started out for

At first it looked so easy
It was a cake walk in the park
When I started it was daylight
How quickly it got dark

I don't know what I'm drinking anymore
I don't know what I started drinking for

Happy hour is almost over
Hope I can walk on my own power
Find your house
Break your window
Crash your bedroom
These are the visiting hours

Happy hour is almost over
Hope I can walk on my own power
Find your house
Break your window
Crash your bedroom
These are the visiting hours

The wind across your window
The white noise in the walls
The short leg on the table
The dead trees in the fall

I don't know where I'm living anymore
I don't know what I came here for

Happy hour is almost over
Hope I can walk on my own power
Find your house
I'll break your window
And I'll crash your bedroom
These are the visiting hours
These are the visiting hours
These are the visiting hours