

## Hall Of Mirrors

Qwel

Oh God, what the?  
Oh fuck, how many drinks did I..  
Oh my God, where's my wallet?  
Oh God, I think I'm gonna fucking...  
Oh God  
Now how am I gonna get from this bar stool, to across the room  
without puking?  
Either barf-drool on this broad's shoes  
Talking stupid, drippin', fall into a liquid ball of spew age  
I know I'll do this again eventually  
Which tempted me and tempted me to get fucked up  
I don't know, but it ain't the centipede rich drinkin' spending  
spree  
Shared with three kids at the crib skip the rent at least a wee  
k  
Speaking in tongues to all both of you  
In hopes to get a drink I think I'll crawl over  
to a sober sympathetic ear to spit this lim-pathetic jeer  
Oh my God, 'cause I don't hear so well  
Is it a trouble seeing double even when your eyes are shut  
You can time travel through black outs and wake up inside some  
??? club  
Six pence of beer, my dear friends are near  
You all look like demons from here  
in this mer hall of mirrors, cheers (cheers) (cheers)