

# You're Either On Something

Temples

You're either on something  
Or you're on to something  
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Or you're on to something  
I guess we find out tomorrow morn

I overheard a conversation  
Exchanging pleasant pleasantries  
Until I heard that slur of speech  
I was standing on my feet  
Now confusion rocks the earth

It was an hour after midnight  
Reminded by my twitching eye  
A crowd of people sounded loudly  
The shadows cast were standing shy  
I glugged a swig from the bottle

I glugged a swig from the green bottle  
And placed my thumb upon the top  
And moving legs felt the vibrations  
Of the wooden beams  
Beneath their feet

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It was three hours after midnight  
Rekindled youth was on our side  
The night owls crept behind my shoulders  
And soon no one was left around  
We should call it a night

I glugged a swig from the green bottle  
And placed my thumb upon the top  
And moving legs felt the vibrations  
Of the wooden beams  
Beneath their feet

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