

## Boot Party

TISM

You don't need Chardonnay  
No sushi, no pate  
Just get your mates around  
Some bastard on the ground

Boot Party  
Accepted etiquette  
Is spilling the claret  
We damn near could use bibs  
Tonight we're having ribs  
Just keep the lighting low  
A lonely street lamp's glow  
Into it's frightened ray  
Will walk tonight's entree

Tomorrow's Monday, mate  
We're back to lives we hate  
We take revenge tonight  
You could be next invite