

Reverend Horton Heat, Party In Your Head

at the party in your head, sure that sounds like fun
the carpet bagger brings, you party in the sun
eye balls in full bloom, do you ever go to bed
don't ever wind up dead, at the party in your head

the party in your head
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the race against what's real, you gotta help me lead
you stab yourself with little pricks, a thousand times a week
a good time was had by all, three guys and now one's dead
quite the gala ball, at the party in your head

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early Christmas morn, she's waiting by the tree
all she wants from santa is to be on daddy's knee
carpet baggers call and monkeys must be fed
even santa can not crash the party in you head

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