## Team Sleep, Kool-Aid Party

I drink up I drink up

Rich Cambodia sailors warning face down on the pillow sweet dreams of a stuck night in jail

climbing higher on razor wire your eyes are tired you think your just down on your luck

my luck is changing feel the raging let the fire burn as we go kool-aid party it makes me horny

A fist full of tears I scream when my ship has come in

Your ship has come in, Your ship has come in.