

# Niteclub

## Old 97's

Eighteen-hundred miles from this old niteclub  
A girl is turning twenty-two today  
How am I supposed to entertain you?  
My fingertips are worthless when my mind's so far away  
Eighteen hundred miles from  
Manhattan  
The niteclub yawns and opens up its doors  
Thank God that I don't have to pay the cover  
Every night I'm broke than I was the night before  
This old niteclub stole my youth  
Yeah this old niteclub stole my true love  
It follows me around from town to town  
I just might get drunk tonight, burn the niteclub down  
Yeah I just might get drunk tonight, burn the niteclub down  
[Incomprehensible]  
Telephones make strangers out of lovers  
Whiskey makes the strangers all look good  
Well my angel of the morning is in mourning  
My life was misspent, don't let me be misunderstood  
And this old niteclub stole my youth  
Yeah this old niteclub stole my true love  
It follows me around from town to town  
I just might get drunk tonight, burn the niteclub down  
Yeah I just might get drunk tonight, burn the niteclub down  
Yeah I just might get drunk tonight, burn the niteclub down

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>