

Down for the Count, Distractions, Distractions...

Pleasure me a little more, 'cause I could use the confidence.
But I don't really do give in to better things and make mistakes.
I'll take you down the sunset strip,
I'll spend the cash to make you smile, Don't expect a smile back,
I'm sorry, love, I need this to pass
And all I need, is a miracle, baby, and maybe some alcohol.
And if only, you could see, that I'm past the point of no return.
Talk about consequence
And I know you a little more than I'd like to.
Love is not an option,
When you've got practically no self respect left at all.
Of your two notches down and one to go