

# Praga Khan, Breakfast In Vegas

I smell your sweat on my skin  
Breakfast in Vegas on cocaine and gin

Cruisin' for trouble and begging for pain  
Craving for pleasure, a sickening game  
It's after midnight, we lost track of time  
You should be going now, into the night  
What did I pay you to make you stay

You never know when enough is too much  
A crying sin, out of sight out of touch  
The personal things babe, you keep inside  
Let me tell you something there's no place to hide  
What did I pay you to make you stay

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