## 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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