

Pretenders, 977

Every time I end up waking up
In some hotel without my
Set of keys
Coming to, remembering the way
You turned me out when I was
On my knees
You think that was
One up for you
But I know I scored something too

When I see the way you have to struggle
Just to do a little simple thing
I feel apologetic
Just because I'm not particularly suffering
So I let you take me down
I'm like your rent-a-clown

When I saw my baby cry
I knew that he loved me
That was some great victory
He cried because of me
He hit me with his belt
But his tears were all I felt
When I saw my baby cry
I knew he loved me

When you try and cut me down
And push me back
If I attack your attitude
I rise up to the challenge 'cause
I like to taste the sugar of your violent mood
Just like a stormy sea
You're natural
Poetry to me

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