

Ryan Adams, These Girls

Well, girl sometimes i feel just like a boy
Put here on this earth for you to toy around with
Like matchbox cars you buy and burn in your backyard
Like monsters underneath your bed you ain't afraided of yet
But you let me in
And i feel alright
Yeah, i feel alright
The late night girls are anxious
And they're coming out to play
And i've been stranded on their doorstep for every night and day
I only want them more, it's so sad but when they smile
God, i've been had
I get hypnotized and i wanna go to bed
I used to pick up shells cast off the reef
One christmas i got a funeral and they handed me the receipt
How ever many lies i tell without my tongue
Get twisted into memories 'til i believe them some
And i toy with you
And you toy with me
Can you stop this please
God bless all the late night girls, and they're coming out to smile how can anybody feel bad
It makes me tired and i wanna go to bed
These are better off in my head
These girls are better off in my head
These girls are better off in my head
These girls