

Yellow Tricycle, Your Leather Jacket

In your leather jacket my cigarette will make a hole
I'll end up in the ashtray blown into ashes by your love
My girl she says
That everything's gonna be fine that everything's gonna be alright
She's off her head
To treat me like a piece of crap and tell me it's gonna be all right
I'll stay with you
Baby ill stick around with the ashes and the trash
Ill stay with you i won't let go
She says she wants to be mine
And she sleeps around that's her way of unwinding
When i'm wasted lying on the ground
She'll just send me another drink
She says it's not a crime
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Ill end up in the ashtray blown into ashes by your love
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I won't let go