

Amy Correia, Gin

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Miscellaneous
Gin

It happened again late last night
When the moon was on the rise
I was sipping my favorite drink
And I was laughing and joking and
flirting with this stranger
Some guy
And sometimes I'm like a stupid little girl
Dressed up in my mama's high heeled shoes
And I'm playing at these grown up games
And I don't even know the rules
And I'm lying to myself
And I'll be lying next to him
Burying my loneliness in this gin
And I'll be flying high again
Band plays some slow number
And the booze is in my head
And these unknown hands caress my back
I'm gonna wake in an unfamiliar bed
When the last song is finished
And the band starts to pack it up
Bartender calls,