

Butch Walker, Bethamphetamine (Pretty, Pretty)

hey little party girl
where do you wanna go
i didnt come from your scene
so many people i should know
like every door guy in this city
only lets you in cuz youre pretty
and the boutique girls and theme night
druggies
take you in the back
(you put your head on the mirror)
maybe threes a gas station open
and a little money on my card
so i can buy some half and half
cuz even mornings they seem so hard
and look at you, you never fell to bed
youre still typing on your phone
w/ yer cigarette
saying i should stop being so cynical
were hotter when we dont give a damn
(so smash yer head on the mirror)
and ooooh baby baby baby keeps it with her
ooh baby baby, babies got a purse full
of things she calls excuses
real pretty pretty
youre pretty down and out for a girl