

Butch Walker, Ponce De Leon Ave.

I woke up on Sunday morning
With a shoe that was not mine
Let the taxi on the corner drive away
So I walked up Ponce de Leon
With my lips all caked in wine
But my night clothes in the day time
Gave me away
And I dont want to remember
But I dont want to forget
That no one will believe me if I say

So honey dont you call now
Dont pick up the phone now
Don't you know were better off this way
Trying not to spoil now
Youll see me when you go out
We can be in love for just one day

And I came home with her lipstick
And a thousand bites and scars
And a mud stain on my kneecap
To remind
Made a quick shop stop for salsa
Just to spill it on your floor
Stuck my head inside the freezer
To rewind

And the mayor wont believe me
And my drummer thinks Im high
But I know I should let this one get away

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And there were all those tripped out people
At our table by the end of the night
So I met you by the bathroom to escape
I was so drunk I think I said
I want you inside me now
And we fell into the dumpster
Laughin away

And I dont think I remember
And I try not to forget
But I think that I let this one get away

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