

Down for the Count, Penitentiary

i see you wasting away outside in the cold
january always brings me to chills
the thrills, and white scattered pills on the floor
i think i've had enough of the way that you talk to me
that undermining tone you give that breaks me in two every time
take what is mine and i'll take from you what you can't get back
you're on a roll, my darling, don't give up
soon they'll come and take you away
i see you wasting away outside in the street
the only thing that ever kept us close was your ever so elegant smile
and the way that you talk me down
take what is mine and i'll take from you what you can't get back
you're on a roll, my darling, don't give up
soon they'll come and take you away