

Fatal Flowers, Good Enough

The moment that you walk away
You should hear, hear the things they say
'Cause they're not the same as when they knock on your door at night
On the way back from an unsuccessful night in town
They remember that you're around
And that you like anything better than bein' lonely
They'll talk about love, say that it's allright
But tomorrow girl won't be like tonight

Walkin' out when daylight brakes
And you listen to the stories he fakes
And he sure's gone give you a call one of these days
And one of these days you'll meet him again
And he'll be walkin' hand in hand
But it won't be you who's walking by his side

They'll talk about love, say that it's allright
But tomorrow girl won't be like tonight

'Cause tommorow they'll talk about you
Say you're nothing but a filthy whore