

# Flop, Regrets

I haven't got a car  
You haven't got an opinion  
I don't have no regrets, baby  
All the words that you'll say someday  
There were no whores in my bed, maybe

(chorus)  
But now the leaves are convalescing  
The sun is warming the baby seed  
Through my mind I am quietly regressing

I've got everything that I need

I haven't got no friends  
Shit is a better companion  
For your losses I grieve, baby  
Still you better believe someday  
There is no hope to retrieve, maybe

(chorus)