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)