

# Holly Brook, Giving It Up For You

Though I'm young and cynical  
It's not my only crime  
I've been stealing all your cigarettes  
To save another dime  
And in case you haven't noticed, I just gave them all away

Tell me what do you think of me now  
That I've traded all my armor for a crown  
Come on what do you do with me now  
That I've taken down the mirror on the wall  
And the sweet rain is ready to fall  
I'm giving it up for you, oh  
Giving it up for you

Well I take a lot of medicine  
I don't really need  
Well, I was drinking at eleven  
Getting high at seventeen  
So now I don't appreciate the taste of expensive wine, no

Tell me what do you think of me now  
That I've traded all my armor for a crown  
Come on what do you do with me now  
That I've taken down the mirror on the wall  
And the sweet rain is ready to fall  
I'm giving it up for you

Take your aim like Artemis  
And kill another dove  
But when your heart becomes a hunter  
You may wound your chance to love

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That I've traded all my armor for a crown  
Come on what do you do with me now  
That I've taken down the mirror on the wall  
And that sweet rain is ready to fall  
I'm giving it up for you

I'm giving it up for you, yeah  
I'm giving it up for you  
Giving it up for you

Oh

Giving it up