

The Pretenders, 977

Everytime I end up waking up in some hotel without my set of keys,
Coming to, remembering the way you turned me out when I was on my
knees.

You think that was one up for you,
But I know I scored something too.

When I see the way you have to struggle just to do a little simple
thing,

Feel apologetic just because I'm not particularly suffering,

So I let you take me down,

I'm like your rent-a-clown.

When I saw my baby cry,

Knew that he loved me.

That was some great victory,

He cried because of me.

He hit me with his belt,

But his fears were all I felt.

When I saw my baby cry,

I knew he loved me.

When you try to cut me down and push me back if I attack your
attitude,

I rise up to the challenge 'cause I like to taste the sugar of your
violent mood.

Just like a stormy sea,

You're natural poetry to me.

When I saw my baby cry,

I knew that he loved me.

When I saw my baby cry,

I knew that he loved me.

That was some great victory.

He cried because of me.

He hit me with his belt,

But his fears were all I felt.

When I saw my baby cry,

I knew he loved me.

I knew he loved me.

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and k.caulfield@chemistry.unimelb.edu.au for their help
on these lyrics.

I should have saved the posts from the lists, but it was mentioned that
this song is autobiographical, and 977 is the room number
where the incident occurred.