

The Weepies, Dating A Porn Star

Dating a porn star, it isn't all roses
She leaves you home on a Saturday night
You can go crazy with thoughts and supposes
Lose the thin thread between what's wrong and right

So Starlight won't you kiss me
For I have missed you so
Just like the others
And all of their brothers
I've come to see the show

The strip club crowd looks like a sad constellation
But I hold your heart like the sky holds the moon
I'm cast down outside 'cause they don't allow boyfriends
Star won't you tell me you're coming home soon

Playing cards with the bouncer to let me back in
I hear them announce her and I hear her begin
Sometimes I think that I was born to lose
My money, my shirt, my socks and my shoes

Dating a porn star, it's bad news brother
You wonder how long 'til the coming of day
And wait by the sparkly curtains of heaven
The stars look so pretty from so far away