

Pour a black coffee for one
Smoke of cigarette hits my lungs
My head aches as lips stains
From the red wine that you bring
Before we made it onto the couch

What did you expect?
When you dance with the devil
And lay in your bed
I should have known
Now the fault is my own

I'm going for a cruise
California blue, yeah
When I was, I was young
I thought I was in love
You told me everything I wanted
But it wasn't enough
Enough
Enough
Enough

Maybe, it's too late to let go
I get to a touch, to the thought of
Not the love
And it's not enough

What did I expect?
I played with your heart
And you fucked with my head?
I should have known
Now the fault is my own

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