

I Been Gone a Long Time

Every Time I Die

What we're doing is so wrong
And what you're wearing is so right, it's so tight
But I've never felt better, so I'm going out to get her
And I don't care, I don't care what set of wheels I steal to get there

Balance is a minor setback, what she thinks is all right
And the way she looks is just fine
She sure as hell ain't you, but Lord knows she'll have to do
She don't know I'm alive but neither do I so there's nothing left to lose

If I could only make it make you want to want me
One more drink, I think should do

I wish that I could say, I love to watch you walk away
But you probably won't be back in time to hear it
So it's just as well, no one out there gets back in alive
So I'll love the way you stand so close to a guy
Who we both know can't get near it

Strike when ready, burn the highway
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Strike when ready, burn the highway
Let me hear her high heels moan

I'm ready, I'm ready, set, go
There's cocaine in the key that took us
From the bar to her car to the bedroom

Only the lonesome love us, only the careless can handle us
Only the lonesome love us, what's wrong with us that we're so unamused?
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