

## Conquest of Mistakes

### A Loss for Words

At quarter to 1 we hit the last dive  
on our bar crawl down route 18  
You stumbled in with those tequila eyes at last call  
and auctioned yourself off to the bar scene.

Here I am.

You'll awake to another heartache,  
a conquest of mistakes.  
I'll be there to sweep away the pain, your doormat in the rain.  
It's just work then sleep then work again.  
The same old story in the end until Friday night and you give y  
ourself away.

Some sordid business, a sloppy routine  
I cannot stand to watch for another day.

You'll awake to another heartache,  
a conquest of mistakes.  
I'll be there  
to sweep away the pain,  
your doormat in the rain.

Here I am to get you home okay,  
The linchpin to your frame,  
To keep your head straight.  
I don't want this anymore.

In bar light you don't look the same  
(I don't want this anymore)  
I can't read the lines on your face  
(I don't want this anymore)  
I know that I ain't been a saint  
but I've gotta walk away

I don't want this, I don't want this anymore