

# Me

Allan Rayman

Concepts in my head  
I imagine Demi Moore dancing on a stage full of a pack of wolves  
Yeah, these cannibals, and they eat up  
Well, I got leftover love  
Well, baby you could eat it up  
With an ass like Marilyn  
With that white dress, you back it up  
Now, we could drive away in a pickup truck  
Or are my pick-up lines not good enough  
I'm drunk as fuck, I'm gassed up  
You left me, now this whiskey's all I got  
Now I could feel the blood pouring through my blue veins  
Washing out the blood on my blue jeans  
New man, sunrise  
Well, confidence, in my brown eyes  
Yeah, thanks to you, I realize  
Thanks to you, I realize

Now I believe in Angels, I believe in Kings  
I believe the afterlife, the power that it brings  
I believe in heartbreak, I believe in love  
And I believe your kiss is a gift from above

Now you gone fucked up, lost me  
And I loved you, but you tossed me  
Cause that's my luck and my hobby's  
Getting caught up so I cut up these new hearts  
Feed 'em all to my new art  
Love's a joint and I'm Bogart  
Man, fuck love and these new stars  
Oh shit, oh shit, gotta get up and move on  
Now I look at you and these new girls  
Can't stand these subtle nuance  
Now, you're gone and I know that life's short, so I look back  
Old habits die hard and I'm not the first to admit that  
Love's a drug and I hit that and I get addicted, can't fix that  
But these six packs of Pabst Blue, whiskey, new tattoos  
And I love pain and I'm glad to get hurt again, just not by you  
So I thank you for this new tune, thank you  
Mwah, yea, thank you

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