

Me vs. Maradona vs. Elvis

Brand New

With one or two I get used to the room
We go slow when we first make our moves
By five or six bring you out to the car
Number nine with my head on the bar

And it's sad, but true
Out of cash and I.O.U's

I've got desperate desires and unadmirable plans
My tongue will taste of gin and malicious intent
Bring you back to the bar
Get you out of the cold
A sober, straight face gets you out of your clothes
And they're scared that we know
All the crimes they'll commit
Who they'll kiss before they get home

I will lie awake
Lie for fun and fake the way I hold you
Let you fall for every empty word I say

Barely conscious in the door where you stand
Your eyes are fighting sleep as your mouth makes your demands
You laugh at every word trying hard to be cute
I almost feel sorry for what I'm going to do
And your hair smells of smoke
Who will cast the first stone?
You can sin or spend the night all alone

Brass buttons on your coat hold the cold
In the shape of a heart that they cut out of stone
You're using all your looks that you've thrown from the start
If you let me have my way I swear I'll tear you apart
'cause it's all you can be
You're a drunk and you're scared
It's ladies' night, all the girls drink for free

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