

Gimmie A Second

Dasha

Give me a cigarette to help my head
A pack of some get-me-throughs
I got you on my breath, it sucks being left
'Cause there ain't a thing that I can do

My half-drunk tequila still sits on your counter
My spray tan still stuck to your white tile shower
And, baby, it's only been eighty-two hours
But who's counting 'em, you ain't counting 'em

Baby, do you reckon you could give me a second
Before you stick your hands down her baby blue jeans?
You're two-steppin' with your second best, and it's
Obvious that it's all for me, so
Go take your show out on the road
You'll think of me when you get home
But do you reckon that you found your heaven?
If you did, well shit, then give me a second

You seem distracted, dear, so would you care
If I tore a page from your playbook?
And I kick my boots up on the bar and sip your buddy's beer
And I press my lips against his neck like you ain't even here

Spent eighty-two hours, about a million tears
But who's counting 'em, you ain't counting 'em

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Yeah

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