

Put On, Cologne

Donovan Woods

All the windows on the second floor
Where I lived with all those chicks that don't live there no more
And all your letters written in your tiny voice
Telling me to "come back home", as if I had another choice

I was a believer in the bar back, baby
I was a believer in Rome
If she's not coming over lately
I was gonna go back home
I was gonna go back home

All that she had then spread out on the floor
If there was another one, please let me know it
And all your letters deeply in my core
Telling me to go and see if there was anything more

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Follow it through to its logical end, you're gonna get some stupid European boyfriend
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