Second Choice

Kree Harrison

I'll be the drain you pour your whiskey down
Your alibi if the cops come round
I'll be the words for you when you have no voice
But I won't be your second choice

I'll be the broom that sweeps up the mess you've made
The cigarette that takes you to your grave
When no one cheers for you I'll make some noise
But I won't be your second choice

Somewhere there's gotta be
A deadend for every soul
And sometimes you reach the place
Where even love don't go
I'll be your pain or I'll be your joy
But I won't be your second choice

I'll be that shoebox underneath your bed
That memory that you thought was dead
I'll be the fight the good fight
Trust you damn near destroyed
But I won't be your second choice

Somewhere there's gotta be
A deadend for every soul
And sometimes you reach the place
Where even love don't go
I'll be your pain or I'll be your joy
But I won't be your second choice
Yea I'll be your game of chance, russian roulette
Or I'll be your toy
But I won't be your second choice

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