Permanent Midnight

Left Boy

You're still clutching that bottle of wine
Like it's the fucking essence of your heart and your mind
You tell me that you're engaged, so we're on the same page
I don't give a fuck, girl, tell me is it Tuesday?
Cause I need to pick up my son in the morning
I Ain't got no time to be listen to your stories
I know that you're beautiful, I know that you're hot
So you got a lot of problems that these other girls do not
Chilling at your spot with a couple friends of mine
Tell me how you'd like to spend the time
She says: Let's go to the roof
I'll show you how I feel if you ever needed proof
A kiss on the lips, hands on her hips
She's taking a sip, the alcohol drips

Monday night
I'm tired as always, this girl's alright
Cause I don't require knowledge for just one night
I'll turn that blind eye, I be Prince Charles' Princess Diana
Sitting on your rooftop, watching the moon drop
Your hand in mine, here comes the sunshine

Sex on my mind
I look at the clock and there's just no time
She's touching my stuff, push and rewind, kush in the grind
Durrr, she's so fine, you could never mind her, I gotta go
Tomorrow there's a late session in the studio
She says: No, you should stick around, we could have some fun
I won't make a sound cause your best friend passed out puking i
n the bedroom
Now she's got her ass up, girl, I need some Aderall
I can see the light, I say good morning but it's

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