

Pretty Faces

Nic D

One hundred

And I'm still living, kicking, making bad decisions
Looking, cooking, dirty out the kitchen
Seconds, minutes, different definitions
Must be getting heavier, the scale keep tipping
I see pretty faces
But those things always seem to fade away
You know what doesn't fade away?

The way I love you, miss you, always wanna kiss you
I don't need to save you, you don't need a rescue
Always know what you want, never need a menu
Always get what you want, we got that in common 'cause
I been getting what I want
I'm not settling, what's the fun in that
Keep going, keep going, keep going

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The tattoo of your name right above my heartbeat
The i-love-yous that we drew in sharpie
The memories made when we skipped the parties
When we just rode around like Hutch and Starsky
Been a couple times that they offered me accessories
In a second I would trade 'em for a memory
I remember when you said I was a match in your kerosene
That sound like a compliment to me

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