Hello, mister, bet you didn't think you'll be in a song Need a session, not a yes man, guess I'll never be wrong Got my ass print on your sofa, I'm just keeping it warm Tell me something honest, not just stuff I already know, so

What do you need now? Too late, too late What do you mean by "we're gonna have to stop"?

Danny
You're just in it for the money
Bring me back my story
You stole me
My pain bought you this ride
Danny
I'm still waiting for the sun here
Promised milk and honey
Oh Danny
You should pay me for my time

You giving me a run for my money

Hello mister, bet you didn't think I'll come around You can only see me in the paper, happy, I'm a warm gun Don't forget to look over your shoulder, I'm older, now I know That your little doctor patient friendly hugs were just way too long

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