

# SOS

Red Leather

Hey, I'm sorry I called  
I promised I wouldn't, but I just wanna talk  
Before I do somethin' stupid  
Like go to the bar, order Maker's Mark  
Joyride in my car under the influence  
And I fantasize about drivin' to Vegas  
Do lines off a Bible and read Revelations  
Locked in a motel while I'm cryin' for help  
And I play with myself while I picture you naked (Naked, naked)  
And I can't take it

SOS, call 911  
I'm a mess since I lost your love  
And I need you right now  
Oh, I need you right now  
SOS, you're the only one  
Who can take these bullets out my loaded gun  
And I need you right now  
Oh, I need you right now

Right now, you probably think that I'm a schizo'  
Talkin' to myself, middle finger on a pistol  
But it's a flare gun  
Tryin' to get your attention  
'Cause all of these deadly depressants  
They never doin' a damn thing

(Mayday, mayday, over)

I'm treadin' water  
But I'm gettin' weaker  
Deeper and deeper, can you pull me out?  
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