

Next Time

Sydney Ross Mitchell

I'm walking a fine line
I'm cutting it close (hmm)
I don't want to leave you, but you leave me no choice

Two bottles of wine and a bloody nose
I never could take it slow
I'm sorry I couldn't get you off my mind
I'm sorry I don't know what it feels like
Chin up baby
Maybe next time
I'll get what I want
(Mmmmm)

Watching the horses watching you dance
I swore that I felt it
That we had a chance
I'm sorry I couldn't get you off my mind
I'm sorry I don't know what it feels like
Chin up, baby
Maybe next time, I'll get what I want

(I'll get what I want)