

The Face For It

That Handsome Devil

She's drunk and alone
And she can't get a cab
She just wants to get home
And her man to get back
The city makes you lose that pretty face
What's a girl like you doing in this shitty place?

There's a gracefulness to the way she takes a hit
But she doesn't have the face for it
There's a gracefulness to the way she takes a hit
She just steps back, shakes a bit, jumps in and keeps on taking
it

Trying to walk straight while she's digging through her purse
In her short, short skirt
Trying to walk straight while she's digging through her purse
In her short, short skirt

Yelling on the voice mail, but he's never really there
Screaming on the voice mail, but he never really cares
The city makes you lose that pretty face
What's a girl like you doing in this shitty place?

There's a gracefulness to the way she takes a hit
But she doesn't have the face for it
There's a gracefulness to the way she takes a hit
She just steps back, shakes a bit, jumps in and keeps on taking
it

It is time to leave
But she couldn't find her keys
She was tired as she tried to leave
But she couldn't find her keys
Screaming on the voice mail, but he's never really there
Crying on the voice mail, but he never really cares

There's a gracefulness to the way she takes a hit
There's a gracefulness to the way she takes a hit