

# A Good Time at Your Expense

## The Format

I don't like your cowboy boots  
To me they don't tell the truth  
I feel like mine do, I'm from the Midwest  
You're from New York.

This voice is stronger, this boy is grown  
You'd better claim sticks and stones  
You better pray to God I choke  
These words will hurt you, haunt you  
I've become a frivolous man  
In need of a goody-good time  
I want a goody-good time,  
I want a good time at your expense.

I've found you by the light of the moon  
Past all the wolves in the sheep's perfume  
Tell me why I can't count on you  
I need someone to sing me to sleep

The longest flame I want to blow you out  
I want to get you back, but not like that.

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Graze in green, summers in blue  
Red is my favorite paint.  
Why do all nouns stutter like adjectives  
When they bend to leave your lips  
And what does it mean when you claw at my sleeve  
For a cave to bury your face  
Why after year, do you still come?  
Why you always falling in love?  
Why do you run to me  
When you know you run the risk of running late?

Longest flame, I want to blow you out  
I want to get you back, but not like that.

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