

## Me vs. Maradona vs. Elvis

Brand New

With one or two I get used to the room  
We go slow when we first make our moves  
By five or six bring you out to the car  
Number nine with my head on the bar

And it's sad, but true  
Out of cash and I.O.U's

I've got desperate desires and unadmirable plans  
My tongue will taste of gin and malicious intent  
Bring you back to the bar  
Get you out of the cold  
A sober, straight face gets you out of your clothes  
And they're scared that we know  
All the crimes they'll commit  
Who they'll kiss before they get home

I will lie awake  
Lie for fun and fake the way I hold you  
Let you fall for every empty word I say

Barely conscious in the door where you stand  
Your eyes are fighting sleep as your mouth makes your demands  
You laugh at every word trying hard to be cute  
I almost feel sorry for what I'm going to do  
And your hair smells of smoke  
Who will cast the first stone?  
You can sin or spend the night all alone

Brass buttons on your coat hold the cold  
In the shape of a heart that they cut out of stone  
You're using all your looks that you've thrown from the start  
If you let me have my way I swear I'll tear you apart  
'cause it's all you can be  
You're a drunk and you're scared  
It's ladies' night, all the girls drink for free

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