

## Bethamphetamine (Pretty, Pretty)

Butch Walker

Hey little party girl  
Where do you wanna go  
I didn't come from your scene  
So many people i should know  
Like every door guy in this city  
Only lets you in cuz you're pretty  
And the boutique girls and theme night  
Druggies  
Take you in the back  
(you put your head on the mirror)  
Maybe threes a gas station open  
And a little money on my card  
So i can buy some half and half  
Cuz even mornings they seem so hard  
And look at you, you never fell to bed  
You're still typing on your phone  
W/ yer cigarette  
Saying i should stop being so cynical  
We're hotter when we don't give a damn  
(so smash yer head on the mirror)  
And ooooh baby baby baby keeps it with her  
Ooh baby baby, babies got a purse full  
Of things she calls excuses  
Real pretty pretty  
You're pretty down and out for a girl