

## Ponce De Leon Ave.

Butch Walker

I woke up on Sunday morning  
With a shoe that was not mine  
Let the taxi on the corner drive away

So I walked up Ponce De Leon  
With my lips all caked in wine  
But my night clothes in the day time  
Gave me away

And I don't want to remember  
But I don't want to forget  
That no one will believe me if I say

So honey, don't you call now  
Don't pick up the phone now  
Don't you know we're better off this way?

Trying not to spoil now  
You'll see me when you go out  
We can be in love for just one day

And I came home with her lipstick  
And a thousand bites and scars  
And a mud stain on my kneecap to remind

Me of a quick shop stop for salsa  
Just to spill it on the floor  
Stuck my head inside the freezer to rewind

And the mayor won't believe me  
And my drummer thinks I'm high  
But I know I should let this one get away

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And there were all those tripped out people  
At our table by the end of the night  
So I met you by the bathroom to escape

I was so drunk, I think I said  
I want you inside me now  
And we fell into the dumpster laughing away

And I don't think I remember  
And I try not to forget  
But I think that I let this one get away

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