

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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