

Accolade

Gossling

I see a man, who boasts of his fame
Got an addiction for attention like a drug racing for the brain
He is a man, who loves to persuade
He needs a woman by his side every night as an accolade
Rounding them in, asking their name, he leans in.

Oooh, ooooh

Heartache will come when sober
Hasn't been home to notice he's older
Hurting from one who left him burnt
He is a man of faults, a flirt
He's a fool

A male with needs, begging for praise
He's got a taste for the chase all he has are his wicked ways
Never in love, solo by choice
How he gets them is a habit that he wants to remain always
He leans in

Oooh, ooooh

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