

Not About Debra

Lucky Boys Confusion

She only comes my way when no one's looking
The dance hall's packed again
Move through your body, move to the music
A drink and smoke in hand
With anticipation for innovation
She says she feels the words
Through them she's venting, Unrelenting
Guilt trips come in slurs
Driving her into the floor
The boyfriend's drunk for sure
Claims she is cheating our every meeting
Angry to the core
Stop treating my girl like a whore
Am I the only one to see
She sleeps with him and thinks about me
Watered down connections in time
Killing songs and bracing fears
He can't erase cause it sends her to a place
Where the feelings are sincere
She bites her bottom lip
Quietly weeping, while he is sleeping
Lonely to the core
Didn't I say that before
Am I the only one to see
She sleeps with him and thinks about me
They watered down connections in time
He hardened up with ease
Two flights up it's four in the morning
And the neighbors perk their ears
He broke down her direction in time
His perfection fled with ease