

Into The Mirror

Minus the Bear

They got a mirror for the 'caine in the bathroom
because nobody here knows when to stop
but for now we're just making out with the door unlocked
back in the atrium the music's slowing down,
the party's thinning out
for the late crowd
fixes her lipstick,
fixes his belt,
the coast is clear as he walks out

She whispers:
"You get what you pay for
we could cost a lot
you get what you pay for
but we do it for the taste of a good high
we do it for the sake of a hot night"

Her man on the couch in the blue room
with everyone stoned and talking at once
with no thought to where they'd been
or what they could have done
she sits down beside him
without a hint of shame
because everything's the same in it's own way
Kisses her man's cheek,
her hunter eyes lock on her prey

She signals:
You get what you play boy
we could play a lot
you get what you play boy
but you do it for the taste of a good high
we do it for the sake of a hot night

She senses the fear in him
with an irresistible kiss
and a lie she hangs on his neck
like a silver chain to her whim
pull him into the mirror again

She senses the need in him
for her irresistible kiss
and a lie that she hangs on his neck
like a silver chain to her whim

There's a mirror for the 'caine in the bathroom
because nobody here knows when to stop
and the hand towel on the rail
seems it hangs out here a lot