

Count it off smart guy
Now what the hell are we doin'?
No, it can't
Eleven times a scapegoat
It's not a hug but a choke
And you're not what I've been missin?
And I'll be damned before I listen to you
Prince-S of distress
You're a Prince-S of distress
Everything you want
And nothing that you need
But somehow it all just fits in
I'd climb your mind just to go wishing
I guess there's no use really 'cause
'Cause there's nothing like a real thing
Welling up in my throat
I love you, you must know
There's not much that needs fixin?
I can't quit when I'm addicted
I guess there's no use really 'cause
'Cause there's nothing like a real thing
I guess there's no use really 'cause
'Cause there's nothing like a real thing