

Tattoos & Misery

Trixter

Cigarette burns on my bed.
And I'm so hung over,
Cause you came over.
I must have been out of my head,
When I picked up the phone
I should have stayed home.

Cause everytime I rock with you (Rock with You)
I wake up feeling so abused.

trashed
Now I'm crawling out on the floor.
You were screaming out More and More
Yeah but all your good for is Tattoos and Misery.

Whiskey and wine drown my head,
My ears still ringing from all your singing.
Maybe I'm better off dead
From the pain you bring me
It destroys me.

Trashed
Now I'm crawling out on the floor.
You were screaming out More and More
Yeah but all your good for is Tattoos and Misery.

Crashed
I think you might have wrecked my car
You took it just a little too far when you burned down the bar.
Your just Tattoos and Misery

Tattoos and Misery