

## 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

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