

Leather Daddy

Microwave

If you don't want to talk, then just don't talk
I'm fine with us just sitting in silence
If you want me to go then just say so
You can drop me off somewhere I don't know... I don't, I don't
have anywhere to go

I've got nowhere to go
I've got nowhere to go

I found you passed out in your doorway
A few more seconds and you might have made it to your bed
We used to be the fireball whiskey weekend warriors
But now, it's Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday...
I don't know if we'll ever be sober again

I have a pile of regrets
I tear it down
Build it up, tear it down
Build it up, tear it

Dismembered climbing up your window
A few more hours down at grady and we'll be back peeing off the
porch
I've only got a couple limbs though
I'm pulling straws. I can't even... I don't, I don't have anywh
ere to go

A pile of regrets
Two fifths of cheap shit
Three years of free rent
Tight jeans, and loose men

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