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"And With This, A Toast"

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You can c-c-call it what you want,
I've built better plans for nights before,
than waking on the bathroom floor.
You wanted so much more,
that's why behind closed doors,
you turn into a secret whore.
Is this what friends are for?

And it happens all the time,
but still you stand there,
knowing you're the easy squeeze.

Chorus:

And even when you're leaving,
and your shadow is receding,
we'll still go on without you,
I can still go on without you.
And even when you're leaving,
and your shadow is receding,
we'll still go on without you,
I can still go on without you.

The TVs set to mute,
the people standing everywhere,

the smell of lust is in the air.
And yet it's just not fair,
you're the one who'll end up here,
crying on your precious hair,
six dollar call girl tears.

You can sift through your ill fortunes,
but everyone has them too,
I guess that makes you weak

Chorus

You can c-c-call it what you want,
I've seen hundred dollar bills that smile more than you.
You can take it, or leave it, or turn around and receive
it,
Are you telling me these words hurt more,

than night by night, door by door?

Show boys what lives are for,
this happens more and more,
thanks for being the class whore.

Chorus x2

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