

## **Maggie Walters**

### **"Under The Table"**

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Last night I was out of my head  
I'm sorry for the attitude and what I said  
I was a little bit drunk when I called you up  
I've been doing things that I was ashamed of

Running out of money if that's what it takes  
And I get the credit for the rookie mistakes  
And he just stands by and he makes me cry  
Like this is what dreams are made of  
Like no one's gonna see us holding hands under the  
table  
Baby take a shot  
As we stand here sweating in the parking lot

Anyway you're really not my type  
I usually prefer the more responsible kind  
When they just give it up, do whatever I want

There's nothing that I'm really afraid of

You can't explain because you don't understand  
And I don't wanna talk about it ever again  
You either couldn't play nice, gave me bad advice  
Or had me doing things that I was ashamed of  
Like no one has a clue what's going on under the table  
Then baby say my name  
Cause I'm one step up in your stupid game

Who tore my shirt who told my secret  
There's rug burn on my back  
And your knees are blue and black  
And you come back  
To get your earrings and your camera  
And your coffee pot, burning hot

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