

Minus

"I Lost All My Money At The Cock Fights"

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All the boys are begging for her,
Reaching long to grab her clothes to
Pull her in every direction and
Throw some game that won't win.

This girl, she's looking at me
A glance over then down at her drink.
I think she's got the right idea,
I think she's got the right idea,

"You come with me, we should leave,
There's more things interesting than this joint,
You pull stares from this whole crew,
And you act like you never even knew."

We move out to the street
It's raining hard - coming down in sheets.
She takes my hands, pulls hard,
And then we make the dash to her car.
I think she's got the right idea,
I think she's got the right idea,

"We're not going anywhere,"
She said, "We'll just stay here."

"You come with me, we won't leave,
I'll show you something interesting."

Her hair streaked her shirt with rain
And that did something to me.

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