

Minus

"Into The Mirror"

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They got a mirror full of caine in the bathroom
Because nobody here knows when to stop
For now we're just making out with the door unlocked
Back in the atrium the music's slowing down
The party's thinning out for the late crowd
Fixes her lipstick, fixes his belt
The coast is clear as he walks out

She whispers, you get what you pay for
We could cost a lot.
You get what you pay for
And we do it for the taste of a good high
We do it for the sake of a hot night

The man on the couch in the blue room
With everyone stoned and talking at once
With no thought to where they've been
What they could've done
She sits down beside him
Without a hint of shame
Because every thing's the same in it's own way
Kisses her man's cheek
Her hunter eyes lock on her prey

She signals, you get what you pay for
And we could play a lot
You get what you pay for
But you do it for the taste of a good high
You do it for the sake of a hot night

She senses the mirror in him
For one irresistible kiss
And the lie that she hangs on his neck
Like a sliver chain to her whim
Pull him into the mirror

There's a mirror full of caine in the bathroom
Because nobody here knows when to stop
And their hands along the rail
Seems he hangs out here a lot

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