

My Getaway "Under Your Sheets"

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And when the night is over this car stops where I want it
and when I see that look on your face I'll fake a smile
to make you feel better about yourself but the truth is I
don't care at all.

these cigarettes taste like regrets and I can't stop the
smoke from blinding your pretty eyes. step back why
do you play these games, your fault you were the one
to blame, put your hood up, put your hood up now.

and when the night is over this car stops where I want it
and when I see that look on your face I'll fake a smile
to make you feel better about yourself but the truth is I
don't care at all.

I'll wipe these kisses from my lips and give back all
the lipstick that you, that you wasted on me. your
fingernails are dug in my back and this one night holds
more regrets than the first night we met.

these cigarettes taste like regrets and I can't stop the
smoke from blinding your pretty eyes. step back why
do you play these games, your fault you were the one
to blame, put your hood up, put your hood up now.

listen babe, you know how the story goes, its all the
same, its all the same.
(what you did was wrong, what you did was wrong)

you're burning up
you're burning up

and when the night is over this car stops where I want it
and when I see that look on your face I'll fake a smile
to make you feel better about yourself but the truth is I
don't care at all

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