

The Dopamines

"She's Not A Call Girl, She's One Classy Broad"

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The moment I look into your eyes,
Time ceases to exist. (Let's get this over now)
She feels bitter like the sunburn on my back...
Gives me the jitters, 'cuz she's everything
I've ever wanted.

This is an S.O.S. call
To all the lonely hearts.
I've got anthems
I've got ransoms to spark
The desire and firehearts.
She's all alone in back alley-ways
Stickin' black into her veins.
I'm a rebel of sorts
Huntin' honeys for sport,
Gettin' down 'cuz that's how we do
(Sit tight, sit tight
You're the secret I've kept inside
I've locked myself up in this room,
Just to taste the sin.)

[Chorus:]
And we'll be dressed up,
Prepared for action
In silent streets and parking lots.
The night is here to take what's ours,
And hold it forever.
We took the long ride home
In hopes of reparations
But the damage was done.

Stealing glances at other girls
Got me nowhere.
Oh no, she's the one I swear.
I'll make her come
To her senses.
And in desperate times
I'll pay for my mistakes
(In a literal sense.)
I'll take you home.
And after all was said and done

I found you where you started, so messed up...
Chorus

So put the fires out
They're coming fast now
The walls have ears
And they've been listening for days
To the sounds of the
Rhythm that we make.
The one thing that keeps hearts beating.

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