

## The New York Room

### "Devils In Denim"

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Freshly shaven face, splash on the good cologne  
Fresh sheets and socks cause you never know  
Breath mints in your pocket, wallet's full of bills  
You're ready for tonight, dressed to kill or be killed  
Clinking drinks in a smoky bar  
Your eyes catch her stare, you flash your best smile.  
And you buy her drinks, you chat her up about an hour.  
Use all your best lines, and she eats it up.  
You leave together her friends still at the bar.  
Back at your place, refresh her drink, you know she's  
yours tonight.  
You played it to perfection, she was no match for you.  
Is she worth dying for? You don't know but you'll do it  
anyway.  
And you wake up hung over and ashamed. She slips  
away without goodbye.  
And you're more alone, when she's in your bed  
With the scent of her skin lingering in your head.  
And you're more alone when she's in your bed  
Now you'll spend a week alone wishing you were dead.  
Why do you put yourself and her through this?  
You're better off alone than walking with her  
Through this lonely hell that lost it's fun so long ago.

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