

King Dean

"Come On"

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I find myself in a late night establishment
and i don't know what happened to me
i can see that she doesn't know it neither
so what's her motherfucking point

i see she tries to get away from the bar
then i shout out loud
why don't you come over and give me some head
because tomorrow we might be dead

oh, come on

the next morning, she is still around
but i don't even know her name
i don't want to hear the stories about her mamma
or about her last bloody birthday

i turn left, that's where's my window
and i think to myself
i wish i was in new york city
they told me the girls there are pretty

oh, come on

we're going down, we're going down
we're going down, we're going down

so, come on

(Dank an Harris Piltonic fÃ¼r den Text)

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