

Singled Out

"Conor's From Philly, And He Carries A Piece"

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I wish there was, a place mad just for us,
Where we could go and just have fun,
And never be bothered by anyone.

This time around we will not fold,
We've given this up just once more,
We'll lay our chips down on the line,
We are all in tonight.

So lay your cards out on the table,
And pray that everybody else folds,
The chips aren't falling in our favor,
Forget tonight and just start over.

Let's make our way down the main street of this town,
And just forget that anybody's even left alive around,
We'll take this town over,
From the inside out.

We'll make it ours tonight,
And we will never live this down.

And even if there's no one left alive,
I will be alright with you by my side,
Even if it's just for another night,
We'll make this last one count.

So lay your cards out on the table,
So lay your cards out on the table.

If it's the only thing that you've heard,
And it is our last night on earth,
Let me tell you how much you're worth,
Not a goddamn thing to me girl.

So lay your cards out on the table.

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