

Van Hunt "Down Here In Hell"

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I really love it when,
I love it when we make mistakes.
Because once again,
it gives me a reason to complain,
I love the battled lines,
the battled lines we draw when crossin the mud
Ou I love it when we fight,
standing on the verg of breaking up or making love
(verse 1)

What would i do if we were perfect,
where would i go for disopointment.
Love without pain would leave me wonderin why i
stayed.
(chrous 1)

I think of saving myself,
but with nothing to complain about up in heaven,
what will i do
I think of saving myself,
but i really wanta work it out
down here in hell with you
(hook)

See I wanta make you feel the fire,
while i burn you with my bad days,
Ou wanta be unsatisfied, (sure)
you can fell the heat comin from me...baby.
(verse 2)

What would i do if we were perfect,
where would i go for disopointment,
words without hate would leave me nothin else to say.
(chrous 2)

I think of saving myself,
but with nothing to complain about in heaven,
what will i do
I think of saving myself,
but i really wanta work it out
down here in hell with you
(hook)

I think of saving myself,
but with nothing to complain about up in heaven,
I think of saving myself,
but i really wanta work it out
down here in hell with you
(hook)

Down here in hell with you
(repeat 4)

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