

Holly Brook, Giving It Up For You

Though I'm young and cynical
It's not my only crime
I've been stealing all your cigarettes
To save another dime
And in case you haven't noticed, I just gave them all away

Tell me what do you think of me now
That I've traded all my armor for a crown
Come on what do you do with me now
That I've taken down the mirror on the wall
And the sweet rain is ready to fall
I'm giving it up for you, oh
Giving it up for you

Well I take a lot of medicine
I don't really need
Well, I was drinking at eleven
Getting high at seventeen
So now I don't appreciate the taste of expensive wine, no

Tell me what do you think of me now
That I've traded all my armor for a crown
Come on what do you do with me now
That I've taken down the mirror on the wall
And the sweet rain is ready to fall
I'm giving it up for you

Take your aim like Artemis
And kill another dove
But when your heart becomes a hunter
You may wound your chance to love

Tell me what do you think of me now
That I've traded all my armor for a crown
Come on what do you do with me now
That I've taken down the mirror on the wall
And that sweet rain is ready to fall
I'm giving it up for you

I'm giving it up for you, yeah
I'm giving it up for you
Giving it up for you

Oh

Giving it up