

# Houston Calls, A Bottle Of Red, A Bottle Of Spite

She stares out the window  
Counts raindrops until tomorrow  
Today sees her crying  
While Sting sings about the breath you take  
She'll take fighting chances  
Run head first into a brick wall  
Cause what doesn't kill her  
Makes it all just seem much closer

She needs a crutch, needs a crush  
With a rush infatuation  
She needs a way to feel the same that she once did  
He needs a lot less than she seems to be  
Too much to handle  
He won't say much  
Just leaving her in the dark

The tension gets thicker

The wine helps to counter-act the pain  
Her whine makes him crazy, so crazy that he's about to break  
To throw out his morals  
Would just seem to beg the question  
Is this really worth it?  
A risk he's sure not willing to take

So she says, "To spite my face, I'm cutting off my nose for you  
I know you'd do the same thing too  
Revel in what you'll miss out  
You played me for a fool this time  
Good luck with all your future tries."

So now it's done  
Say goodbye to the chance that was once within your reach  
Kiss farewell to your loss, to your lack of decency  
You'll never know what you missed, what you could have found in me  
Insincere is the word to describe you best from me