

# Pedro The Lion, Second Best

The impact  
The aftershave  
The European cigarettes  
The taxi  
The alcohol  
That lingers on your breath  
The lipstick  
The street lamp  
The woolen overcoat  
The front desk  
You turn yourself  
It isn't over yet

Second best, oh second best  
I can learn to live with this  
Plus I really need a rest  
After all what's wrong with second best?  
What's wrong with second best?

The motel  
The distances  
Cave into kisses cold and wet  
Familiar exchanges  
Like needle pulling thread  
The empty movements  
That once were so inspired  
Desperate attempts to fan the flame  
Without the fire  
The mattress creeps beneath  
The symphony of misery and cum  
Still we lay jerking back and forth  
And blurring into one

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I can learn to live with this  
Plus I really need a rest  
After all what's wrong with second best?  
What's wrong with second best?