

# The Scenic, Not Enough To Love

And I count the stairs  
Up to her apartment  
She's taking me home for the night  
And all that it took was a drink and a lie.  
She's done this before  
I'm not the first liar she's fallen for  
She's had too much to drink  
And despite what she thinks  
She doesn't mean anything to me.  
Would you call this love?  
Would you call this anything other than just enough?  
To feel alive  
Now I pull her close  
She's freezing but I still slip off her coat  
I can't remember her name  
But this Shits all the same  
With her clothes in a pile on the floor.  
Would you call this love?  
Would you call this any thing  
Other than just enough  
For the two of us  
To feel alive  
And I'm not such a bad guy you know  
But I get what I want  
And I'm dying to get you  
Out of your clothes  
Whoa Whoa  
[x2]  
She's had too much to drink  
She's taking me home for the night  
Theres a thousand other bars on the East Coast  
And a thousand other girls I can get drunk and take home.  
You can bet yourself that I'll do this again.  
Would you call this love? Would you call this any thing but just enough?  
You're a shameful display of my pride and disdain all rolled into one  
Lying under the sheets next to me.  
Come tomorrow, I won't call.  
And I count the stairs down from her apartment