

You me at six, Loverboy

Da da da da

Hell had you by the throat
You never got to heaven but you got real close
Your past has you in a chokehold
You deserve it from what I've been told
Call my bluff, say what you want
I'm looking down at you from the top
I beg for attention in small doses
Leave the scene smelling of dead roses

Loverboy
You're playing those hearts like toys
Don't you feel bad?
Don't you feel bad?
Feel bad for them?

This is your night, with arms wide open
I'm the option you shouldn't have chosen
Scared of the dark, the door's wide open
This is the night you'll regret in the morning

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Feel bad for them?

If given the choice, would you do it again?
Of course I would, of course I should
Well I'm your friend
Friends with benefits

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