Perfect Night

Home Town Hero

She lives in a bottle with her friends
Nobody else seems to care
That she may never hold the throne
When she waits forever, holding onAs she combs her hair
I would love to be there
With a gun in my hand
With another manWatch me, baby with your red eyes
One more night to say goodbye
She may never hold the throne
As she waits forever holding onAs she combs her hair
I would love to be there
With a gun in my hand
With another man[Incomprehensible]
[Incomprehensible] this timeAs she combs her hair
I would love to be there
With a gun in my hand
With another manAs she combs her hair
I would love to be there
With a gun in my hand
With another man

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