

Bethamphetamine (Pretty Pretty)

Butch Walker

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hey, little party girl
Where do you wanna go?
I didn't come from your scene
So many people that I should know Like every door guy in this city
He only looks at you 'cuz you're pretty
And the boutique girls and theme night druggies
Take you in the back
You put your head on the mirror And ooh, baby keeps it with her now
And ooh, baby's got a hand
Full of things she calls excuses
Yeah, you're real pretty, pretty
You're pretty strong out for a girl Maybe there's a gas station open
And a little money on my card
So I can buy some half and half
'Cuz even mornings they seem so hard And look at you, you never fell to bed
You're still typing on your phone with your cigarette
Saying I should stop being so cynical
'Cuz we're hotter when we don't give a damn
So smash your head on the mirror And ooh, baby keeps it with her now
And ooh, baby's got a purse
Full of things she calls excuses
Yeah, you're real pretty, pretty
You're pretty strong out for a girl And ooh, baby keeps it with her now
And ooh, baby's got a hand
Full of things she calls excuses
Yeah, you're real pretty, pretty
Pretty, pretty, pretty now And ooh, baby keeps it with her now
And ooh, baby's got a mouth
Full of things she calls excuses
Yeah, you're real pretty, pretty
You're pretty strong out for a girl

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