

More

Vivian Cook

More by Vivian Cook

Your girlfriend, she hates me

Cause everybody knows, you tried to date me, and she,

Thinks I made you cheat, well, I think that's kind of sweet

Cause we both know I'd be blackout every time I let you get down,

So I can play the whore, but girl you know you want me

More

More

More, more, more

Yeah, see that indie chick in the front row?

Yeah, she been puttin' on quite the show

Tryin' to get the front man to notice her

And I'm up against the wall with the drummer from the opener

Oh, tell me again how you're

So insane, do so many drugs, are in so much pain, baby

Don't you know all girls want are arms and rhythm?

Then you'll have 'em screamin

More

More

More, more, more, more

So now it's just you and me driving on kombucha, coke and oxy

Are you ready for what you came here to see?

Cause we both know you've been tryin' to read my mind, but

You straight exhausted all the options of what you might find

Cause I know why the raven cried

Never more

Never ever more

Never ever ever ever ever more, more

Lyrics Submitted by Marty

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