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 thatâ€™s kind of sweet

Cause we both know Iâ€™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 the front row?

Yeah, she been puttinâ€™ on quite the show

Tryinâ€™ to get the front man to notice her

And Iâ€™m up against the wall with the drummer from the opener

Oh, tell me again how youâ€™re

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

Donâ€™t you know all girls want are arms and rhythm?

Then youâ€™ll have â€˜em screamin

More

More

More, more, more, more

So now itâ€™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 youâ€™ve been tryinâ€™ 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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