

# Vices

## Nazzy

You can't see me behind the door  
I just heard everything you said  
You tell him, you're saying  
All those things you used to say to me  
Who is he?  
I never thought you'd drop that avalanche on me  
And be unfaithful  
These hotel walls are paper thin, I'm going out  
Seven, seven with the lime will keep me safe  
Long enough to stop the thought of your embrace  
Inside my head the lies that I've been fed  
Throw it back behind my lips, the pain is gone  
Line 'em up and knock 'em down  
The night goes on and on and on  
To let me cope with this disaster  
I'm seven deep  
Her brown hair and blue eyes  
Looking right at me  
Who is she?  
I never thought I'd ever think of stepping out  
I'll fight this temptation  
This crowded bar is full of sin, I'm going out  
Seven, seven with the lime will keep me safe  
Long enough to stop the thought of your embrace  
Inside my head the lies that I've been fed  
Throw it back behind my lips, the pain is gone  
Line 'em up and knock 'em down  
The night goes on and on and on  
To let me cope with this disaster  
I'm not coming home tonight  
I'd rather sleep on the street  
I'm not coming home to you  
I'd won't sleep with the devil  
I'm not coming home tonight  
I'd rather sleep on the street  
I'm not coming home to you  
I'd won't sleep with the devil  
I'm not coming home tonight  
I'd rather sleep on the street

I'm not coming home to you  
I'd won't sleep with the devil  
On this city street I'll rest my head tonight  
I'm going out  
Seven, seven with the lime will keep me safe  
Long enough to stop the thought of your embrace  
Inside my head the lies that I've been fed  
Throw it back behind my lips, the pain is gone  
Line 'em up and knock 'em down  
The night goes on and on and on  
To let me cope with this disaster

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