

# Permanent Midnight

## Left Boy

You're still clutching that bottle of wine  
Like it's the fucking essence of your heart and your mind  
You tell me that you're engaged, so we're on the same page  
I don't give a fuck, girl, tell me is it Tuesday?  
Cause I need to pick up my son in the morning  
I Ain't got no time to be listen to your stories  
I know that you're beautiful, I know that you're hot  
So you got a lot of problems that these other girls do not  
Chilling at your spot with a couple friends of mine  
Tell me how you'd like to spend the time  
She says: Let's go to the roof  
I'll show you how I feel if you ever needed proof  
A kiss on the lips, hands on her hips  
She's taking a sip, the alcohol drips Monday night  
I'm tired as always, this girl's alright  
Cause I don't require knowledge for just one night  
I'll turn that blind eye, I be Prince Charles' Princess Diana  
Sitting on your rooftop, watching the moon drop  
Your hand in mine, here comes the sunshine Sex on my mind  
I look at the clock and there's just no time  
She's touching my stuff, push and rewind, kush in the grind  
Durr, she's so fine, you could never mind her, I gotta go  
Tomorrow there's a late session in the studio  
She says: No, you should stick around, we could have some fun  
I won't make a sound cause your best friend passed out puking in the bedroom  
Now she's got her ass up, girl, I need some headroom  
I can see the light, I say good morning but it's Permanent midnight

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>