

# The Face for It

## That Handsome Devil

She's drunk and alone  
And she can't get a cab  
She just wants to get home  
And her man to get back  
The city makes you lose that pretty face  
What's a girl like you doing in this shitty place?

There's a gracefulness to the way she takes a hit  
But she doesn't have the face for it  
There's a gracefulness to the way she takes a hit  
She just steps back, shakes a bit, jumps in and keeps on taking it

Trying to walk straight while she's digging through her purse  
In her short, short skirt  
Trying to walk straight while she's digging through her purse  
In her short, short skirt

Yelling on the voice mail, but he's never really there  
Screaming on the voice mail, but he never really cares  
The city makes you lose that pretty face  
What's a girl like you doing in this shitty place?

There's a gracefulness to the way she takes a hit  
But she doesn't have the face for it  
There's a gracefulness to the way she takes a hit  
She just steps back, shakes a bit, jumps in and keeps on taking it

It is time to leave  
But she couldn't find her keys  
She was tired as she tried to leave  
But she couldn't find her keys  
Screaming on the voice mail, but he's never really there  
Crying on the voice mail, but he never really cares

There's a gracefulness to the way she takes a hit  
There's a gracefulness to the way she takes a hit

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