

Sentimental Porno // Lyrics

First Time

your first time, was it like
your first time, was it like

you made me feel young I thought it strange,
I thought about it different you put it that way,
now you're tracing things back to the first time,
it was her and she blew your mind.

me, your love,
show me your love.
me, your love,
show me your love.

thoughts of you are working overtime.
when you leave you're still on my mind,
careful if you think its gonna change,

drove from Miami up to Ga,
didn't care we talked the whole way.
eyes out the window thinking that its love,
talking to yourself... she fucked ya up,

me, your love,
show me your love.
me, your love,
show me your love.

your first time, was it like
your first time, was it like

Easy Way Out

Good love,

never dressed.
Never dressed as something that would be easy.

Good times,
are better when.
Are better when they didn't come easy.

As long as you know,
it's only a way out.
Cause baby I know,
it's the easy way out.

Good sex,
never said.
Never promised it would only please me.

Daddy tried,
he tried twice.
A happy wife it never came easy.

As long as you know,
it's only a way out.
Cause baby I know,
it's the easy way out.

Jonny tried to tame the flame, but he didn't want the fire to go out.
Danni had a world of love to show, but she didn't know how.
And I know it's wild to ask for help but even so, I could now.

As long as you know,
it's only a way out.
Cause baby I know,
it's the easy way out.

True Romance

La girls are mean,
and the ones that aren't I happen to be so close with,
lucky them,
lucky me.

La girls are ready for the summer,
I want a base tan and a married man is that so much to ask for?
tripped and fell in love and now he can't be reached,
who am I to judge you're 23.

La boys are optimistic,
a will for fun and wish for love but its so unrealistic.
gotta find a girl to save tell yourself she's sadistic,
now you're calling baby cause the nice way is what your'e missing.
uh.

I want what's best for you,
I want what's best for you.
true romance, true romance.

New York girls are honest,
she won't be making it to your show but she's so glad you called her,
you'll see her in 6 months when she moves to LA.
it turns out she appreciates this slower change of pace.

American boys know what they want,
careless sex as sweet relief and I don't want to see it,
I wanna be more than a jealous lover in search of sweet release,
I want to be more mature be the one to set you free,
I want you to be a virgin, born again after me...
but really.

I want what's best for you,
I want what's best for you.
true romance, true romance.

Kim K

I wake up early and stumble down the stairs,
find the mirror and take off all my clothes.
I am more beautiful now than I ever was before,
I think its time that everyone else knows.

You celebrate me.
Take the photos you want.
Yeah you'll hate me.
say I'm the reason for it all.

Hey now I got you where I want you,
hell now I'm not sorry, baby.

And now they whisper his name in your high school halls.
But he celebrates me and what he sees in me,
yeah that video-tape was never meant to be seen.

Hey now I got you where I want you,
hell now I'm not sorry, baby.

I hope you're right.
I hope you're right.

Bedrooms

The bedrooms are full on Sunday,
of every kind of person wondering why love goes away.
and it's me,
yeah it's you.

Will I change from money.
Oh God, give me the opportunity to see.
Sometimes the simplest thing can make living seem worth the fight,
like a woman keeping her hair long, long after it's grown white.

The bedrooms are full on Sunday,
of stars lip-syncing songs but at least they're getting paid.

Oh tenderness, sweet virtue.
Lay beside me undefended I won't hurt you.
Cause I warned you your sharp tongue would only lose me.
It's not that I'm spineless it's just the few things I believe...
that love isn't instinct,
God isn't angry,
and the woman I love shouldn't abuse her power to break me.

The bedrooms are full on Sunday,
no one's getting off,
but at least we're getting laid.

And what's the point to all your little girl dreams,
if the man you love becomes the end to your means.
So count me out for the long run, honey.
I just threw up in my mouth a little,
but hey you needed a little fun.

Will I run from commitment cause love is never as good as when it's just
begun?
Do I forgive my parents for walking cause I love them?
Or because it's my duty as a son?

The bedrooms are full on Sunday,
of every kind of lover wondering what they gave away.
and it's me.
and it's you.
it's me.
yeah, it's you.
it's me.
yeah, it's you.

Barbara Walters

We all have our routine,
yea I could change mine baby.

uh huh. uh huh.

Hours I waste sleeping,
I love you but don't wake me.
uh huh. Asleep.

If I rose what would I be trying to prove?
To you.

God, what would I be trying to prove?
To you.

It's love that's make me whole,
but it's making me tired.
I could carry that cross,
I could carry you too,
but I'm tired.

God what would I be trying to prove?
To you.

Love You Down

It never really mattered too much to me.
Oh that you were too damn old for me.
All that really mattered was you were my boyfriend.
And baby, that's all that mattered to me.

Let me love you down,
even if it takes all night.
let me love you down.
with the moves it could be so right.

Remember when you drove me home from work.
I loved the way you'd kiss me goodbye.
And all of your friends say that I'm too young for you.
But baby I can do the things that girls your age can do.

Let me love you down,
even if it takes all night.
let me love you down.
with the moves it could be so right.

Speak Politely

Thank god almighty the world gave me a friend,
Feels like I'm coming of age all over again.

Tonight you'll go home and pleasure yourself to the thought of me,
Presumptuous I know but its not a question of modesty,
And certainly not for the lack of me.
I've made myself available and ready,
To do the hard work that it can be,
The hard work to make a woman happy.

all the secrets of universe,
come down to there's really nothing wrong with me.
And the mystery of how a woman works,
is just beyond me.

I can't afford you to stay,
I can't afford you to go away.

Tonight I'll go home and I'll pleasure myself to the thought of you,
You'll go home and fall right asleep.
Before I would have told you,
hell I could always speak my mind.
Now when I see you, I speak politely.

I asked you not to take it personally,
you said "hey I don't"
It'll be easier not to love you,
so I won't.

I can't afford you to stay,
I can't afford you to go away.

Strangers pat ya on the back and say,
"hey man you're gonna be a star!"
But with no cheerleader in your corner you're really just another dude in a
big city, with a fuckin guitar.

How many singers with a dream are just perverts with agendas?
Oh no, not me.
That's why I appreciated you seeing me the way I wanted to be seen.
it's ok that you're happy now, happier without me

I can't afford you to stay
I can't afford you to go away.

Windows

My mother calls to tell me there was an earthquake yesterday.
I tell her that the ground here always seem to shake.
and perdition lies just beneath the cracks in the pavement,
But not too worry mom all is ok, all is well in LA.
And of both I have my doubts,
new love is singing proud,
and while my ego is churning, neither make a sound,
because my windows are up.
Because my windows are up and my music is playing loud.

where will I be when there lives no fear inside of me?
On the moon, sailing from the truth,
one step closer to the high and mighty.
And it's true I stayed with you all damn night.
Shouting about the past,
spitting words and wine.
From the highway LA is screaming at us now,
but your windows are up and your music is playing loud.

and bullshit bullshit you only live once,
and bullshit bullshit I should do it while I'm young.
and entitlement is spinning its way to the surface,

I know they are your friends but they only make me nervous,
but all their bullshit fails to make a sound,
cause my windows are up and my music is playing loud.

'Thousand Lovers'

I dreamt that I made love to a thousand ex's.
I dreamt she had your name.
Oh I awoke screaming the name of another.
not one step closer to knowing who to blame.

I dreamt that I made love to a thousand men.
For a moment in light my sexuality.
Oh I awoke in a panic wondering what it could mean?
Would my thousand mothers understand.
Would my thousand fathers still love me.

Just tell me it'll be worth the wait.
Worth the wait.

I dreamt that I was an empty nester,
Docking my boat in the harbor of south Florida.
Chumming it up with a thousand other empty nesters,
aimless in the offshore,
with no charter.

Happy as a clam and rich as can be, sort of.
Discussing our children's college careers.
And planning out the second half of my life.
Drinking a shit ton.
And getting to know my wife.

Now tell me it was worth the wait.
worth the wait.

I dreamt that I was successful a thousand times over.
I dreamt that once I never even tried.
Oh I awoke feeling as though I had seen the other side,
not one step closer
to knowing if I'll ever be satisfied.

Tell me it'll be worth the wait.

Worth the wait.