

She looks good in your clothes
Climbing up the staircase
Back to bed you go again
Even when her eyes are closed
Can't keep from staring
Oh, the trouble you got in

She's a memory
She's an apparition,
Fogging up my vision
But I don't pay no mind

She's sweeter than sugar
Till the sun goes down
Don't allow her to sour
Just spit her out
Believe me, she will leave a bad taste in your mouth
Can't drink enough to wash her down

Wonder if she knows
That I know where she goes
When she says she's with her friends
Yeah, everything grows old
Can't try to stop it
All comes to a bitter end
But I don't pay no mind

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Till the sun goes down
Don't allow her to sour
Just spit her out
Believe me, she'll leave a bad taste in your mouth
Can't drink enough to wash her down
Wash her down

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