

Cole Paula

"Throwing Stones"

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So call me a bitch in heat and I'll call you a liar,
And we'll throw stones until we're dead.

There you go again, you cut me off from talking
You bask in the glory, the center of the circle.
All our friends think you are a comedian --
so kind and generous, but I am suffering
Away from here, I want to be away from here,
Away from every little thing. I used to love
your every little thing.

Now you call me a bitch in heat and I'll call you a liar,
And we'll throw stones until we're dead.

You're the puppeteer and I'm the puppet,
You manipulate me with guilt-ridden Catholic Chit.
Everytime I try to talk it through you turn it around
And make us out to be David and Goliath.
Away from here, I want to be away from here,
Away from every little thing. I used to love
Your every little thing.

Your arms beneath me, your light inside me
I used to love your every little thing.
Your eyes blue stars, your hand in my purse,
Now I hate your every little thing.

Oh mama I didn't know life was this hard.
Oh mama my innocence has been tarred
My inner vision dulled and darkened
I gave myself away to you,
I felt my sorrow humble me and throw my crown
upon the ground
It was you I hoped for and
us I prayed for and
me that I believed was wrong
But now my anger is my best friend and careful,
I may bite your head off.

So call me a bitch in heat and I'll call you a liar
And we'll throw stones until we're dead.

So call me a bitch in heat and I'll call you motherfucker
And we'll throw stones until we're dead.

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