

88 Miles Per Hour

"The Color Of Your Lies"

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"i'll try this, i'll try this, but just for fun"
Your past has stolen what your tongue wanted to say
and it stole your hands
And burned them on it's firey demands

And you want to know why things happen to you?
Do you really want to know as well as i do?
Cuz i swear you promised more than this to me,
Although, i should know by the blood on my face and
the skin on your fist

"this kiss, last kiss, and then it's done"

Tell me what good did ever come from this?
Tried this, but just for fun
Is that what made you load the gun?

Sorry that i never knew you well
Well enough to know, well enough to doubt your eyes
The color of your eyes
I never looked cuz i didn't want to realize what i had
gotten myself into
What i had put myself through for something i never
saw

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