

Aska**"Bite Your Lip And Fake It"**Visit "[Bite Your Lip And Fake It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Don't go blowing me a kiss,
'Cause you'll see it break down in all it's elegance,
Like a model wearing the wrong make-up for her own
fashion parade.

Take the broken heart and stitch it up with some tears,
Blush it up, dress it up and put it on ice, it keeps us
cold,
Frozen your lips turn lullabies numb,
You're laughing melodies in time with heartbreak and
rhyme.

Don't go blowing me a kiss,
'Cause you'll see it break down in all it's elegance,
Like a model wearing the wrong make-up for her own
fashion parade.

Biting your lip and I know,
You are faking it, you are hating it.

Writing another lipstick letter.
Painting our script.
You're the artist.
Red for the love, white for the lies, black the clichés, I'll
see it in your eyes.
Brush in some red, sketch in some blue, picture
perfect, me and you
Don't forget the title, "Inventing Tragedy in Black and
White".

Don't go blowing me a kiss,
'Cause you'll see it break down in all it's elegance,
Like a model wearing the wrong make-up for her own
fashion parade.

Singing my tragedy.
Painting my tragedy,
At the bottom of your letters.
All of my love
All of my hate
All of my love

Love (4x)

There's no melody that fits with drop-dead gorgeous,
Your name doesn't fit with the chorus or a line from her
song,

But she's singing your tragedy, and her lipstick stains,
me and you.

Love (4x)

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