

## **The Birthday Massacre "Play Dead"**

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And boys are so cold  
They speak without meaning  
The only time they talk is in their sleep

And girls are a bore  
Their touch without feeling  
Their secret's always far too grim to keep

And up until now  
You've lived in their shadows  
Trying hard to please them

But they'll never change  
As long as they're breathing

Thinking hurts and thoughts don't rhyme  
To those of us who've never tried  
To find a face behind our lipstick smiles

And as our pretty faces die  
Our broken hearts will wonder why  
The make-up just won't hide the scars of time

And boys are so cruel  
So don't let them find you tonight  
And girls are so vain  
So put them behind you tonight

I'll cast you a spell  
A magic where everyone plays dead forever  
And after tonight they'll never remind you

Thinking hurts and thoughts don't rhyme  
To those of us who've never tried  
To find a face behind our lipstick smiles

And as our pretty faces die  
Our broken hearts will wonder why  
The make-up just won't hide the scars of time

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