

BomFunk MC's**"Fiddle"**

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Step into the spotlight
Of this traveling show
Went across the room
Those big blue eyes look in my soul
I was singing fetal love
How was I to know
That boy would change my plans

Louisiana soldiers seem to have it all
As that old red curtain fell
I began to fall
I was packing up my case
He was waiting down the hall
When the real show began

Cause to win my hard strings
And promised me the moon
Played me hard
Until I cried out of tone
Took my song
And he let me worn out in riddle
Played me like a fiddle

Well I should have gone
And taken his boat and his backside
When he went and told me one thing
And then turned around and lied
Well I lost all my dignity
But I sure kept my pride
And he was sure good for song

Cause to win my hard strings
And promised me the moon
Played me hard
Until I cried out of tone
Took my song
And he let me worn out in riddle
Played me like a
Hey

Now ladies you beware

Of those in assuming eyes
He might look so innocent
But it's just a disguise
He's just overcompensating
For a total pack of lies
In his little tiny heart...

Cause to win my hard strings
And promised me the moon
Played me hard
Until I cried out of tone
Took my song
And he let me pissed of in riddle
Played me like a fiddle

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