

## **Lisa Miskovsky**

# **"How To Stop"**

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What was it for?  
All these things I carried inside for so long  
Is this my score, did you let me win, why let me begin?  
You're ignorant, selfish. vulgar...  
Still so beautiful

I went down on my knees  
With my hands down, my head down  
Wasn't it through blood that you coloured my face  
When I fell outta grace, or was it true love, I died for  
Sixteen times you showed me how to stop

What was it like?  
Did you open your mouth, while you let him in?  
How was your night, did it pleasure the way that it used  
to do?  
You made me throw up  
'Cause I couldn't sleep myself away  
Couldn't see the ground  
With my hands down and my head down

Wasn't it through blood that you coloured my face  
When I fell outta grace, or was it true love, I died for  
Sixteen times you showed me how to stop

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