

St. Vincent "The Strangers"

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Lover, I don't play to win
But for the thrill until I'm spent
Paint the black hole blacker
Paint the black hole blacker

I threw flowers in your face
On my sister's wedding day
Paint the black hole blacker
Paint the black hole blacker

You show up with a black eye
Looking to go start a fight
Paint the black hole blacker
Paint the black hole blacker

Playboys under the mattress
Like I wouldn't notice
Paint the black hole blacker
Paint the black hole blacker

What do I share
What do I keep
From all the strangers who sleep where I sleep

Desperate don't look good on you
Neither does your virtue
Paint the black hole blacker
Paint the black hole blacker

Good souls have born better sons
Better souls born worse ones
Paint the black hole blacker
Paint the black hole blacker

What do I share
What do I keep
From all the strangers who sleep where I sleep

You show up with a black eye
Looking to finish a fight

But lover I don't play to win

But for the thrill until I'm spent
Paint the black hole blacker
Paint the black hole blacker

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