

The Canon Logic

"Mona Lisa"

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(T. Kiely)

Lights go down on the Mystery Machine
Last train's running on it's broken dreams
Sit your eyes, and resist your mind
I'm warning you I'm not too hard to find

And I don't know what's going in your head
Watch you strip down and you're in my bed
I can see why you're so upset
But I don't know why I can't enjoy you

Oh, My Darling Baby, Bring it down to me
Oh, My Darling Baby, Bring it down to me, my baby

Cause you know that I'm controlling you
Throw you in the microwave, baby
You know that I'm in charge of you
So do what I'm telling you, baby:
Just get away from me!

You cry for help and you look to me
I'm sorry darling...I can't be who you want me to be
My Mona Lisa, woman, My Mona Lisa

So what do you want me to do
Cause I can't be the one for you
You die a lie that will treat you fine
I will cry for the better time and you

Oh, My Darling Baby, Bring it down to me
Oh, My Darling Baby, Bring it down to me, my baby

I've been tired, and I'm alone
And I'm trying to stay that way, baby
You best stop searching for my soul
Cause it's been vacationing lately
You want to see what's inside of me
Well, there's nothing happening, baby
I give my best advice to you:
Just give up!

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