

The Venetia Fair

"Go On, Paint Me A Picture"

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Stop! Leave this up to me...
Before you sweat out the truth and your shirt wreaks of
infidelity.
You were gone long enough to miss the scabs
But you watched as the scars formed and you stayed
as they faded away.
And you promised me, honestly,
Things would be different this time.
So I'm singin' again baby,

Won't you lie to me tonight on the ride home.
Can't you just tell me all the things I want to hear.
I keep on tryin', tryin', trrryyiin'
Not to ask every question in my sickened head
But it's hard oohh darlin' just take me home,
Use me up and let me drive myself home.

If this wasn't a game before well we're playin' one now.
And I'm losing it, but what did you expect
When you said that you broke all the rules?
Tell me how did it feel?
Go on, paint me a picture, this is suicide by curiosity.
You fucking whore!

Won't you lie to me tonight on the ride home.
Can't you just tell me all the things I want to hear.
I keep on tryin', tryin', trrryyiin'
Not to ask every question in my sickened head
But it's hard oohh darlin' just take me home,
Use me up and let me drive myself home. (let me drive
myself home)

I felt it tie itself in knots
It couldn't stand the answer

So what does that mean, I mean, did you...

She didn't say a word
Your silence slits my throat but I can't bleed.
See? Look me in my eyes! Please!

Eh, nevermind...

Won't you lie to me tonight on the ride home.
Can't you just tell me all the things I want to hear.
I keep on tryin', tryin', trrryyiin'
Not to ask every question in my sickened head
But it's hard oohh darlin' just take me home,
Use me up and let me drive myself home. (let me drive
myself home)

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