

## **Tory Cottingham "Blister"**

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Take the chance to realise that you are not a queen.  
Maybe they just keep smiling on a chance that you'll be alright.  
Maybe I'm not the type to be able to look inside your head.  
After a while their masks can really start to mess with your mind.

(Chorus)

I don't know what to care about, Don't know what to break my back about.  
My God, I don't know what you're thinking.  
Sweetie, you're just a blister that's hiding inside our heads.  
By God, oh, you're not gonna get to me.

Like a candle burning, shine, sado-masochistic charm.  
Oh, your eyes so potent, they really blow me away,  
But now you're just a fusion, a fusion of love and of hate,  
And, my God, I can't feel what you're feeling.

(Chorus 2x)

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