

Fusebox Poet

"Clean"

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Come clean tell me everything cause' your smile tells
the story and your eyes paint the scenes
So come on baby let me in and tell me what this really
is about
Now I'm havin' my doubts cause' I just can't figure you
out

I know I should have listened to warnings in cold
December
You said your love would fade away
In my mind a perfect picture, two lovers in the cold of
winter
But I'll be damned if it turned out that way

Come clean tell me everything cause' your smile tells
the story and your eyes paint the scenes
So come on baby let me in and tell me what this really
is about
Now I'm havin' my doubts cause' I just can't figure you
out

I need an angel to save me and now she's flyin' away
I wish she would help me find my way
She's like a loaded gun with no safety and now she's
pointed my way
But I still can't turn and run away (she's waiving it in my
face)

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the story and your eyes paint the scenes
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