

Red House Painters

"Mistress"

Visit "[Mistress](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The light color in the room
The sunshine seeping in
Doesn't mix with the black of
Death's angel looming in

I've had enough of the
Brutal beatings and name callings
To lose me to this bed
Bruised internally, eternally

Your praise little gifts you spent your money
And stuffed me with
Didn't amount to anything
The attention I need is much more serious

A kind of weight you couldn't lift
Even if your cheap career depended on it
I need someone much more mysterious
To be my, to be my miss
To be my mistress

To be my, to be my miss
To be my mistress
To be my, to be my miss
To be my mistress
To be my, to be my miss
To be my mistress

Visit [Red House Painters](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.