

Amelia Curran

"Mistress"

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Hello, it's me the mistress, is there anybody home?
'Cause, the last place I should be is, sittin' here all
alone
All I ask for is forgiveness, if you've got some, give it
here
You don't act much like you need it, you don't look
much like you care

And will you need me in the summer, will you need me
in the spring
I believe my life is ending, I don't know where to begin
I've got a page in my back pocket, of the seven deadly
sins
And it's draggin' me around, among the needles and
the pins

And I don't need to take a breather, I'm on the outside
lookin' out
Yeah I don't need to see your papers, 'cause I know
what you're about
You had me by the Bible, and you had me by the belt
And you had me from the instant my cold love began to
melt

And then you praise me for my inspiration, asked me
for an explanation
Followed up with hesitation, fit my primal expectation
I don't care but I don't mind, you can call me anytime
You can holler through the fortress, kick me out on line

I don't expect it from the grief that gathers in my head
I like suspended disbelief, I like to spend the day in
bed
I like to spend the nights in Heaven, hangin' with the
dead
With Judas and his women, and the voices in my head

I've got my eyes upon the mirror, got my hands up in
the air
I confess to my distress, yeah I get crazier each year
And I'd change it if I could, you know that I like to say
that I would

But there's a war between the parts of me, the evil and
the good

And you try and stop me I'm on fire, although it doesn't
look that way

You know I used to be a liar and the livin' set me
straight

But I don't come with no disclaimer, I'm like everybody
else

We keep our demons on the burner and our morals on
the shelf

And nobody asks for my opinion just because you don't
want to hear it

I swear I'm only human wishing I could disappear

You must think it's an illusion, that I like to live in fear
Of a probable solution, why the Devil put me here

And now no judgment court will kill me, just makes me
close my eyes

And I sink into the slumber, to the prison of my mind
Where I'd love to introduce you if you found a way
inside

You could sell me retribution, and totally demystify 'em

'Til I wonder how I got here, until I don't know who to be
Is it better to be grounded, is it better to be free

Am I better off without you, am I happier alone

Hello it's me the mistress, could you please pick up the
phone

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