

Birthday Massacre, The

"Play Dead"

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And boys are so cold
They speak without meaning
The only time they talk is in their sleep
And girls are a bore
Their touch without feeling
Their secrets always far too grim to keep
And up until now
You've lived in their shadows trying hard to please
them
But they'll never see
And they'll never hear you...tonight

Thinking hurts and thoughts don't rhyme
To those of us who've never tried
To find a face behind our lipstick smiles
And as our pretty faces die
Our plastic hearts will wonder why
The make-up just won't hide the scars of time

And boys are so cruel
So don't let them find you...tonight
And girls are so vain
So put them behind you...tonight
I'll cast you a spell
A magic where everyone plays dead forever
And you'll never smile
There's nothing inside you...tonight

Thinking hurts and thoughts don't rhyme
To those of us who've never tried
To find a face behind our lipstick smiles
And as our pretty faces die
Our plastic hearts will wonder why
The make-up just won't hide the scars of time

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