

# Bijou Phillips, Polite

And even my head, playing it's part  
It's not time  
We can't get away with it  
Even my heart, playing it's part  
Holding time  
Just to get away with it  
It don't matter what we think of  
It don't matter what we try  
I'd even lay my life down  
Just to cross that line  
It don't matter what I say to you  
It don't matter if I cry  
The silence of the evening  
Sweet as suicide  
And even my life  
Couldn't suffice  
It's not polite all right  
And if I could lie to you  
I'd deny it every time  
Willingly apt to fall for you  
Beginning to  
It don't matter what we think of it  
It don't matter what we try  
I'd even lay my life down  
Just to cross that line  
Don't matter what I say to you  
It don't matter if I cry  
The silence of the evening the sweetest suicide  
It don't matter what we think of it  
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