

Lorrie Morgan, War Paint

You come in while I'm sitting at the mirror
You wanna say you know that I look nice
I sit in desperate silence and I listen
And with a cutting eye, you know you'd better look twice

'Cos I'm putting on my war paint
I'm on the path again
And before you say it looks great
You'd better look again

Red is for the anger that you put me through
And for all those nights I felt alone, will see a shade of blue
I'll add a dash of yellow for the power that you've been
And the black will be your night ahead
And my shadow in your bed
I'm putting on my war paint

There's nothing you can say to make it better
And there's no apology to change my mind
I guess I could have sent a "Dear John" letter
But it's written on my face, it's war paint time

'Cos I'm putting on my war paint
I'm on the path again
And before you say it looks great
You'd better look again

I'm putting on my war paint
I'm on the path again
I'm putting on my war paint
I'm on the path again
I'm putting on my (War Paint)
Red is for the anger that you put me through