

Pacifier, Deb's Night Out

Don't tell me where you've been
'cause I know just where you've been
The truths you tell are few and far between
Nodding off in front of me does not provoke my sympathy
You better get yourself a new line
'cause that shit just ain't worth selling

And it goes...

Pain, pain, wash away
It hurts so much to watch you play
Dream, dream, stay with me
Tell me another story

Don't think I'm taken in
I don't think it's turning out the way you planned it
I'm not yours to plan with
And I pray for the rain, maybe
And I pray for the rain -
To wash you far away