

Paris Paloma, my mind (now)

What did I do wrong
Will you tell me
What I did wrong
What did I
What did I do wrong
Will you tell me
What I did wrong
What did I

Was it a first offence?
How long had you been harbouring that venom
You could have used your words then
You wanted them to hurt and so I let 'em

Never would I beseech you
As some sadistic vengeance exercise
To endure what you put me through
I don't think you would pull out on the other side

I know you had a temper but I
Guess I thought I was immune
Felt is as you severed my mind
Tore it all of the way through

And I was strawberry picking
You were gathering ammunition to use
And the shrapnel digs in
My mind has not been silent since you

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