

Red House Painters, Mistress (Piano Version)

The light color in this room
the sunshine seeping in
Doesn't mix with the black of
Death's Angel looming in

I've had enough of these
brutal beatings and name callings
To lose me to despair
bruised internally, eternally

Your praise little gifts
you spent your money, and stuffed me with
Didn't amount to anything
the attention I need is much more serious
A kind of weight you couldn't lift,
even if your cheap career depended on it

I need someone much more mysterious
to be my, to be my muse, to be my mistress
to be my, to be my muse, to be my mistress
to be my, to be my muse, to be my mistress
to be my, to be my muse, to be my mistress