

Tabitha's Secret, Unkind

Bring it on baby what you're getting into
Is living on pain the thing that's getting to you?
Write my name, paint it up my picture
Says the only thing I'm not around, to be around
Beaten and battered
What if my dreams get shattered?
Then pain gives me the right, to be unkind

Bring it on baby, what's with sudden devotion?
I'd trade a river of tears for just a little emotion
You can curse my name, paint it up my picture
This is the last time that I'll be around, to be around
Oh, well, I'm torn and tattered
Saw the thoughts in my head being scattered, oh well
Pain gives me the right to be unkind, girl

And it sets me
Right back to the heart of it
Jones Crazy is a slight defense from it
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own
When I'm alone, all day

So bring it on baby, what you getting into
Well, I swear once it was the little things that mattered
But it all seems true to you
Say the hell with my name and say the hell with my picture
Yeah, but swear, the one time you need me around, to be around
I'm around right now where, here
I'm standing like it matters
Only once got screwed and then gets scattered by the rain
And pain gives me the right to be unkind, girl

And it sets me
Right back to the heart of it
Jones Crazy is a slight defense from it
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own

Right back to the heart of it
Jones Crazy is a slight defense from it
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own
When I'm alone

Right back to the heart of it
Jones Crazy yeah, Jones Crazy yeah
Jones Crazy is a place I call my own
When I'm alone, when I'm alone, when I'm alone