

Teena Marie, Alibi

Photographic memories
Scanners of our love affair
Like we were the L.A. Times
The headlines read "Beware";

I don't deal in hearsay
Calculation ain't my game
But today I see you
And I hang my head in shame

Lipstick on your collar, and the color isn't mine
White lines on the dresser, and you even drank my wine

Babe your face is flushed
It's more than just a hunch
Tell me what's this fear
Maybe she's still here

Baby you're an alibi
You cross your heart and hope to die
Promising to tell no lies
Baby you're an alibi

Looking out the window
I can hear the engine roar
Cobalt Blue Pantera
Dashes through the garage door

Now you cry injustice and synthetic violins
Every night outside my door
A candle in the wind

Lipstick on your collar, and the color isn't mine
White lines on the dresser, and you even drank my wine

Babe your face is flushed
It's more than just a hunch
Tell me what's this fear
Maybe the picture's clear

Baby you're an alibi
You cross your heart and hope to die
Promising to tell no lies
Baby you're an alibi

Babe your face is flushed
It's more than just a hunch
Tell me what's this fear
Maybe the picture's clear

I flash back to another time zone
When you were late most most every night
I was a prisoner by my own device
And what about your distant cousin?
You know the one that lives in France
No introduction, only a Harlequin Romance

Ooo alibis
Love, lines, angles and rhymes
Alibis
You crossed your heart and hoped to die