

Whitehouse, Told

I don't believe you
Not for a second
But I want to
I want to hear what you have to say
I really want to believe
But you're a bad liar
Arch your back
Tell me why you return
What do you think I wanna see?
What kind of pig are you?
Arch that back
What kind of pig would do that?
Come on, whore, con me
Come on, con me
Make me believe you
Show some decorum
Bend over

What were you thinking?
When you let him come in your mouth?
When you bled onto his cock?
When you begged him to stop?

Tell me again
About your sister
The pain
And about your therapy
And the prozac
And the stitches
And the photos
And your interview
And the phantom pain
Tell me again, dear
Tell me again
I like the stories
Tell me
I can trust you
Tell me
I promise I'll listen
Tell me while you dance