

Jill Tracy, Pulling Your Insides Out

Baby, watch my blood boil
To an opalescent blue
Better draw the curtain,
They're trying to catch
A glimpse of you
Slowly watch the fruit die,
Still clinging to the vine
Redemption from a bottle
That stays empty all the time

But, my dear, it's worth the pain
When they're pulling your insides out

Baby, know your nemesis
He's posing as your best friend
Don't believe the newspapers,
They're telling lies again
The cold hand of the healers
Slices your soul in two
They roll out the red carpet
Just to pull it out
From under you

But, my dear, it's worth the pain
When they're pulling your insides out
Pulling your insides out

Baby, mind the vultures,
They're circling 'round above
Feeding from the idols,
They think they can
Draw blood from a stone
The more the diamond glitters,
The more it can deceive
The truth lay in the treasure
Of what we disbelieve

But, my dear, it's worth the pain
When they're pulling your insides out
Pulling your insides out
Pulling your insides out