

Lisa Miskovsky, How To Stop

What was it for?

All these things I carried inside for so long

Is this my score, did you let me win, why let me begin?

You're ignorant, selfish. vulgar..

Still so beautiful

I went down on my knees

With my hands down, my head down

Wasn't it through blood that you coloured my face

When I fell outta grace, or was it true love, I died for

Sixteen times you showed me how to stop

What was it like?

Did you open your mouth, while you let him in?

How was your night, did it pleasure the way that it used to do?

You made me throw up

'Cause I couldn't sleep myself away

Couldn't see the ground

With my hands down and my head down

Wasn't it through blood that you coloured my face

When I fell outta grace, or was it true love, I died for

Sixteen times you showed me how to stop