

Marianne Faithfull, Lies

How come you don't realise the shape you're in
Sweatin' over lies to justify the naked sin within
A spineless irritation from some time before
When more than life was cursin' through my veins.

You made me and you slayed me and you tortured me
Laughing as you lay upon our bed of bloody love and left me.
Think about me, drink about me, I don't care,
'cause now I realise the shape I'm in.

If I was alive, I'd open up the gates for you,
If I'd only cried aloud, I'd still be here.
In my other life, I'm making plans for you, my dear,
So come on babe, your time is drawing near.

Across the street they're eating now and holding hands,
An image of a priest with bibles lain across his hands for me.
Don't think about me, drink about me, I don't care,
'cause now I realise the shape I'm in.

If I was alive, I'd open up the gates for you,
If I'd only cried aloud, I'd still be here.
In my other life, I'm making plans for you, my dear,
So come on babe, your time is drawing near.

In the house, my mother's house, the clocks have all stood still,
An empty picture frame upon a dirty window sill .
In the yard, my father's yard, a tombstone breaks in two,
Shattered by a lying snake like you.