

# Odd Project, Empty Moans And Sentiments

Her cold blue eyes reflect  
Like static on a broken television  
Except without the hiss  
Her blood red lips are cracked  
Like the desert floor  
And she never gave me a chance to see her true colors  
And now its too late  
Her love is priceless but her body's cheap  
Baby nothings free  
Yeah  
Yeah

And through her open mouth  
Screeches the sound of a dial-tone  
That no one can hear  
So the phone stays off the hook  
And her glazed stare begins to slowly flicker out  
Like another broken down street light  
In a run down neighborhood  
The dim light shines  
Just bright enough to show a little more  
Than the silhouette of a scantily clad whore  
Pounds of make up and smeared mascara  
Taint a once picture perfect beauty queen face  
She has the marks of a track star  
But she never ran a race