

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