

Paula Cole, Throwing Stones

so call me a bitch in heat and
i call you a liar
and we'll throw stones until we're dead

there you go again you cut me off from talkin'
you bask in the glory
the center of the circle
all the friends think you're a fuckin' comedian
so kind and generous
but i am suffering

away from here
i wanna be
away from here
away from here
away from every little thing I have
every little thing
i used to love your every little every little thing

now you call me a bitch in heat and
i call you a liar
and we'll throw stones until we're dead

you're the puppeteer and i'm the puppet
you manipulate me with your real catholic shit
everytime i try to talk it through
you turn it around and make us out like david and goliath

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now you call me a bitch in heat and
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your arms beneath me
you're lying inside me
i used to love your every little every little thing
your eyes grews stars
your hand in my purse
and now i hate your every little everything

oh mama
i didn't know life was this hard
oh mama
my innocence has been tarred

my inner vision, dulled and darkened
i give myself away to you
i felt my sorrow humble me
and throw my crown upon the ground

it's you i hope for
and us i pray for
and me that i believed that was wrong
and now my anger is my best friend
be careful i may bite your head off

liar

so call me a bitch in heat and
i'll call you a liar
and we'll throw stones until we're dead

so call me a bitch in heat and
i'll call you a mother fucker
and we'll throw stones until we're dead