

Pedro The Lion, A Mind Of Her Own

Dear unlock the door
You're acting like a child
When you've said it yourself
We are at war
How dare you turn on me now
Right when I need you most
I wish I could have seen their faces when they heard the news
Now that's the sort of smack that leaves a bruise

The victory is ours at last
I beat them at their own dirty game
They pervert the words of godly men
For their own selfish gain
I took their wrong and I took their lies
and I made them right, I made them right

Oh, look who it is
It's my subordinate wife
and she thinks she's going to squeal
Hey where do you think you're going?
Don't you walk away from me
You put down that telephone
You're not calling anyone
You put down that telephone
You're not calling anyone
You put down that telephone
You're not calling anyone
you're not calling anyone...