

Sinead O' Connor, The Value Of Ignorance

You smile
And there's blood on your lips
Your hands show again
What your mouth has kissed
Now I know something
I did not know before
The thing that you've destroyed
Is the thing you liked me for
All those nights with my arse in your face
And your words in my dreams
Now I know what the value of ignorance means
The pain
In the sordidness
All the more choices
I thought you'd be the best
At least I know something
About what's good and what hurts
And i'm glad that i loath it
You would have fucked me up worse
All those nights with my arse in your face
And your words in my dreams
Now I know what the value of ignorance means
All those nights with my arse in your face
And your words in my dreams
Now I know what the value of ignorance means
Don't you ever lie to me again
Because if you do
I will not be you friend
Oooooh oh
Oooooh oh
Oooooh oh