

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 a 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 your friend