

The Birthday Massacre, Play Dead

And boys are so cold
They speak without meaning
The only time they talk is in their sleep
And girls are a bore
Their touch without feeling
Their secrets always far too grim to keep
And up until now
You've lived in their shadows trying hard to please them
But they'll never change
As long as there breathing

Thinking hurts and thoughts don't rhyme
To those of us who've never tried
To find a face behind our lipstick smiles
And as our pretty faces die
Our broken hearts will wonder why
The make-up just won't hide the scars of time

And boys are so cruel
So don't let them find you tonight
And girls are so vain
So put them behind you tonight
I'll cast you a spell
A magic where everyone plays dead forever
And after tonight they'll never remind you

Thinking hurts And thoughts don't rhyme
To those of us who've never tried
To find a face behind our lipstick smiles
And as our pretty faces die
Our broken hearts will wonder why
The make-up just won't hide the scars of time