

# 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

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