

The Mission, Whore

Just look at me, I've got nothing to sell
But I always sold it easy to you
You can keep all your virtues, your stony faced judgements
They're bigger pills to swallow than the truth
I've got everything to gain, I've got nothing to lose
I'll sell myself to you anytime, where I chose
Hands are getting dirty as the cries call out for more
Cross my palm with silver and I'll be, I'll be your whore
I'll be your whore, your whore

Sore eyes and chains, that killing time
There's a killing just begging to be made
You can have your pound of flesh, it's yours for a price and
Only God's getting bone left to trade
And I know how it feels to be alone in a crowd
Driven by the voices that scream out loud
And if love is a beauty spot then I'm an open sore
Get your money down and I'll be, I'll be your whore
I'll be your whore
I'll be your whore
I'll be your whore

Before you accuse, I already stand convicted
All these scars of mine, are all self inflicted
If love is an ocean then I'm washed upon the shore
Search us once again, search us once more
Just one more time, I'll be your whore

Got everything to gain and I've got nothing to lose
I'll sell myself to you any damn way I chose
Hands are getting dirty as the cries call out for more
Cross my palm with silver and I'll be, I'll be your whore
I'll be your whore
I'll be your whore
I'll be your whore
I'll be your whore
Cold metal
Cold metal
Cold metal
Cold metal
Cold metal
Cold metal