

Whipping Boy, Blinded

I might give up everything for you
I might grow up dreaming I was you (I was you)
I could live here dressed in honey's things
I could eat up everything she brings

'Cause it comes clear in pictures of here
You're my fear, you're my fear
It comes clear in pictures of here
You're my fear, you're my fear
Everywhere you go
Everywhere you go
Everywhere you go
You're still not clear

She might hang on every word I say
She might grow up thinking that's the way (that's the way)
Everyday I bring home something new
Everyday I'm trying to please you

'Cause it comes clear in pictures of here
You're my fear, you're my fear
It comes clear in pictures of here
You're my fear, you're my fear
Everywhere you go
Everywhere you go
Everywhere you go
You're still not clear

Body kind to lover who won't last
Pleasing you no questions asked
Barefoot and blind you lead me astray
A weaker man might have given way
Five stories high, five ways to die
Machete, gun, flick-knife, boot and needle passed
From dangerous lovers to each other
No questions ever asked

Too much is real enough for me
Life's not what it used to be

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You're still not clear