

The say these colors don't run  
But they bleed in your face  
like a bully spitting up a bad taste  
after being knocked down a few pegs  
you sigh as hard as a rock  
it cuts your laugh lines absurd  
i'm smiling with irish eyes bloodshot  
christmas colored you don't know what you've got  
i'm falling apart at the seams  
i'm mending this fifth of old age  
minding these six strings  
it don't do me a damn  
that you got a pretty face baby  
it don't seem to you a damned thing

you got soothsayer nay-saying  
red herrings never spoke to us  
we don't believe in fate or metaphor  
they got healing lips but their tongues are poison tipped

maria, the moment is right  
to make them take a step back  
maria on your quietest night  
well make them rue the day they met you

im whistling with conviction like a young man in love  
like a young man with his pride on sale  
baby  
join the club  
well you're just darling  
with your exclaimed travesties  
its a long road so keep your chin up

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i once held a stone also  
staring at you naked  
daring us to throw  
maria you see the good in everything  
now i know stones and bones fall  
to where they came from

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to make them take a step back  
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well make them rue the day they met you