

See her in your face
Her lips and her lashes
This haunting memory stays
While I'm burning to ashes

Still see her in the streets
That's her I could have swore
Still spots are in the crowds
I'm lost on the dance floor

(Maybe she's born with it)

Maids and Masquerades
This shadow depression
Some fictions never phase
They still fill me passion

Still see her in the streets
That's her I could have swore
Still spots are in the crowds
I'm lost on the dance floor

(Maybe she's born with it)
Maybelline!
Maybe its Maybelline!