

# War Paint

Lorrie Morgan

You come in while I'm sitting at the mirror  
You wanna say you know that I look nice  
I sit in desperate silence and I listen  
And with a cutting eye, you know you'd better look twice

'Cos I'm putting on my war paint  
I'm on the path again  
And before you say it looks great  
You'd better look again

Red is for the anger that you put me through  
And for all those nights I felt alone, will see a shade of blue  
I'll add a dash of yellow for the power that you've been  
And the black will be your nights ahead  
And my shadow in your bed  
I'm putting on my war paint

There's nothing you can say to make it better  
And there's no apology to change my mind  
I guess I could have sent a dear John letter  
But it's written on my face, it's war paint time

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I'm on the path again  
I'm putting on my war paint  
I'm on the path again  
I'm putting on my war paint

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