

Seeming stripped of all the faults that you've assessed
you're possessed
to impress
jilted facades are a losing game at best
your shadowed face
scattered hands
timid shrugs still displaced

Let it spill onto the street
either way we're incomplete (ah)
you know it doesn't hurt to cheat
hurt to cheat
hurt to cheat
hurt to cheat (ah)

broken mirror shards layed out and rearranged
still the same
just reframed
inverse reflection you're expecting to receive
but when you seek
doesn't ring
any bells so to speak

let it spill onto the street
either way we're incomplete (ah)
you know it doesn't hurt to cheat
hurt to cheat
hurt to cheat
hurt to cheat (ah)