

Throwing Stones

Paula Cole

So call me a bitch in heat and
I'll call you a liar
And we'll throw stones until we're dead

There you go again you cut me off from talking
You bask in the glory
The center of the circle
All the friends think you are a comedian
So kind and generous
but I am suffering
Away from here
I wanna be
Away from here
Away from here
Away from every little thing
Every little thing
I used to love your every little, every little thing

Now you call me a bitch in heat and
I call you a liar
And we'll throw stones until we're dead

You're the puppeteer and i'm the puppet
You manipulate me with your real catholic shit
Everytime i try to talk it through
You turn it around and make us out to be
like David and Goliath

Away from here
I wanna be
Away from here
Away from here
Away from every little thing
Every little thing
I used to love your every little every little thing

Now you call me a bitch in heat and
I'll call you a liar
And we'll throw stones until we're dead

Your arms beneath me
Your lying inside me
I used to love your every little every little thing
Your eyes blue stars
Your hand in my purse
And now I hate your every little everything all day

Oh momma
I didn't know life was this hard
Oh momma
My innocence has been tarred

My inner vision, dulled and darkened
I keep myself away to you
I fuck my sorrow humbly
And throw my crown upon the ground

It's you I hope for
And us I pray for
And me that I believed was wrong
But now my anger is my best friend
Be careful may bite your head off

Liar

So call me a bitch in heat and
I'll you a liar
And we'll throw stones until we're dead

So call me a bitch in heat and
I'll you a motherfucker
And we'll throw stones until we're dead