You say you see what's under me
That the gloss has washed away
But you're the one whose colour's gone
From love to dirty grey
Questions come alive in the middle of the day
Over and over again
Watch me start a fire in the middle of your shade
That's why I'm telling you I'm gonna

Kiss you off my lips
I don't need another tube of that dime store lipstick
Well I think I'm gonna buy me a brand new shade of man
Kiss you off my lips
It's standing room only for a piece of my pigment
So excuse me a minute while I supply demand
Kiss you off these lips of mine
Kiss you off for a custom shine
Pissed yours truly off this time
It's why I ain't just kissin' you I'm kissin' you off

Spare this child your sideways smile
That crack in your veneer
Some blue broad will spoil your rod
It just takes patience dear
They rush you for your life
But you'll never beat the game
Older and older you get
Cruch you like gyre
But the gimble's all the same
Oh no I think it's happening

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