

# The Strangers

St. Vincent

Lover, I don't play to win but for the thrill until I'm  
spent  
Paint the black hole blacker, paint the black hole  
blacker  
I threw flowers in your face on my sister's wedding day  
Paint the black hole blacker, paint the black hole  
blacker

You showed up with a black eye looking to go start a  
fight  
Paint the black hole blacker, paint the black hole  
blacker  
Playboys under the mattress like I wouldn't notice  
Paint the black hole blacker, paint the black hole  
blacker

What do I share?  
What do I keep from all the strangers who sleep where I  
sleep?

Desperate don't look good on you neither does your  
virtue  
Paint the black hole blacker, paint the black hole  
blacker  
Good souls have borne better sons, better souls borne  
worse ones  
Paint the black hole blacker, paint the black hole  
blacker

What do I share?  
What do I keep from all the strangers who sleep where I  
sleep?

You show up with a black eye looking to finish a fight  
And lover I don't play to win but for the thrill until  
I'm spent  
Paint the black hole blacker, paint the black hole  
blacker