

A Lady And A Tramp

The Venetia Fair

Harlot, you weave your stolen yarns with bitter, borrowed tongues.

As it knots up, you sit and wonder, "Am I knitting this or am I just tongue-tied?"

She sees the tangled strands and understands she's wrong.

But there's something, something stopping her from shutting her f**king mouth.

You turned an artificial ego into housing for a heart officially condemned,

But who'd blame you?

You're not the first and you're sure not the only one,

But you may have missed it,

And you're not some winsome misfit

Speaking up for all of womankind.

She's satisfied to be a lady and a tramp,

But there's something she just doesn't understand.

Oh, god, the things she says!

She wants to be a lady and a tramp,

But she'd never show the lady to the band.

Harlot, you misinterpret every quip at every turn.

It's impressive, exchanging strength for a thick shield of ignorance,

But you may have missed it,

And you're not some winsome misfit

Speaking up for all of womankind.

She's satisfied to be a lady and a tramp,

But there's something she just doesn't understand.

Oh, god, the things she says!

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She's got her flaws.

She's something else.

I know it's all my fault and I should look the other way,

But you're the trainwreck, baby,

And I'm watching you burn!

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