

Barely Breathin'

Vixen

I keep reading all that graffiti on your back
You brush over it but the paint begins to blister and crack
Well, I can see that she forgot to cross a T, an oversight
Why don't you just tell her to finish what she's started
And get it right
My script has a lighter touch
She leaves an impression
And when you find her a bit too much
I'm not your concession

Well, there are things you can't undo
Although your conscience needs you to
And if there's decency in you
It's barely breathin'

This is not your typical dysfunctional mess
'Cause not once ounce of guilt is coming over you
You won't confess
But your essence reeks of her
She's in my bed
And your speech is well rehearsed
It's not in my head

Well, there are things you can't undo
Although your conscience needs you to
And if there's decency in you
It's barely breathin'