

## 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'