

Blackberries In Porcelain

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Ou, how I know how to lie to myself ...
in a little feeling that I pretend
Ou, how I know how to lie to myself
like the taste of blackberries in porcelain
blackberries in porcelain

Ou, how we know how to lie to ourselves
that sticky trail of everyone
Ou, how we know how to lie to ourselves
'bout the taste of blackberries in porcelain
blackberries in porcelain

I used to draw something black
something blue, something sad ...
What was white now is red
little smile for Mr.Ted
Look at me through the glass
who am I? and what 'bout that mess?
how could it taste that I can't possess?

Ou, how you know how to lie to yourself
in a little feeling you can't pretend
Ou, how you know how to lie to yourself
you've never tasted blackberries
in porcelain ... blackberries in porcelain