

## 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