

Hand me the paper  
I've never felt safer  
There's been a failure  
So hand me the paper  
Confess the things I now know

Left too far from midair  
Stripped bare then I was told to hush  
Perform your fraud and they applauded

I found my ink... ink...

Hand me the paper  
With no eraser  
I point the finger  
I'm just a sinner  
Confessing the things I now know

When I was handed rope  
My hope was in a tug of war  
Perform your fraud and they applauded

I found my ink... ink...

But when you thought you were my painter  
Who knew that I'd become your danger  
I gave him my ink  
Now I'm the headlight  
But when you think I'm behind the trigger  
With nothing to lose  
I gave him my ink  
Now I'm the headlight

I found my ink... ink...

But when you thought you were my painter  
Who knew that I'd become your danger  
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