

The say these colors don't run
But they bleed in your face
like a bully spitting up a bad taste
after being knocked down a few pegs
you sigh as hard as a rock
it cuts your laugh lines absurd
i'm smiling with irish eyes bloodshot
christmas colored you don't know what you've got
i'm falling apart at the seams
i'm mending this fifth of old age
minding these six strings
it don't do me a damn
that you got a pretty face baby
it don't seem to you a damned thing

you got soothsayer nay-saying
red herrings never spoke to us
we don't believe in fate or metaphor
they got healing lips but their tongues are poison tipped

maria, the moment is right
to make them take a step back
maria on your quietest night
well make them rue the day they met you

im whistling with conviction like a young man in love
like a young man with his pride on sale
baby
join the club
well you're just darling
with your exclaimed travesties
its a long road so keep your chin up

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i once held a stone also
staring at you naked
daring us to throw
maria you see the good in everything
now i know stones and bones fall
to where they came from

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to make them take a step back
maria on your quietest night
well make them rue the day they met you