War Paint

Devin Dawson

She ain't crazy like he said she was
There's no mistaking how it's all adding up
Lipstick on his collar, smoke from that revolver
He can try and call her crazy, oh but she ain't crazy
But she's going to make him pay
You can see it on her face

Black mascara, Moulin Rouge
Blood red lipstick, high heeled shoes
It's her turn to do him wrong
That ain't makeup she got on
It's war paint, war paint
Go on girl and make that man feel your pain, your pain

Nah she, she ain't leaving
'Cause that won't hurt enough
Yeah she'll get even if it's the last thing that she does
She'll go undercover, find another lover
Hope that he'll discover what she's done
No she ain't leaving 'cause she's already gone
The battle lines are drawn

Black mascara, Moulin Rouge
Blood red lipstick, high heeled shoes
It's her turn to do him wrong
That ain't makeup she got on
It's war paint, war paint
He's gonna see that two can play that game, that game
That ain't makeup she's got on
It's war paint, yeah

Black mascara, Moulin Rouge
Blood red lipstick, high heeled shoes
Two wrongs ain't right but she don't care
All is fair tonight
She's wearing war paint
Go on girl and make that man feel your pain, your pain
He's gonna see that two can play that game, that game
'Cause that ain't makeup she got on
It's war paint

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