

Betrayal

Fiction Family

I don't remember much about that night
I'm pretty sure it rained the day I died
I think it rained
I think it rained
I'm pretty sure it rained the day I died

You and I were always closet friends
It's women that make enemies of men
A pretty face, a pretty face,
A pretty face would one day do me in

Her eyes were like the winter when she goes
Holding secrets only winter knows
And winter knows, winter knows
Winter's seen the wolves in women's clothes

She came to me in middle afternoon
We held each other close the whole night through
And love was blind, love was blind
I never saw her let you in the room

Someone always wins
And then they write a book
I sing my defense
Fingering a different crook

A gun shot was the only word you said
And all of my defenses came out red
Love was red, love was red
She left with you
You left me lying dead

So I watched her as you put me in the dirt
She had my wallet tucked inside her skirt
And I went numb, I went numb
So I'm not dead if what you did don't hurt