

Burn My Tongue

Jean Dawson

I smile in the mirror in silence
I sharpen my teeth with gold
I burn my tongue with violence
My eyes turn blood to stone

There's a devil on my shoulder, I feel it
Burning my face with hope
There's a monster in the mirror, my spirit
We can't spend too much time alone

I hide from the world, I owe myself
(Who's that, runnin' the hallway, who's that, runnin' in the hallway)
I stand on the edge of my own world
(Who's that, runnin' the hallway, who's that, runnin' in the hallway)

Drag my feet on the pavement
Holster on my head like a baby
I was born innocent with no patience
My pacifier tastes like whiskey

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