

Red Wine Lips

Lisa Mitchell

You see these red wine lips?
I didn't dream up this
Out on suburban curbs
I'm always restless first

But when the truth is told;
We're all dreamers you know
I've always wanted more
than I could ever hold

And I know that it's a fine line
But I know that I've got time

Oh, how could a steeple made of ceiling wax
Ever need fall down?

Remember we had it all
Every belle and ball
But just all ever
I wanted more

And well I sure got that
Yeah I killed that cat
But I hope one fine day
I'll stop looking back

And I know that it's a fine line
Oh I know it's a high wire

Oh, how could a steeple made of innocence
Oh golden arch
Burning heart

Oh, steeple made of ceiling wax
Ever need fall down?

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