Lines

Mindy Gledhill

Lines, fabricated to flatter
Lines, neatly traced and gathered
Like paper thin sewing patterns
Pinned and in their places

Words, blend them into a batter
Words, on a fanciful platter
Served by the maddest of hatters
While we fake our faces

But it doesn't matter now
It doesn't matter now

It's all just poison in disguise
Teacups full of candy-coated
Poison in disguise
Teacups full of candy-coated lines

Shapes, oh society loves their shapes
Cookie cutter lives all half baked
Manufactured and sent through
Quality inspection

Two, or maybe three, or four times the fun
Could be had if we'd only come
To the table to feast with
All our imperfections

But it doesn't matter now
It doesn't matter now

It's all just poison in disguise
Teacups full of candy-coated
Poison in disguise
Teacups full of candy-coated lines

Everybody fill your cups
Pinkies out and bottoms up
Fake a smile and drink it down

Poison in disguise
Teacups full of candy-coated
Poison in disguise
Teacups full of candy coated lines

Poison in disguise
Teacups full of candy-coated
Poison in disguise
Teacups full of candy coated lines

Don't you give me no, don't you give me no
Don't you give me no lines!

Don't you give me no, don't you give me no
Don't you give me no lines!

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