

# Throwing Stones

Paula Cole

So call me a bitch in heat and  
I'll call you a liar  
And we'll throw stones until we're dead

There you go again you cut me off from talking  
You bask in the glory  
The center of the circle  
All the friends think you are a comedian  
So kind and generous  
but I am suffering  
Away from here  
I wanna be  
Away from here  
Away from here  
Away from every little thing  
Every little thing  
I used to love your every little, every little thing

Now you call me a bitch in heat and  
I call you a liar  
And we'll throw stones until we're dead

You're the puppeteer and i'm the puppet  
You manipulate me with your real catholic shit  
Everytime i try to talk it through  
You turn it around and make us out to be  
like David and Goliath

Away from here  
I wanna be  
Away from here  
Away from here  
Away from every little thing  
Every little thing  
I used to love your every little every little thing

Now you call me a bitch in heat and  
I'll call you a liar  
And we'll throw stones until we're dead

Your arms beneath me  
Your lying inside me  
I used to love your every little every little thing  
Your eyes blue stars  
Your hand in my purse  
And now I hate your every little everything all day

Oh momma  
I didn't know life was this hard  
Oh momma  
My innocence has been tarred

My inner vision, dulled and darkened  
I keep myself away to you  
I fuck my sorrow humbly  
And throw my crown upon the ground

It's you I hope for  
And us I pray for  
And me that I believed was wrong  
But now my anger is my best friend  
Be careful may bite your head off

Liar

So call me a bitch in heat and  
I'll you a liar  
And we'll throw stones until we're dead

So call me a bitch in heat and  
I'll you a motherfucker  
And we'll throw stones until we're dead