

Ways

The Cold Stares

Oh she had her ways
Ways like a woman child
Said she'd never stay
Thought of it just drove her wild
Mother wasn't worth a damn
You know her father didn't care
So she painted it upon her face
And combed it through her hair

She's the queen of broken hearts
Wrote the script and played the part
Patron saint of love betrayed
Oh that girl she had her ways

Oh she had her ways
Ways like a wounded child
Day after day
All he did was criticize
He'd say she wasn't worth a damn
Said her friends they didn't care
So she painted it upon her face
And combed it through her hair

She's the queen of broken hearts
Wrote the script and played the part
Patron saint of love betrayed
Oh that girl she had her ways...