

## Blinded

### Whipping Boy

I might give up everything for you  
I might grow up dreaming I was you (I was you)  
I could live here dressed in honey's things  
I could eat up everything she brings

'Cause it comes clear in pictures of here  
You're my fear, you're my fear  
It comes clear in pictures of here  
You're my fear, you're my fear  
Everywhere you go  
Everywhere you go  
Everywhere you go  
You're still not clear

She might hang on every word I say  
She might grow up thinking that's the way (that's the way)  
Everyday I bring home something new  
Everyday I'm trying to please you

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It comes clear in pictures of here  
You're my fear, you're my fear  
Everywhere you go  
Everywhere you go  
Everywhere you go  
You're still not clear

Body kind to lover who won't last  
Pleasing you no questions asked  
Barefoot and blind you lead me astray  
A weaker man might have given way  
Five stories high, five ways to die  
Machete, gun, flick-knife, boot and needle passed  
From dangerous lovers to each other  
No questions ever asked

Too much is real enough for me  
Life's not what it used to be

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You're still not clear