Red Or White Wine?

Drop Dead, Gorgeous

Nothing's the same,
Fading away, fading away.
You've been worn,
You've been worn,
You've been warned for the last time.
Don't it hurt?
Don't it hurt?
Honey, you're playing with matches.
It's not time to go,
It's something in your eyes.
You can't take it slow,
It's something in the wine.
You taste like something's wrong.
"Darling, tell me, is something wrong?"
Turn, turn the wheels of horror,
You'll hang for what you've done.
I've failed to recognize my hand as part of the problem.
I'll watch you fall from this balcony like a chandelier from the sixth story.
The concrete will stain from the blood which you paint.
A poet you've lived,
Now an artist you'll die.
It's not time to go,
It's something in your eyes.
You can't take it slow,
It's something in the wine.
You taste like something's wrong.
"Darling, tell me, is something wrong?"
You can't play with matches.
Turn, turn the wheels of horror,
You'll hang for what you've done.
I've failed to recognize my hand as part of the problem.

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