

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 talkin' You bask in the glory
The center of the circle
All the friends think you're a comedian
So kind and generous And I am suffering
Away from here
I want to 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 So call me a bitch in heat and
I'll 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 it suffer
Like david and goliath Away from here
I want to 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 grew stars
Your hand in my purse
And now I hate your every little everything all day Oh mama
I didn't know life was this hard
Oh mama
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 that was wrong

And now my anger is my best friend Be careful I 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 liar

And we'll throw stones until we're dead

Songwriters

COLE, PAULA Published by

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