

# Twisting My Words

Lori Carson

Well aren't we all grown up  
We were only children  
But who knew it then?  
Lovers before we knew anything more  
For each lesson in tenderness  
Learned on the floor

There was one about twisting my words  
To console you  
One about hiding the black and blue  
And one about leaving the back door open  
For the endlessly running away that I do

The rain took me by surprise  
Though I'd heard a wild storm  
Was coming that night  
I've learned to ignore  
These predictions alright  
Well partly it's stubbornness  
Some of it's spite

But mostly it's twisting my words  
To console you  
Mostly it's hiding the black and blue  
And always it's leaving the back door open  
For the endlessly running away that I do

Now you think you're here to stay  
It's like that joke  
How can you miss me if you won't go away  
Well darling I may still surprise you one day  
For each sincere goodmorning I've managed to say

There's been one about twisting my words  
To console you  
One about hiding the black and blue  
And one about leaving the back door open  
For the endlessly running away that I do  
from you  
For the endlessly running away that I do

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