

# War Paint

[Devin Dawson](#)

She ain't crazy like he said she was  
There's no mistaking how it's all adding up  
Lipstick on his collar, smoke from that revolver  
He can try and call her crazy, oh but she ain't crazy  
But she's going to make him pay  
You can see it on her face Black mascara, Moulin Rouge  
Blood red lipstick, high heeled shoes  
It's her turn to do him wrong  
That ain't makeup she got on  
It's war paint, war paint  
Go on girl and make that man feel your pain, your pain  
Nah she, she ain't leaving  
'Cause that won't hurt enough  
Yeah she'll get even if it's the last thing that she does  
She'll go undercover, find another lover  
Hope that he'll discover what she's done  
No she ain't leaving 'cause she's already gone  
The battle lines are drawn Black mascara, Moulin Rouge  
Blood red lipstick, high heeled shoes  
It's her turn to do him wrong  
That ain't makeup she got on  
It's war paint, war paint  
He's gonna see that two can play that game, that game  
That ain't makeup she's got on  
It's war paint, yeah  
Black mascara, Moulin Rouge  
Blood red lipstick, high heeled shoes  
Two wrongs ain't right but she don't care  
All is fair tonight  
She's wearing war paint  
Go on girl and make that man feel your pain, your pain  
He's gonna see that two can play that game, that game  
'Cause that ain't makeup she got on  
It's war paint

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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