

A Mind Of Her Own

Pedro the Lion

Dear, unlock the door, you're acting like a child
When you've said it to yourself
We are at war, how dare you turn on me now
Right when I need you most I wish, I could have seen their faces
When they heard the news
Now that's the sort of smack
That leaves a bruise The victory is ours at last
I beat them at their own dirty game
They pervert the words of godly men
For their own selfish gain I took their wrong
And I took their lies
And I made them right
I made them right Oh, look who it is, it's my supportive wife
And she thinks she's going to squeal
Hey, where do you think you're going?
Don't you walk away from me You put down that telephone
You're not calling anyone
You put down that telephone
You're not calling anyone You put down that telephone
You're not calling anyone
You're not calling anyone

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