Sweet Emotion (Rarity)

Faith No More

Your shirt is stained when you wear your heart on your sleeve.
So you wash it off and pretend that it was never there.
Your face in the mirror doesn't give a reflection.
So you paint one on, it's the art of imitation.
It tickles you to death, knowing you can play the game so well.
But you can't ignore, don't know who you are, so what.
Your sugar coated, guns are loaded,
Afraid of tasting yourself.
So you keep lying, never trying,
Say your somebody else
The bitterness inside your heart,
It shows through in your eyes,
And you can't win in the end.
You take your big guns, loading them with your fatal charm.
The fact is, you love me, nothing can kill me now.
I've learned the power of deceit, the power of the sweet, is so true.
Now I'm a confection to taste good is all I must do.
Your sugar coated, guns are loaded,
Afraid of tasting yourself.
So you keep lying, never trying,
Say your somebody else
Its too easy to get to where you,
Take it, dig it, every day
And you can't win in the end.
The bitterness inside your heart,
It shows through in your eyes,
And you can't win in the end.
Transcribed by IITI

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

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