

# Throwing Stones (Clean Album Version)

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

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And we'll throw stones until we're dead

Songwriters

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