

# 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

Songwriters

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Other patents pending.

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