

# Paris Paloma, my mind (now)

What did I do wrong  
Will you tell me  
What I did wrong  
What did I  
What did I do wrong  
Will you tell me  
What I did wrong  
What did I

Was it a first offence?  
How long had you been harbouring that venom  
You could have used your words then  
You wanted them to hurt and so I let 'em

Never would I beseech you  
As some sadistic vengeance exercise  
To endure what you put me through  
I don't think you would pull out on the other side

I know you had a temper but I  
Guess I thought I was immune  
Felt is as you severed my mind  
Tore it all of the way through

And I was strawberry picking  
You were gathering ammunition to use  
And the shrapnel digs in  
My mind has not been silent since you

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