

St. Vincent, Your Lips Are Red

Your lips are red
My face is red from reading your red lips
My hands are black
My hands are black inside this downtown taxi cab
This cities red
This cities red from riding us into the ground
This cities black
This cities black from all the ashes in downtown
Ashes in downtown, ashes in downtown

My face is drawn
My face is drawn on with this number 2 pencil
Your face is drawn
Your face is drawn from drawing words right from my lips
Words right from my lips, words right from my lips

Your lips are red
My face is red from reading your red lips
My hands are red
My hands are red from sealing your read lips
Sealing your red lips, sealing your red lips

Your skins so fair
Your skins so fair its not fair
You remind me