

Twisting My Words

Lori Carson

Well, aren't we all grown up
We were only children but who knew it then?
Lovers before we knew anything more
For each lesson in tenderness learned on the floor

There was one about twisting my words to console you
One about hiding the black and blue
And one about leaving the back door open
For the endlessly running away that I do

The rain took me by surprise
Though I'd heard a wild storm was coming that night
I've learned to ignore these predictions alright
Well partly it's stubbornness some of it's spite

But mostly it's twisting my words to console you
Mostly it's hiding the black and blue
And always it's leaving the back door open
For the endlessly running away that I do

Now you think you're here to stay it's like that joke
How can you miss me if you won't go away
Well darling I may still surprise you one day
For each sincere good morning I've managed to say

There's been one about twisting my words to console you
One about hiding the black and blue
And one about leaving the back door open
For the endlessly running away that I do from you
For the endlessly running away that I do