

The Strangers

St. Vincent

Lover, I don't play to win but for the thrill until I'm
spent
Paint the black hole blacker, paint the black hole
blacker
I threw flowers in your face on my sister's wedding day
Paint the black hole blacker, paint the black hole
blacker

You showed up with a black eye looking to go start a
fight
Paint the black hole blacker, paint the black hole
blacker
Playboys under the mattress like I wouldn't notice
Paint the black hole blacker, paint the black hole
blacker

What do I share?
What do I keep from all the strangers who sleep where I
sleep?

Desperate don't look good on you neither does your
virtue
Paint the black hole blacker, paint the black hole
blacker
Good souls have borne better sons, better souls borne
worse ones
Paint the black hole blacker, paint the black hole
blacker

What do I share?
What do I keep from all the strangers who sleep where I
sleep?

You show up with a black eye looking to finish a fight
And lover I don't play to win but for the thrill until
I'm spent
Paint the black hole blacker, paint the black hole
blacker