

Better Beware

Written by Lisa Marie Presley, Daniel Keough and Eric Rosse

Lyrics by Lisa Marie Presley

Dreams of contemplation, a resignation, know what.  
Useless indignation, a segregation, plant your seed.  
Steamless conversation, what is happening to me.  
I'm no longer your erection, or your congregation, I'm your disease.

(Chorus)

You take the sun.  
You have your fun but you better beware.  
You better beware.  
You broke it down.  
With that boring sound you gave to me.  
That I don't want to hear.

You're in some blind elation, a kind of delusion,  
you don't get through to me.  
Deliver your equation and still you won't see a change in me.  
You want my redemption, you want me to believe that it's all me.  
Well, I'm no longer your erection, or your congregation, I'm your disease.

(Chorus)

You take the sun.  
You have your fun but you better beware.  
You better beware.  
You broke it down.  
With that boring sound you gave to me.  
That I don't want to hear.