

Objectify Me

Melissa Mulligan, ©2006 Melissa Mulligan

When you talk to me do you like what you see despite my IQ of 180?

Before you hear me sing do you want to see what I can bring to you?

I won't hold back anything from you.

Objectify me, I want to be your trophy, daddy

Objectify me, I wanna be your mindless plaything too

I'm getting bored as heck with all your damn respect.

When's this friendship gonna end?

Don't be so polite or I'll kiss you out of spite

And I'll make you wish you never doubted my type.

Objectify me, I want to be your trophy, daddy

Objectify me, I wanna be your mindless plaything too

You think you know what I want so you put it down in a letter

You got into my head, why not try to get into something much better?

Objectify me, I want to be your trophy, daddy

Objectify me, I wanna be your mindless plaything too

I want to be your mindless plaything!

Objectify me, I wanna be your mindless plaything too!

Nashville

Melissa Mulligan, ©Melissa Mulligan, 2006

You've got an accent and a license to kill

I've got a bit of your talent and none of your skill

I'll go home without another song about Nashville.

You're the city of legends and the well-picked thrill

Everybody knows Dolly and writes for Faith Hill

The last thing you need is for me to sing to you about Nashville.

Nashville, I'm okay just looking through your door

I'll take my seat outside the round.

I'd like to hear the mandolin and banjo play some more

That could be my kind of sound.

In your city a six-string can't sit still

I've got a bit of your style, but none of your frills

I'm a yankee girl goin' on without a song about Nashville.

You're the town where rock won't but new country will

I've got none of your twang and I don't know the drill

But I might could learn how to write me a song about Nashville.

Nashville, I'm okay just looking through your door

I'll take my seat outside the round

I'd like to hear the mandolin and banjo play some more

That could be my kind of sound

I'd like to hear the Coal Men play and stomp my boots on the floor

But you ain't my kind of town.

You've got an accent and a license to kill

I've got a bit of your talent and none of your skill

I'm goin' home with one more song about Nashville.

Walk Out

Melissa Mulligan/Rob Lipinsky, © Melissa Mulligan, 2006

Walk out again
I didn't catch it the first time
I'll bet you rehearsed your last line
Don't want to waste it my friend
Walk out again

Walk out again
I wasn't payin' attention
What was that last thing you mentioned
Is this how you want it to end
You seem to like it so much
It looks like you've got the touch
Walk out again

Walk out again
I know I'm supposed to be reeling
So play it again with feeling
I promise, I promise my knees are gonna bend
You seem to like it so much
It looks like you've got the touch
You seem to like it, said ooh you seem to like it babe
You seem to like it, said ooh you seem to like it yeah
I know it gives you a thrill
And every man needs a skill

Why don't you walk 'cause I'm watching now
Oh daddy please, please turn around
and walk....
Walk out again

Taste

Melissa Mulligan/Rob Lipinsky, ©Melissa Mulligan, 2006

i don't wanna talk about it
let's give up on the past
you kept us both out of it
and I'm over you at last so

here's a toast to the affair we never had
pour a glass don't let that bottle go to waste
you can drink to memories we never shared
and tell me how does it taste

i think it's really funny
the way you've come back now
you really messed up honey
you wanna change history somehow but

here's a toast to the affair we never had
pour a glass don't let that bottle go to waste
you can drink to memories we never shared
and tell me how does it taste

all your mysteries had such a hold on me
but that's not something you should know
you kept it all in now you want to begin
well you shoulda told me long ago

i don't wanna talk about it now
i've gotten over you by now

here's a toast to the affair we never had
pour a glass don't let that damn bottle go to waste
you can drink to memories we never shared
and tell me how does it
i wanna know how does it
i'm asking you how does it taste

yeah

A Drop of Grace

Melissa Mulligan, © Melissa Mulligan, 2006

You came in from the rain with such a smile on your face
that I looked to the sky, hoping to find a drop of grace.

I am jealous of the ocean and the angels who talk to you;

I don't know what it is that is serving you so well.

It's true we all try our best to meet every stranger eye to eye -

I still like to hide. Your arms open wide and I speed by.

I am jealous of the ocean and the angels who talk to you;

I don't know what it is that is serving you so well.

You wore your bracelets of honesty,

braided ribbons of loyalty,

bought a ring of such clarity... I pawned them all.

You give in to the wind along with the whims of your heart

and I am in awe again - the way you make flying an art.

I am jealous of the ocean and the angels who talk to you;

I don't know what it is...

I am jealous of the ocean and the angels who talk to you;

I don't know what it is that is serving you so well.

LAUGHING

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A LITTLE TANTALIZING
A LITTLE TERRIFYING
I THINK I RECOGNIZE THAT GRIN
WHEN YOUR ADDICTION IS BACK
YOU COVER EVERYTHING BLACK
WITH SOME EMBARRASSING NEW SPIN

I DARE YOU, I DARE YOU
I DARE YOU TO TELL ME
WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?

YOU PRACTICE EACH EVASION
LIKE IT'S A MIND INVASION
LIKE DODGING BULLETS AT YOUR BRAIN
I'M THE ONE WHO'S DOWN NOW
I'M CRAZY, LOSING GROUND
CAUSE I'M NOT SMILING THROUGH THE PAIN

I DARE YOU, I DARE YOU
I DARE YOU TO TELL ME
WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?

C'MON C'MON C'MON C'MON
CAN'T LAUGH IT OFF FOR LONG
GIVE ME SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN
C'MON C'MON C'MON C'MON
CAN'T LAUGH IT OFF FOR LONG
GIVE ME SOMETHING TO HOLD ON TO

I DARE YOU, I DARE YOU
I DARE YOU TO TELL ME
I DARE YOU, I DARE YOU
I DARE YOU TO TELL ME
I DARE YOU TO
WON'T YOU TELL ME
WHY