

# Aimee Mann, Charmer

When you're a charmer  
The apples fall  
And you're quite the little collector  
You got 'em all

When you're a charmer  
People respond  
They can't see the hidden agenda  
You got them along

But when you're weak it's a Holy Grail  
You're two for one; it's a fire sale  
And that's a wall that you cannot scale  
So you're forced to burrow under

When you're a charmer  
The world applauds  
They don't know that secretly charmers  
Feel like they're frauds

When you're a charmer  
You hate yourself  
A victim of such a hypnosis  
Like everyone else

And when your thinking goes black and white  
And you're all hunger and appetite  
This is a battle you cannot fight  
No, you only can surrender  
No, you only can surrender  
No, you only can surrender  
No, you only can surrender