

# Cecil Otter, Demon Girl

I got an angel in one pocket,  
The others full of nickels  
One for every time I pulled a pistol on your innocence  
You've been a victim since you bit your lips under my sheets  
Under my spell and I was under your wing  
Little bird found her bee and she suffered my sting  
No wonder why I sing to any open ears  
With enough food for two cents drenched in regret  
Best friends since we met but these trends that I set  
They came and double crossed me in crisis  
I took your king off his throne but I adopted his vices  
You said "well I never";

Now if I had a nickel for every time I said never  
I'd be rich and have you livin in your picture perfect shoes  
If I had an excuse for everytime I left clues  
That I was distancing myself from you I'd need a rescue  
And if I had a focus for most of these twenty-six years  
Dear, I'd be a hero to myself  
But the truth is...  
I need a rescue.

Now its like,  
I'm too vain and insecure to drive the land and visit her  
I hide away all immature my pictures sure to fade away  
So fade away.