

# Dillinger Four, Fuzzy Pink Handcuffs

She's got a little book  
She thinks it tells the truth  
Easy answers so simple she can't refuse  
It's disengenous, just like the smile on her face  
Somewhere here there's a mind that has been misplaced  
Taking the easy way always get you through the day

He's got a bank account  
He's got a house in the hills  
He burns the midnight oil, he can't get off the pills  
He'd give it all away to get a little more  
He's a bright exterior, an empty core  
Doubt if he'll ever see  
They're burning him in effigy

Losing yourself in the path that you've taken  
You are nothing if not vacant  
Fill yourself up just to end up more hollow  
Fall to your knees for the false that you follow

She's got a catalog  
It's full of hopes and dreams  
It makes her hate herself, it's what she wants to be  
She spends more every day, she wants the fairy tale  
And everytime she tries, and everytime she fails  
She wallows in her shame  
No one but herself to blame