

# Emily Haines, Freak

Traded your bucket and bruises for a bag of bones  
And a wardrobe of excuses  
You live too hard, you look too good  
And you're in my backyard,  
Just like everybody said you would be  
Greased by impostors  
Plastic at the crust,  
Orbiting lighter  
You'd go too far if you could,  
And you're in my backyard,  
just like everybody said you would be

So let's get wired, I feel weak  
Make it look so easy  
Come on, come on freak  
You're a liar, I'm a thief  
And this will get you  
If your baby gets down off, I'm listening

It gets so crowded in an empty place  
Two eyeballs for every face  
Three bodies hanging up a transient's cell  
Six hands in the same hole

It gets so crowded in an empty place  
Two eyes for every face  
Three weary bodies hanging up one's soul  
Six hands in the same hole

Everybody said you would be  
Greased by impostors  
Plastic at the crust  
And I'm orbiting lighter  
You live too hard, you look too good  
And you're in my backyard,  
Just like everybody said you would be

So let's get wired, I feel weak  
Make it look so easy  
Come on, come on  
So let's get wired, I feel weak  
Make it look so easy  
Come on, come on freak  
Let's get wired

In their house we're belching down some very nice words  
Just to keep it brief, we'll get tomorrow as you win

(It's not really gonna' work I don't think.  
Just play it anyway.)

Beautiful boy  
What can I do  
I told you  
I told you  
Beautiful boy  
I know I never do what I want to  
I want to