

Get Scared, Cynical Skin

Talk candy in my ear.
Come on.
Come on.
I want your toxic, talk sick baby.
I know those gospel lips can change me.

Look to the right of me okay?
We got exhibit "A";
She.
She ain't okay today.

And to the left
The left of me,
We got exhibit "B";
Oh she's a mess,
to say the least.
She's got her daddy's
Money Money Money.
Honey I think you should run.
I think you should run.

Look oh Look around, You're lost
but never found, no.
6 feet below the ground,
where you avoid your problems.

Look right in front of me.
We got Exhibit "C";
Anorexic, obsessed with magazines.
And when I look over here,
oh my god that's me in the mirror.
No no no ladies and gentlemen
this is my fear.
My eyes and ears.

Honey I think you should run.
I think you should run.

Look oh Look around, You're lost
but never found, no.
6 feet below the ground,
where you avoid your problems.

Look oh Look around, You're lost
but never found, no.
6 feet below the ground,
where you will never solve them.

(I know you don't wanna' hear this but just listen)

The last contendant.
Bad for us.
Bad for you.
This capillary root.
Could root up
All the little
Puzzle peices
Of what you've been through.

Your hair all up in knots,
don't ever say you're not,
oh just a nothin'
Cause I swear downstairs you're somethin'

Egotistic, cynical.
I'm gettin'
out of control.
Out of control.
Out of control.

Look oh Look around, You're lost
but never found, no.
6 feet below the ground,
where you avoid your problems.

Look oh Look around, You're lost
but never found, no.
6 feet below the ground,
where you will never solve them.

Out of control.
I've got control.