

Marilyn Manson, She's Not My Girlfriend

Her heart is in my hand
It shivers like a toad
She tries to understand the
Tiny lump that's down inside her throat
It goes
Suck suck
Suck suck
Suck suck
Her head is in my lap
It twists and coughs and sings
Her hair is in my grasp
It hangs and swings like swollen strings
It goes
Suck suck
Suck suck
Suck suck
Her face is inside out
An open book report
I read what she's about
And she's filled with words that hurt
It goes
Suck suck
Suck suck
Suck suck
Sometimes I want her in
Sometimes I want her out
My perception of sin
Is filled with pain and fear and doubt
She she she she, she isn't my girlfriend
No no, I'm not who you think I am
She she, she isn't my girlfriend
No no, I'm not who you think I am
Her clothes are on the ground
A crumpled rainbow mass
She's scattered all around
And she's scattered now like broken glass
It goes
Suck suck
Suck suck
Suck suck
Sometimes I want her in
Sometimes I want her out
My perception of sin
Is filled with pain and fear and doubt
She she she she, she isn't my girlfriend
No no, I'm not who you think I am
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