

Rachael Yamagata, These Girls

I am tired
of crying in bathrooms
and lighting drags
when I don't even smoke

Writing to no one
Sleeping with the hours
And sighing
for a thousand things

So tired, ignoring your words
About a new girl

Watching flirtations
Whispered conversations

These Girls, they don't know
How they kill me down
Whenever they hold his hand
And these girls
I'm getting old, just by
Being 'round them
They're breaking the future
I'll never hold again

So blue, I'm scratching at nothing
The tighter you hold him, the stronger he gets
Inside I'm spinning, my lesson
Lipstick & perfume, and fanciful speech
My suitcase is packed by the door
In case he comes crawling, like he did before

Baby come get me, don't you look over there

And these girls, they don't know
How they kill me down
Whenever they hold his hand
And these girls
I'm getting old, just by
Being 'round them
They're breaking the future
I'll never hold again

And these girls, if I had my chance
Oh, I'll find a way to spell it out in the night
And these girls, it's dangerous
It's not their fault
But I'm so tired of being nice

Anywhere that I go, they appear before me
And everybody knows I'm addicted
to the object of their eyes

And these girls, they don't know
How they kill me down
Whenever they hold his hand
And these girls
I'm getting old, just by
Being 'round them
They're breaking the future
I'll never hold again

And these girls, if I had my chance
oh, I'll find a way to spell it out in the night

And these girls, it's dangerous
It's not their fault
But I'm so tired of being nice

So tired of being nice
So tired, so tired of being alone...