

# The Dresden Dolls, Girl Anachronism

(One, two, three four!)  
(Rahh!)  
(Uhh...)

You can tell  
From the scars on my arms  
And cracks in my hips  
And the dents in my car  
And the blisters on my lips  
That I'm not the carefulest of girls

You can tell  
From the glass on the floor  
And the strings that're breaking  
And I keep on breaking more  
And it looks like I am shaking  
But it's just the temperature

Then again  
If it were any colder I could disengage  
If I were any older I would act my age  
But I don't think that you'd believe me  
It's  
Not  
The  
Way  
I'm  
Meant  
To  
Be  
It's just the way the operation made me

And you can tell  
From the state of my room  
That they let me out too soon  
And the pills that I ate  
Came a couple years too late  
And ive got some issues to work through  
There I go again  
Pretending to be you  
Make-believing  
That I have a soul beneath the surface  
Trying to convince you  
It was accidentally on purpose

I am not so serious  
This passion is a plagiarism  
I might join your century  
But only on a rare occasion  
I was taken out  
Before the labor pains set in and now  
Behold the world's worst accident  
I am the girl anachronism

And you can tell  
By the red in my eyes  
And the bruises on my thighs  
And the knots in my hair  
And the bathtub full of flies  
That I'm not right now at all  
There I go again  
Pretending that I'll fall  
Don't call the doctors  
They've seen it all before

They'll say just  
Let  
Her  
Crash  
And  
Burn  
She'll learn  
The attention just encourages her

And you can tell  
From the full-body cast  
That you're sorry that you asked  
Though you did everything you could  
Like any decent person would  
But I might be catching so don't touch  
You'll start believing you're immune to gravity and stuff  
Don't get me wet  
Because the bandages will all come off

And you can tell  
From the smoke at the stake  
That the current state is critical  
Well, it is the little things, for instance  
In the time it takes to break it she can make up ten excuses  
Please excuse her for the day, its just the way the medication makes her...  
Ah!

I don't necessarily believe there is a cure for this  
So I might join your century, but only as a doubtful guest  
I was too precarious, removed as a caesarian  
Behold the world's worst accident!  
I am the girl anachronism  
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I am the girl  
I am the girl  
I am the girl  
I am the girl anachronism!