

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
I am the girl anachronism
I am the girl anachronism
I am the girl
I am the girl
I am the girl
I am the girl anachronism!