

Arcadia Grey, Made 4 Love

Maybe she's not made to fall in love
Know it's kinda stupid but
She fears she's only good enough
To refill coffee cups
For passersby with nightmare eyes
That look directly through their prey
And they'll decide what she despises
Her reflection hides disdain
I fear she likes it this way

Maybe she's not made to fall in love
She knows it's kind of stupid but
There's so much comfort in the bluff
Case open and shut
For passersby her gaze disguised
A misanthropic cry for help
Her tear-soaked eyes to her surprise
She'll recognize the cards she's dealt

Old hair dye is still staining my clothes
and I am still just acting homesick
For basements I have barely known
Before my world expanded so big
If I could cut off both my hands
And have them mime my song and dance
Could I jump back on to FD
Or fly right off the screen

I think of myself as
The trash that you trample as you get inside your friend's car
Wasteful yet ever so charming
Like satisfaction you feel splitting your body apart

I'll be the coffee cup endless yet saying nothing
You'll be the hollow house hostage to your failing body
Start tonight bottoms up a product of decaying clutching
Hoping the lonely goat swallows us whole

(Wooo wee got little bit rowdy there, huh?
Maybe we should bring it down)

Maybe I'm not made to fall in love
Or maybe I am I guess
I fear I'm finally enough
To fill my own coffee cup
With brand new eyes and new surprises
No, the world won't feel the same
With brand new eyes and new surprises
I know I can change
I beg I love it this way

Maybe I'm not made to fall in love
Or maybe I am I guess
I fear I'm finally enough
To fill my own coffee cup
With brand new eyes and new surprises
Know the world won't feel the same
With brand new eyes and new surprises
I know I can change