

Belly, Super-Connected

On your third broken window
Your hair full of glass
Throw your clothes in the hallway
Just a sheet on your back
So you're super-connected now
All the freaks gather 'round
And the crowd in your bedroom waits
For a piece of your personal space
Are there heart strings connected
To the wings you've got slapped on your back?
Better climb in the window
'Cause I'm closing the door
On your third broken window
With your hair full of glass
Saw your clothes in the hallway
Just a curtain on your back, I laugh
Are there heartstrings connected
To the wings you've got slapped on your back?
Better climb in a window
'Cause I'm closing the door
Now I'm spinning on a dime
Now I'm spinning on a dime
Now I'm spinning on a dime
Like you claim to do
Like you claim to do
Right now, right now
Are there heartstrings connected
To the poison coming out of your mouth?
Are you super-connected?
Are you super-connected now?
I'm spinning on a dime
Throw your clothes in the hallway
Then I'm closing the door