

Brand New Immortals, Reasons Why

Sweet talk will work til he finds out
How bad it rots out your teeth
Until he takes a bite of your cake
All plastic and fake, and spoiled underneath

Stick figure: "Man With No Backbone"
Your brand new favorite toy
You'll teach but he'll never learn
You scream, he squirms
And that brings you joy untold

Never grows old
Never gives out
Never goes by
Joy, you'll never hold
Don't even try
Cause it'll change with the seasons
And you'll be the reason why

Your halo is held on with duct tape,
thumb tacks, luck and gravity
Your wings are tattered to match
You're easy to catch
But harder to keep like joy

(chorus)

You say everything that he wants to hear
Shiny, empty, vapid and insincere
You take every liberty you can see
Til he's only left with the urge to flee
And he slips right through your grip and runs just like joy