

Curve, Split Into Fractions

Yeah

Guilty much more from new

I can't confide all I want to

Spiteful with the fact of life

Not everyone you meet is that nice

When we scratch below the surface

The characters have merged, (...)

That split into fractions in front of your eyes

I'm so bitchin', love to be it

My friends and I just love to meet

We meet all the time 'cause we think we're clever

So surreal, it makes us feel better

We think we're so, clever

The characters have merged, (...)

That split into fractions in front of your eyes

In front of them

There is nothing to behold

In front of them

You can't be sure what you're dealing with

And that's got to be good for you

I'd die on the cross before I crossed you

You know I'd never hurt you

I'm just not that type of girl

Die on the cross before I cross you

Know I'd never hurt you

Just not that type

I'm just not that type of girl