Deadsy, She Likes Big Words

Well she comes from the land
Of Valencian winds
Deciduous daydream
Dressage round the bend
See sometimes just maybe
The mistress of when
A triptych of new touch
From heaven to men

She likes nice cars
Invisible trends
She bites the heads off
Her mutual friends
We dine at the table
She sits at the end
She likes big words
And playing pretend

Come now dear boys
How, where to begin?
She's Ursula, major
Of the prison within
She's always in parties
She's struggling to win
Your sashes of New-Ro
From psychic to sin

Let down your void
Your need to defend
So pseudo-mindacious
She's cruel in bed
You'd think she was precious
Something like you said
Cause she's got the secret
In which fate depends

She likes nice cars
Impossible trends
She bites the heads off
Her beautiful friends
We dine at the table
She sits at the end
She likes big words
Although we'll never comprehend

She likes nice cars
Invisible trends
She bites the heads off
Her musical friends
We dine at the table
She sits at the end
She likes big words

She likes nice cars
Impossible trends
She bites the heads off
Her beautiful friends
She lights all the candles
They burn at both ends
She likes the ones
That you'll never understand

She likes big words