

Emily Haines, Detective Daughter

She was calling around to find half an hour.
She walked right into my mirror.
Says she's here to waste time I said "That's fine."
Listen, to thyself be true, to thyself be true

Every thread, every hair re-arranged to resemble
You could have her, detective daughter copy,
Please don't be me.
There are so many skirts under the table,
None of these long legs are mine.
She calls around finds me crying,
Wish I were capable of lying sometimes.
Hide out

Love is hell, hell is love.
Hell is asking to be loved.
Hide out and then run when no one's looking.

She's still calling around to find half an hour.
She'll always have a place in my mirror,
But she's got no more time, now she wants mine.
But I'm all out too.

To thyself be true
To thyself be true
To thyself be true
To thyself be true

Sure, it's no big deal