

Heavens To Betsy, Donating My Body To Science

I know how you look at the world
I know how you look at the world
Everything can be explained by forms and charts and numbers
Everything I feel is explained

It's a chemical formula
I hold these secrets inside of me
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I hold these secrets inside of me

If you dissect it, you can control it
If you can name it then you can own it
I don't wanna play "Operation" anymore
I'm tired of ending up with my organs on your floor

It's a chemical formula
I hold these secrets inside of me
It's a chemical formula
I hold these secrets inside of me

You want to diagram my heart
Is it so that you will know how to take it apart?
If you want to know what I feel
You could never just ask me