

Jack's Mannequin, Miss Delaney

Finally, I'm letting go
Of all my downer thoughts
In no time there'll be
One less sad robot
Looking for a chance to be
Something more than just metal
Now I'm going part time
With a film projectionist
And she's the vinyl queen
From my surfer dream
She likes the beach boys
More than radio metal
And she's so good
But, she's no good for me
Oh, Miss Delaney
What's the matter?
You waited by the window
(You waited by the window)
I waited by the door
Oh, Miss Delaney
Where's your boyfriend?
He isn't up in heaven, so
Why treat him like he's dead
It's not that everyday
Everyday is coming up
With the green grass
But the times pass, when
I think of you
Whenever I'm at dinner
Finally
I've found someone to dull this lonely scene
I don't spend my nights searching for earthquakes (oh)
It's biblical how fucked my sleep can be
But she won't sleep with me
Oh, Miss Delaney
What's the matter?
You waited by the window
I waited by the door
Oh, Miss Delaney
Where's your boyfriend?
He isn't up in heaven, so
Why treat him like he's dead
Like he's dead, like he's dead
From here you can find everything
Arin, I
Would never lie to you
Oh, Miss Delaney (Miss Delaney)
Whatcha sad for?
You waited by the window
And I was kicking down your door
Oh, Miss Delaney
Where's your boyfriend?
(Where's your boyfriend)
He isn't up in heaven, so
Why treat him like he's dead
Oh, Miss Delaney