

# 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