

Self, Happy Accidents

Can't help but notice
Staring through my window
December's mugging us in street clothes
No cure for the blues
Minus the stereo
Avoiding boredom and the freakshow
Who knows who commits the Happy Accidents

Don't try to wake me in the morning
I won't be there, in case your wondering
Cause I'm unnecessarily high
Don't know exactly why

Six O'Clock shadows
Poisoning your pillows
Found on the floors of empty discos
You've kept your promise to keep on promising
That we'll dress Gothic and go dancing
While lighting inscents for Happy Accidents

It's so contagious all the yawning
Alert the press, these days are dawning

And shit's unnecessarily fly
Like iguana's with no eyes
Go!

Now we've had songs before
The results, well they were poor
Veruca Salt please, won't you put us in your mix?
They don't make much sense
The Happy Accidents
When your careers been completely destroyed

Here's the key to the city
To go unlock all the doors
Until the mayor finds it missing
You were so simple and pretty
Until you pimped out like a whore
You even made it with the rejects
And loved ones, incest
Happy nonetheless

Don't try to see me in the morning
I'm wide awake but I'm still dreaming
And I'm unnecessarily high - I know exactly why
And shit's unnecessarily fly
Like Iguana's with no eyes - Go! *repeat*
They don't make no sense - The Happy Accidents