

# 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 incense 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