Spitalfield, Gold Dust Vs. State Of Illinois

You picked out your favorite dress.
Made yourself up your very best;
I know you're trying to be
Anyone's everything.
I know you're dying to be
Broken and let down by me.

With those eyes that you throw me.
And those lines that you sold me.
I can't break if I don't bend.
And she's not coming around again.

You know you've gotta leave.
Get up, get up, get out.
And don't be seen.
Find yourself on your way there.

Fallin', fall out.
And then jump in again.
I'm not running, I'm just walking faster.
Don't let this keep you down.
Why do that to yourself?
What could you be after?