

Suburban Tribe, Torn Apart

Your glamour makes me look so plain
Your freedom is my novocaine
I envy all about your perfect life
Your glances hurt like a stabbing knife

Your beauty makes me feel all scarred
Cause deep inside I'm torn apart
Your beauty makes me feel all scarred
Inside I'm torn apart

I can't confront your sweet innocence
I will deprave inexperience
Your fragrance is so good and clean
My mind is tormented and obscene

Your beauty makes me...