

The Adored, She's A Boy

I left you to prowls in the dive bars,
I was feeling uncomfortable and bored.
Don't want to feed off the old times,
caught the bus, got off on the westside.

That's where my biggest secret lies...
locked eyes... I felt like I might die.
Renaissance for new romantics,
staying out late, urban love without panic.

Expert with time, lies, and hiding;
deep kissing, bruised by touching.
It's such a refreshing new change.
Coming home always seemed so strange.
Kills waiting for once a week,
rendezvous' (we don't even get to speak)
Make up new words for tragic
counting all the days living with this sadness.

She's a boy.
Girls problems have become history,
my problems, your problems, your problems, my problems.

I've been bored for quite some time. She never understood my mind.
Can tell him all my secrets, they're mostly the same as his.
Trying to please you, always felt like a jerk;
known all my life how his body works.
So hard these days for me to ever get mad;
he's the best friend, brother, lover I've ever had.

My girl problems have become history.
My problems were their problems.
All my girl problems have become misery-
all my girl problems: throw them away,
'cause she's a boy