

THE BANGLES, Bell Jar

She walks in the room
And checks out the faces
We think she's all the seven wonders of the world
But there's a sadness
Hidden in the bizarre
Moonlight and madness
Living in a bell jar
She dresses in black
'Cause sorrow is a magnet
Everything comes to her like it was meant to be
But she's frustrated
Leaving things as they are
What she created
Living in a bell jar
She feels so at home
She's never alone
But she's oh so lonely
What is the crime
In knowing your mind
Set it free
Attached to a mirror
In her glass-sided prison
She writes the note that will excuse her from this world
It's complicated
Living in a bell jar
She suffocated
Living in a bell jar