

Wild Strawberries, Pretty Lip

I'm not the perfect sister
I'm just the wounded one
I was created to compare
I'll quit while she's ahead
I've finally found the rent
I'll memorize the words to every other line she says
She's got pretty little lips
She's got perfect skin
I wonder why I even try
To disappoint you
I could draw a diagram
I could point it at your mouth
I could stroke it till you're blind
And I'd disappoint you

She's got good intentions
The kind that make you squirm
She's like the movie of the week
I've seen her kind before
So pretty and adored
So empty and so free that I'd forgotten I'd forgotten

CHORUS

I'm not the perfect sister
I'm just the wounded one
I was created to compare
One day I'll make the cut
I'll put it down in blood
I'll make you wish that it was any other way

CHORUS