

# Mirage

Alexandra Savior

Violet was tickling my fancy  
Gives out just the right amount of soul  
I wonder if it makes me sound too old

Decided that a Stella or a Candy  
Seems as if I'm spinning down a pole  
Swept them over to the stack of no's

La-di-dah  
I sing songs about  
Whatever the fuck they want  
Whatever the fuck they want  
And ooh-eh-ooh  
I'm so blue  
Anna-Marie Mirage  
Painting my teardrops on  
And on, and on, and on

Staring through the window of a wig store  
Crying through the credits of a show  
That you've seen a bunch of times before

An inch away from settling on Coco  
Shame that she's that girl you used to know  
Loved her, but we had to let her go

La-di-dah  
We sing songs about  
Whatever the fuck they want  
Whatever the fuck they want  
And ooh-eh-ooh  
We're so blue  
Anna-Marie Mirage  
Painting our teardrops on  
And on, and on, and on

Anna-Marie Mirage  
Shooting a mood collage  
Piñata paper heart  
I don't know where she starts  
And I stop

Dress me like the front of a casino  
Push me down another rabbit hole  
Touch me like I'm gonna turn to gold

She's almost like a million other people  
That you'll never really get to know  
And it feels as if she's swallowing me whole

La-di-dah  
We sing songs about  
Whatever the fuck she wants  
Whatever the fuck she wants  
And ooh-eh-ooh  
We're so blue  
Anna-Marie Mirage

She's painting our teardrops on  
And on, and on, and on