

## Provanity

Amanda Palmer

I have been pro-vanity since i was 10  
I put your altars in an eye shadow den  
In the bag I didn't drop, there were no cherry lollipops  
But cherry lips, smack her, I sawed her off  
Marry many picked a pepper on and  
Cameras are rolling back and forth on the rocks

And I'm sick of your smile  
And I'm sick of your face  
And I'm sick of your meaningless blather  
And I'm sick of your hair, and I wish it weren't there  
It's a awfully delicate matter

There is no place I would rather be killed  
Than in my own backyard on my own propane grill  
In the lie I didn't stop a little candy-coated boy was caught  
And I felt bad as I ripped him off

Many prizes can reward a child for good behavior  
But you should be wary of those that involve love

And I'm sick when I breathe  
And I wish you would leave  
At the very least, quit the contractions  
It's not wrong, I mean, Christ, but I don't think it's right  
To just slice for a piece of the action

Oh, what a wonderful party  
Oh, what a comfortable home  
Oh, what a wonderful body  
So what's in the bottle, what's in the bottle?

(It is so comfortable)

I have been pro-vanity since I could know  
No one will ever care to see what I don't show  
In the room I kept her locked she grew up talking just like me  
I thought she would be different and withstand the shock  
Imitating what she knew she consequently grew  
Into a pair of M40s and seventh-hand shoes

And I'm sick of myself  
And I wish you could help  
Have a shot with me, pull up a ladder  
Oh, it sounds like that spirit we haven't been hearing  
Since 1916 when the dada came dearing

And maybe you'd be happy  
To be pro-vanity