

# Vanity Sick

## Atmosphere

So vanity sick  
You're so, so vanity sick  
So vanity sick, you're so..  
So, she's a stone cold player  
Whatever old school cliche you want to label the flavor  
And when they see her at the festivities  
Best believe, yes indeed, she gets the lead  
No surprise it threw you off  
From the hair-do down to the boots and socks  
And it's okay that she blew you off  
Because a pony like that's got too much hop  
Soft smile, but sips a stiff one  
Way ahead of the competition  
No opposition, are you kiddin, stop the wishin  
These other flops ain't got a pot to piss in  
Not tonight, this is all you  
All these Neanderthals wanna ball you  
Half of 'em would die just to call you  
Cause they're confined behind the wall, too  
Let's toast to the beautiful people  
The ones that made you afraid to be you  
The ones that trained you to hate your shell  
The ones that sold you your favorite self  
I don't judge what she's made of  
I never met the woman underneath that make up  
Too insecure to let you in that door  
What you see is what you get, gotta protect the core  
So difficult not to invest  
Just my type over ripe and intense  
So concerned with covering the flaws  
I'm surprised that she doesn't expect applause  
And each drink tastes so bittersweet  
When that juke box just seems to hit repeat  
It's best to keep the interest discrete  
With a handshake, maybe let her kiss the cheek  
We think she could get a little thicker  
She keeps shrinking to get a little figure  
That smile is a warning sticker  
I'm unavailable to play with your vanity sister

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So, so..  
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So...