

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 cliché 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...