

On your third broken window
Your hair full of glass
Throw your clothes in the hallway again
Just a sheet on your back

So you're super-connected now
All the freaks gather 'round
And the crowd in your bedroom waits
For a piece of your personal space

Are there heartstrings connected
To the wings you've got slapped on your back?
Better climb in the window
'Cause I'm closing the door

On your third broken window
Hair full of glass
Saw your clothes in the hallway
Just a curtain on your back
(I laugh)

Are there heartstrings connected
To the wings you've got slapped on your back?
Better climb in a window
'Cause I'm closing the door

Now I'm spinning on a dime
Like you claim to do
Like right now
Like now

Are there heartstrings connected
To the poison coming out of your mouth
Are you super-connected
Are you super-connected now
I'm spinning on a dime
Throw your clothes in the hallway
Now I'm closing the door