

This is the soundtrack... to one specific girl's life  
The soundtrack to one specific... girl's life  
You can stick this specific song in your Head Automatica folder, snuggle it  
right up in your Head Automatica Folder

By the time that she wake up and smear on her make up  
She's dressed to kill, no heart behind her A-cup  
Silly girl from upstate, I could have loved her  
No surprise ties severed, the girl was a cutter  
Used to hack her arm up for attention  
I kinda relate it to the state of her depression  
My head down walkin' through a do or die world  
Of course I'd get hooked on a suicide girl  
Told me God was gonna see her by Easter  
Still I kept my doubts, she was such a scenester  
You know the model type that never becomes a model  
Counts her tips with bloody hands from opening bottles  
She's so shallow and hallow  
So sick you'd think this girl was bein' buried tomorrow  
In Key Largo without you too bent to feel this  
'Cause all we had in common was mental illness  
Oh!

I got you where I want you  
Far enough for me to seem not too  
Insane but you're sicker than me  
So when I slip into psychosis you're my secretary

She's a scenester  
She's a scenester  
She's a scenester  
She's a scenester

Her boyfriend's in a band playing her college  
But like her model career: completely unaccomplished  
Stage hand gets fucked over and over  
by this clinically depressed suicidal Cage fan (man)  
For the sake of the irony why lose it  
You were the guy who put the girl up on my music  
Scandalous, sick, seething opportunist  
But you had to respect, her gangster was ruthless  
Told me it was only me making her brain stir  
I kept my doubts she was such a aimster  
Little boys were lap dogs for smack runs  
Then the angel clipped her wings and found a tat gun  
My friend or fling is looking for amenities  
And alternates her friends to keep switching her identities  
Bump this on your little stereo at home pissed  
Lookin' through your portfolio of phone pics  
Oh!

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Her talk is slick, her walk's a vanilla sundae  
Catwalk through dog shit in the yard like a runway  
She bit my neck, would kiss me 'til my lips sore  
Clothes smelled of Gucci with a little hint of thrift store  
See if you can find her, queen of the diner  
Had her arm in every pic 'til she figured out the timer  
Used dudes in love, picked out tools precise  
But couldn't use those tools to fix her life  
She loved drama so much she used it as a moniker  
Dudes tryin' to bang her pretend to be photographers  
But to her credits she ain't listen to any pop  
Hipster lover underground rappers and indie rock  
She put the razor to her arm and dug so many gashes  
I could have wrote this song in between the slashes  
Funny how you never opened a vein to out you  
But you vain enough to think this song is about you  
No!

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