

Scenster

Cage

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
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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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