

Often I am upset that I cannot fall in love but I guess  
This avoids the stress of falling out of it  
Are you tired of me yet?  
I'm a little sick right now but I swear  
When I'm ready I will fly us out of here

(Ooh) I'll cut my hair  
(Ooh) To make you stare  
(Ooh) I'll hide my chest  
And I'll figure out a way to get us out of here

Turn off your porcelain face  
I can't really think right now and this place  
Has too many colors, enough to drive all of us insane  
Are you dead?  
Sometimes I think I'm dead  
'Cause I can feel ghosts and ghouls wrapping my head  
But I don't wanna fall asleep just yet

(Ooh) My eyes went dark  
(Ooh) I don't know where  
(Ooh) My pupils are  
But I'll figure out a way to get us out of here

Get a load of this monster  
He doesn't know how to communicate  
His mind is in a different place  
Will everybody please give him a little bit of space?  
Get a load of this train wreck  
His hair's a mess and he doesn't know who he is yet  
But little do we know, the stars  
Welcome him with open...  
Get a load of this monster  
He doesn't know how to communicate  
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Will everybody please give him a little bit of space?  
Get a load of this train wreck  
His hair's a mess and he doesn't know who he is yet  
But little do we know, the stars  
Welcome him with open arms  
Oh

(Ooh) Time is  
(Ooh) Slowly  
(Ooh) Tracing his face  
But strangely he feels at home in this place