

Specimen

Daisy The Great

She wears sunglasses to hide the mirror in her eyes
Keeps rocks in her backpack, she gets dizzy when she flies
Her heart is made of flowers and her hair is made of straw
She's never shown her metal bones since all the neighbours saw

She is made of starlight and she does not understand
Why Mama said she can't be in the marching band

Knuckles bruise, blood runs white
Rap on the glass, you're a specimen
Knuckles bruise, blood runs white
Rap on the glass, you're a specimen

Every damn night she's lying awake
She's got no love, they all say she's a fake
Water will rust up her pipes, recycled from the factory
And she's never shed a real tear, no she's just an actor she

Keeps her mind locked up tight
She wears the keys on a chain
She won't speak a word, don't bother asking her name

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