

## Perfect Girls of Pop

Elizabeth Cook

Watching yourself standing at the crossroads  
Look over your shoulder while the other guy reloads  
It seems only human to want out  
Weighing all the options when you just wanna scream  
But you freak into a calm cause you gotta pick a team  
And you play their way until you get to shout

All the perfect girls of pop  
They bat their eyelashes a lot  
And they sing sweetly, they sing sweetly  
Like they never been hurt before  
Like they never had their heart slammed in a door  
They sing sweetly, they sing sweetly

Winning and losing and everything between  
Spinning in circles like a big machine  
And working up a quiet inner rage  
Til a rhythm and beat comes in your head  
And it goes right under something you said  
And you wake up wondering if you are okay

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Safe and cold's a mighty resonator  
Just because I think about her don't mean I hate her  
I don't believe her fire keeps you warm  
If you think too much it's the land of indecision  
If you don't think enough it's the imprecision  
I guess I just don't understand the form

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