

Traded my creative whim
For a level head and a phantom limb
You know chamomile is sweeter when
The sky is blushing, too

Tell me have you ever thought of
Leaving your boys behind
I got no concept of a savior
There's nothing I could do
There's nothing I could do

There's something strange inside me
Diggin' holes with house keys
I've grown vulgar, vacant, and angry
So patient and passive
I thought that would make me wise

'Cause in my mind I'm a ballerina
Straight off of Degas brush
And when I fall I make a pretty pink mess

In my life, I'm just so angry
'Bout everything I never got
So when I fall I'm just the ugliest
I'm just the ugliest
I'm just the ugliest

There's something strange inside me
Diggin' holes with house keys
I've grown vulgar, vacant, and angry
So patient and passive
I thought that would make me wise
Make me wise
Make me wise

Pale
But raging
With darkness
Like twilight