

# Human Barbies

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You want my opinion? Well, here's the gist:  
You're like a textbook control freak slash narcissist  
And since the world just lets you coast  
You've gone undiagnosed  
But let me spell it out since you insist

You treat everyone like human barbies  
You toy with their lives like it's pretend  
You dress them and pose them  
And you think they're glad you chose them  
But what happens when your playtime has to end?

You primp them, you pair them, you make them kiss  
You give them stories that end in romantic bliss  
But your whole candy-coloured view  
It still revolves 'round you  
And that's the thing you always seem to miss

You treat everyone like human barbies  
You mix them and match them just for fun  
You do and you say things  
Like they're nothing more than playthings  
Then you toss them in the corner when you're done

Clearly your developments arrested  
Probably 'cause you lost your mom so young  
So when your easy bake reality gets tested  
You just mask your insecurity with make-believe maturity  
Inside this plastic dream to which you've clung

You treat everyone like human barbies  
You act like it's all some kind of game  
But let me remind you what a mess you'll leave behind you  
When the consequences find you  
You'll have no one else to blame

You treat everyone like human barbies  
And think you're the girl with all the cake  
But if you don't grow up  
You are heading for a blow up  
Barbies only bend so far before they break

Barbies only bend so far before they break  
Break  
Break  
Break