

And they say she's in the Class A-team  
Stuck in her day-dream  
Been this way since eighteen, but lately  
Her face seems to slowly sink, wasting  
Crumbling like pastries  
And they scream, "worse things in life come free to us"  
Cause we're just under the upperhand  
And go mad for a couple grams  
She don't wanna go outside tonight  
And in the pipe, she flies to the motherland  
And sells love to another man  
It's too cold outside, for angels to fly

Dark room, starin' down a bottle  
Blank face with the figure of a model  
These cold nights, too often to be coincidence  
Used to be an artist now the pipe's the only instrument

A-Student, her friends loved her to death  
Her assessment of her men just wasn't the best  
They met freshman year, fell in love on a whim  
Left after first semester, all she wanted was him

Didn't love gettin' high, but did it because he wanted to  
Little scared, but how much damage could marijuana do?  
Weed turned to pills, pills turned to pain  
Personality changed, nothin' was the same

Now he didn't wanna kiss her, didn't wanna love her  
Everything was fuckin' different, he left to find another  
So hurt, and embarrassed  
All she got was dial tones every time she called her parents

Move along, move along: what she told herself  
Had to find the means so she sold herself  
Used her body for a buck, but hardly was a slut  
She would cry herself to sleep after every single fuck

Lost track of her reality  
Thoughts of her addiction made her think this how it had to be  
Now she stands, lifted on that balcony  
Lost soul and ready to be a casualty

Found a star, to make one last wish  
Brought the pipe up to her mouth, for one last hit  
It was the ultimate high, took a breath and closed her eyes  
And jumped off the ledge, she was ready to fly