Sometimes she's rude, sometimes she's too crude Sometimes she understands, sometimes her hands are dirty So she stays there at home in her box There's a part of her that shouts And there's a part of her that only whispers There's another part that's lost in space There's a part that would spit if you kissed her So she's safer when she's hiding in her box Most times I have to keep her in her box It's not a sad thing She gets to exercise her wings It scares the shit out of me So many different ways to be So she stays there at home in her box Most times I have to keep her in her box She's safer when she's hiding in her box