

Drop the word I'm
Meant to use to
Coax the pretty waiter from his restaurant
Though he's bad news
And a cartoon
Of every trope the trophy world's designed to want

They say I am a spoiled thing
I keep my scar out on my head
And always come when I am told to go
I leave my neighbors scary notes
Which I don't sign while they're at work
And I don't want to listen when he tries to talk
I stare at his flapping jaw

I wanna want him so bad
But I don't recognize the charms that he has
'Cause my heart looks in on itself
And he better be loved by somebody else
Who cares about his face

Like a robot
Who inflicts one shot
Then starts to wheel away despite his protocol
I got a hook in
The conversation
Which I played for meaty bait, though it was watered down

They say I am a spoiled mess
I never fold up what should fold
And shine much better in my house alone
The charts predict a brother kid
But doctors say I need a sis
That I can pawn off to my spiral shell
And tie to my cord as well

I wanna want her so bad
But I don't recognize the charms that she has
'Cause my heart looks in on itself and any friend I make's a stagehand at best
To help along the play

Fights first and facts last
These lads have the asses for TV
But who's taking my picture
They better be taking it only of me

I wanna want him so bad
But I don't recognize the charms that he has
I hear he's pretty and swell, but I don't get aroused

I wanna want that so bad
But I don't recognize the charms that I have
'Cause my heart looks in on itself
That's why the beacon's burnt