

(Ooh...)

I can't pretend that I'm an easy riddle
It's easier to break their necks than to deal with how they feel
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Guess it's my cover that locks my door (Ooh-ooh-ooh)
Or maybe my need for comfort that keeps me turning away more

Maybe, maybe I'm gone
Maybe I'm a stoner, maybe I'm a loner
Maybe I'm cross, maybe I'm lost
Maybe I'm a loser, maybe I'm a keener
Maybe I'm gone

(Ooh...)

All I need is a little attention
I'm a bad influence, without looking for redemption
We'll get that silly little promise ring
Just listen to my voice, hear the siren army sing

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