

Electrocuted in the bathtub  
Yellow black, my bruises become  
The heart is a heavy coffin  
Where I lay down everyone I love

I used the self-help book  
To kill a fly  
I think it worked, Mom  
I think I'm fine

Pray for my fifth of a century  
The start of the beginning  
The light in my eyes  
Not the tears that fall out

Well, you have a soft sort of power  
But you know I'm not your napkin  
This time  
This time  
This time