Our Riotous Defects

Of Montreal

You are such a crazy girl
You are such a crazy girl
And I don't know why I even tried to make you love me
I want it, babe
You are just a crazy girl
You are so crazy girl
I don't know why I even try to help you
Can't help you, can't help you
When I first met you at that Al Anon meeting
And you made that reference to "All your goodies are gone"
And even sang a verse
I was amazed how husky your singing voice was
I wanted to talk to you so badly
But I didn't know how to come on
Because you've got that kind of beauty
That makes people nervous
I know it's fucked
But before we got together
I even hooked up with one of your cousins
Just to feel somehow closer to you
Because I knew, like, you guys were best friends
And you talked everyday
And it was thrilling to touch something
That had touched you
In my head you were like this goddess
But in fact, you're just a
Crazy girl, you're just a crazy girl
I don't know why I even try to understand you
Can't stand you, can't stand you
Your ass is crazy, girl
Yeah, you are so crazy, girl
And I don't know why I even try to relate to you

Can't wait for you, it's too late for you
My God, I should have realized, on our second date
When you dragged me into the bathroom at Tanika's house
And screamed at me for like twenty minutes
'Cause I had contradicted you in front of your friends
I was like, "Oh"

And then later that night at my apartment
As punishment you killed my beta fish
Just threw it out the window
I did everything I could to make you happy
I participated in all your protests
Supported your stupid little blog, got a Bowflex
Wore colored contacts to match your dresses
Whatever your eyes caught, I bought
Still we fought like Ike and Tina but in reverse
'Cause you're so crazy, girl
You're just too crazy, girl
And I don't know why I even try to understand you
No, no
Well, I think you're crazy, girl, yeah, you are so crazy, girl
And I don't know why I even try to make sense of you
Sense of you, sense of you, oh, tell me why
Someone tell me why my heart's real weird for you still
I was like crazy fan over you
Like I'm all star struck over you
Like I'm getting handcuffed over you
(Now it's only fucked up)
My frame works in constant confusion
I can't peel away the flowers of this psychic disturbance
And our riotous defects
Snowflakes, snow, snowflakes

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