She Is The New Thing

The Horrors

She's a special girl you know, the kind I'd hope to see
Hanging on a wall, watching me cross the streets
I wonder how long it will be before I'm sick of her
And I no longer care where she goes or has been
'Cause she is the new thing, but she is the new thing
She is a new thing, but she is a new thing
She is a new thing
She is a new thing, another new thing
Feel my stomach sink as I curse my slow limbs
She is a new thing, always a new thing
Staring at her, ulterior girl
Once she had me on my knees, enamored with disease
Now, she fails to impress a different sickness
A different kind of sickness, lacking any interest
And I, sunk in apathy, totally absorbed in me
Sitting vacant on my own, my senses lying cold
She was a new thing, she was a new thing
She was a new thing, another new thing
Another new thing, another new thing
She was a new thing, another new thing
Feel my stomach sink as I curse my slow limbs
She was a new thing, always a new thing
Staring at her, ulterior girl
I cast myself into whatever she brings, another new
With sickness, it ends how it begins
First mine then hers and then the cycle blurs
And my actions reoccur through no fault of my own
Through no fault of my own, through no fault of my own
Through no fault of my own
Another new thing, another new thing
Another new thing, another new

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