

# Part Time Model

## The Wytches

I woke up like a stranger  
Quick to assume closing every door  
I woke up like a stranger  
I've never done this before  
She looks at me with those exact same eyes  
The ones that make my mother break down and cry  
There has to be a hidden reason to why  
This creature beats me in the night  
She steps a step over my plastic chest  
Where she will go only she can decide  
I must admit I felt a little sick  
Well I think I swallowed too much pride  
Why are you staring at me  
You're not following me  
So I don't owe you anything  
I ask myself this every night  
I woke up like a stranger  
The part-time model's bruise  
Pleasuring herself in front to thousands of fools  
You don't know what my mind used to do  
When you bent down to tie my shoe  
I recall an early afternoon  
You told me the Earth was the second moon  
I believed you for a while but the truthful rein truth  
Something you could never do  
Then I woke up like a stranger  
Her thoughts on the universe comes first  
The third dimension or the megabus  
Your love supplies no comfort  
Why are you staring at me  
You're not following me  
So I don't owe you anything  
I ask myself this every night  
I woke up in the desert with the strings around my eyes  
The desert seems my way inclined  
And I'm feeling better all the time  
I woke up like a stranger  
And fell asleep in the desert

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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