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 beforeShe 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 nightShe 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 strangerThe 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 doThen 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 timeI woke up like a stranger
And fell asleep in the desert
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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