

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 street.
I wonder how long it will be before I'm sick of her,
And I no longer care where she goes or has been,
Because she's the new thing.

Feel my stomach sink.
Whatever she brings,
I cast myself in.
She is the new thing.

It started so slight then I flared into life,
Attention again onto another new thing.
Once she had me on my knees, enamoured 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 prone.
She was the new thing.

Feel my stomach sink and I curse my slow limbs.
Staring at her,
Alterior 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 as my actions reoccur through no fault of my own, through no fault of my own.

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written by BADWAN, FARIS / COWAN, THOMAS / HAYWARD, JOSHUA / SPURGEON, JOSEPH /
WEBB, RHYS

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