

Superhero Girl

Eve 6

Well here is me on tragedy
I always want what's out of reach
She pulls dyed black hair back and sighs
Fuck that night out with the guys
I never get a word in with them, anyway.
The telephone doesn't scare me anymore
You're home
And I am here alone
My dear
Always stupidly sarcastic
My hyper, spastic superhero girl. So break the bruised monogamy
And let him fade to memory
And your erotic wet atomic eyes
Keep reoccurring in my mind
Do me a favor please
And touch your lips to mine. The telephone doesn't scare me anymore
You're home
And I am here alone my dear
Always stupidly sarcastic
My hyper-spastic superhero girl.

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