

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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