

Girl Anachronism

The Dresden Dolls

You can tell
From the scars on my arms
And the cracks in my hips
And the dents in my car
And the blisters on my lips
That I'm not the carefulest of girls You can tell
From the glass on the floor
And the strings that're breaking
And I keep on breaking more
And it looks like I am shaking
But it's just the temperature And then again
If it were any colder I could disengage
If I were any older I could act my age
But I don't think that you'd believe me It's not the way
I'm meant to be
It's just the way
The operation made me And you can tell
From the state of my room
That they let me out too soon
And the pills that I ate
Came a couple years too late
And I've got some issues to work through There I go again
Pretending to be you
Make believing
That I have a soul beneath the surface
Trying to convince you
It was accidentally on purpose I am not so serious
This passion is a plagiarism
I might join your century
But only on a rare occasion I was taken out
Before the labor pains set in and now
Behold the world's worst accident
I am the girl anachronism And you can tell
By the red in my eyes
And the bruises on my thighs
And the knots in my hair
And the bathtub full of flies
That I'm not right now at all There I go again
Pretending that I'll fall

Don't call the doctors
'Cause they've seen it all before
They'll say just let her crash
And burn
She'll learn
The attention just encourages her and you can tell
From the full-body cast
That I'm sorry that I asked
Though you did everything you could
Like any decent person would but I might be catching so don't touch
You'll start believing
You're immune to gravity and stuff
Don't get me wet
Because the bandages will all come off and you can tell
From the smoke at the stake
That the current state is critical
Well it is the little things, for instance in the time it takes to break it
She can make up ten excuses
Please excuse her for the day
It's just the way the medication makes her I don't necessarily believe there is a cure for this
So I might join your century but only as a doubtful guest
I was too precarious removed as a caesarian
Behold the world's worst accident I am the girl anachronism
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I am the girl anachronism I am the girl
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