

# Miss Delaney

## Jack Å's Mannequin

Finally, I'm letting go of all my downer thoughts  
In no time, there'll be one less sad robot  
Looking for a chance to be  
Something more than just metalNow I'm going part time with a film projectionist  
And she's the vinyl queen from my surfer dream  
She likes the Beach Boys more than radio metal  
And she's so good, but, she's no good for meOh, Miss Delaney, what's the matter?  
You waited by the window, I waited by the door  
Oh, Miss Delaney, where's your boyfriend?  
He isn't up in Heaven, so why treat him like he's dead? Like he'sIt's not that everyday  
Everyday is coming up with the green grass  
But the times pass  
When I think of you whenever I'm at dinnerFinally I've found someone to duel this lonely sea  
I don't spend my nights searching for earthquakes  
Though it's biblical, how fucked my sleep can be?  
But she won't sleep with meOh, Miss Delaney, what's the matter?  
You waited by the window, waited by the window, I waited by the door  
Oh, Miss Delaney, where's your boyfriend?  
No, he isn't up in Heaven so why treat him like he's dead?  
Like he's dead, like he's deadFrom here you can't find everything  
Arin, I would never lie to youOh, Miss Delaney, Miss Delaney, what you sad for?  
Well, you waited by the window and I was kicking down your door  
Oh, Miss Delaney, where's your boyfriend? Where's your boyfriend?  
He isn't up in Heaven so why treat him like he's dead?  
Well, Miss Delaney

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