Cynical Skin

Get Scared

Talk candy in my ear
Come on, come on
I want you toxic, talk sick baby
I know those gospel lips can change me
Look to the right of me, okay
We got exhibit "A"
She, she ain't okay
And to the left, the left of me
We got exhibit "B"
Oh, she's a mess to say at least
She's got her daddy's money, money, money
Honey, I think you should run
Look, oh look around
You're lost but never found, no
Six feet below the ground
Where you avoid your problems
Look right in front of me
We got exhibit "C"
Anorexic, obsessed with magazines
And when I look over here, oh my
That's me in the mirror
No, no, no ladies and gentlemen
This is my fear
My eyes and ears
Honey, I think you should run
Look, oh look around
You're lost but never found, no
Six feet below the ground

Where you avoid your problems
Look, oh look around
You're lost but never found, no
Six feet below the ground
Where you will never solve them
(I know you don't want to hear this but just listen)
The last contendent, bad for you, bad for us
This capillary root could root up all the little
The puzzle pieces of what you've been through
You hair all up in knots, don't ever say you're not

Oh, just a nothing
'Cause I swear downstairs you're something
Egotistic, cynical I'm getting out of control
Out of control
Out of control
Look, oh look around
You're lost but never found, no
Six feet below the ground
Where you avoid your problems
Look, oh look around
You're lost but never found, no
Six feet below the ground
Where you will never solve them
Look, oh look around
You're lost but never found, no
Six feet below the ground
Where you avoid your problems
Out of control
Out of control

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