

# Vanity

## Eighteen Visions

And I wonder  
Where do you get your inspiration?  
Where do you find your motivation?  
And what motivates me to hold your hand?  
And I don't want you to see all these things I hide  
When you were holding my hands I didn't think I'd die  
And I wonder  
Why do you make that midnight drive-by?  
When you left me out to hang dry?  
Well this rope is tightening  
And I don't want you to see all these things I hide  
When you were holding my hand I didn't think I'd die  
And I don't want you to see all these things I hide  
When you were holding my hand I didn't think I'd die  
And I don't want you to see all these things I hide, yeah  
You couldn't tell me that this was the best that you  
could do  
And now you've left me to hang here all alone  
And she waits for me  
In her Sunday dress, laced with pink and white  
You shouldn't shut me out  
When you're the one that changed your mind  
You couldn't change your mind  
While I was sitting here alone  
If you should die before you ask me, how am I  
If you should die before you ask me for my life  
If you should die before you ask me, if I'd die  
If I'd die with you  
She's innocent but she's got a gun, yeah  
She'll hand it over and then she'll run, yeah  
I'll pull the trigger, yeah  
I'll pull the trigger, yeah  
I'll shoot her up, yeah  
I'll shoot her up, bang  
Yeah I want you plastic perfection  
I want to see your vanity  
I want you sexy psychotic  
So I can see your lunacy  
And I wonder?  
Where do you get your inspiration?  
Where do you find your motivation?  
And what motivates me to hold your hand?  
Sweetness this isn't working  
I thought the breath that you bring would give me life  
Yeah  
And she's a mellow dramatic  
She thought that I was romantic

But then the gun went off  
And now I've left you to bleed here all alone  
And I look so beautiful  
In your Sunday dress laced with pink and white

Lyrics provided by  
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