

# Betty

## Mad Caddies

You got a quick snap lock on your cold, cold heart  
You got your YSL kicks and a red birthmark  
In the shape of Canada that you try to keep a secret  
You got a quick clack walk and a cold hard stare  
And if your eyes could talk they'd say they just don't care  
Before they wander off to hide inside their sockets  
You've got your scars and you've got your birthmarks  
You've got Toronto hiding on your hip, honey  
You've got your secrets, you've got your regrets  
Darling, we all do  
You got a fool proof plan for a lonely life  
You won't be no one's daughter and no drunk man's wife  
If a wife at all, it's a silly institution or so you keep insisting  
You've got your scars and you've got your birthmarks  
You've got Toronto hiding on your hip, honey  
You've got your secrets, you've got your regrets  
Darling, we all do  
You're cool coy, 'bout to stroll, very hip  
It's you that's hidden by the expectations  
We wanna see you, won't you show us where to start?  
You're talking trash with your red liquor lips  
It's you that tickle in the conversation  
Sweet Betty, won't you show us who you are?  
You've got your scars and you've got your birthmarks  
You've got Toronto hiding on your hip, honey  
You've got your secrets, you've got your regrets  
Darling, we all do  
You've got a quick snap lock on your cold, cold heart

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