Perfection as a Hipster

God Help the Girl

They never met, the singer and the swinger
She walked in, they walked around each other
Fighting for the mirror and smiling
She was awkward
I was tongue tied
She was goofy

And she aspired to perfection as a hipster
And she asked me
'How should I wear my problem hair
My dirty, no good problem hair?'

She asked me
I blew it
I knew it

I always wonder how things could've been
(I wouldn't waste time dreaming about me)
Spend every second day just
Dreaming how the first one ought to be
My dream was realised but I was sleeping
I was sleeping

I caught the girl, her eyelids started to flutter
And in my arms
She passed out cold, are you okay?
Just lie still you'll feel better

(What happened? I want to go home)
Feel better
(Where am I, what have I got on?)
Feel better
(You say that but how do you know?)
Feel better
(Who are you, what do you want?)

I always wonder how things could've been
(I wouldn't waste time dreaming about me)
Spend every second day just
Dreaming how the Ãƒ?Ã‚¯Ãƒ?Ã‚¬?rst one ought to be

My dream was realised but I was sleeping
I was sleeping
I was sleeping
I was sleeping

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by MURDOCH, STUART
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/