Track 13

The Wytches

In her sunshine blouse
She prefers to keep the desperate men out
If I stay far away and then she'll feel okay
'Cause the smile on her face is poisonIn her rotary chair
She's spinning too fast and it spits out her hair
And she's well-known for a tendency's grown
As the number on the scales shiverAnd we fight like the crows Shoulders, elbows
All covered in blood from the phone girl's last purge
Between selling me
Your lover passing
Well I fell with no pain
But it hurts just the sameAnnabelle's in the rain
Reading those dreams for the number or names
Well she comes across like an animal lost
But her cage is the cleanest aroundAnd her parents hold her down in the night
Before closing her eyes she said, "Everything's fine"
When she next arrives with a conscience divine
And a smile on her face, artificial
Yes the smile on your face, artificialWell I said to her parents
Running family since birth
And I feel like I won
Buried body in dirt
on my birthday I scream
"Every day's a bad dream
or a story to sell but stop reading me Annabelle"

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