Camilla Rhodes (Album Version)

Between the Buried and Me

This moment is set.
Let's make magic.
You're the number one girl;
It's time to stay at the top.This the song of the year.
We just recorded your orgasm.
The music isn't shit anymore;
Your sexual vibe carries across the land.Daydream sex, broken marriage fuck.
You cause this shit.
Everyone has been waiting for this moment;
For this song.This song of the year:
"Sexy, smooth, yet sophisticated."
The music isn't shit.
It's all about image, image, image.Fuck your song, you're looking good.
We just recorded your orgasm, and the money is rolling in.
Alone, afraid, smile glued bright.
Feeling so dirty, sexed up by human eyes.An "artist" washed over, pulled under.
The moment is set, let's make magic.
You're the number two girl;
It's time to kill for the top.Let's show this song of the year.
We videotaped your orgasm.
The music was never shit, we lied, we lied, as you lay, drained,
Tired and robbed of your self-expressionYou're a toy, a toy for lust and greed.
Insecure depression,
The mirrors are laughing at us.
Trying to be sexy queen,Trying to be darling.
You've pounded in her little head
Like daddy wants to pound in you.
Daydream sex, broken marriage fuck.You cause this shit.
Makeup, bras and lingerie no need for this algebra.
Family dinners silent, speaking only to ourselves
This orgasm on the screen has molded our American dream.

Songwriters
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