

Pretty Lip

Wild Strawberries

I'm not the perfect sister, I'm just the wounded one
I was created to compare, I'll quit while she's ahead
I've finally found the rent, I'll memorize the words
To every other line she says She's got pretty little lips, she's got perfect skin
I wonder why I even try to disappoint you
I could draw a diagram, I could point it at your mouth
I could stroke it till you're blind and I'd disappoint you She's got good intentions, the kind that make you squirm
She's like the movie of the week, I've seen her kind before
So pretty and adored, so empty and so free
That I'd forgotten, I'd forgotten She's got pretty little lips, she's got perfect skin
I wonder why I even try to disappoint you
I could draw a diagram, I could point it at your mouth
I could stroke it till you're blind and I'd disappoint you I'm not the perfect sister, I'm just the wounded one
I was created to compare, one day I'll make the cut
I'll put it down in blood, I'll make you wish
That it was any other way She's got pretty little lips, she's got perfect skin
I wonder why I even try to disappoint you
I could draw a diagram, I could point it at your mouth
I could stroke it till you're blind and I'd disappoint you

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