

Mirage

Alexandra Savior

Violet was tickling my fancy
Gives out just the right amount of soul
I wonder if it makes me sound too old
Decided that Stella or Candy
Seems as if I'm spinning down a pole
Swept them over to the stack of no's
La-di-dah
I sing songs about
Whatever the fuck they want
Whatever the fuck they want
And ooh-eh-ooh
I'm so blue
Anna-Marie Mirage
Painting my teardrops on
And on
And on
And on
Staring through the window of a wig store
Crying through the credits of the show
That you've seen a bunch of times before
An inch away from settling on Coco
Shame that she's a girl you used to know
Loved her but we had to let her go
La-di-dah
We sing songs about
Whatever the fuck they want
Whatever the fuck they want
And ooh-eh-ooh
We're so blue
Anna-Marie Mirage
Painting our teardrops on
And on
And on
And on
Anna-Marie Mirage
Shooting a mood collage
Piñata paper heart
I don't know where she starts
And I stop
Dress me like the front of a casino
Push me down another rabbit hole
Touch me like I'm gonna turn to gold
She's almost like a million other people
That you'll never really get to know
And it feels as if she's swallowing me whole
La-di-dah

We sing songs about
Whatever the fuck she wants
Whatever the fuck she wants
And ooh-eh-ooh
We're so blue
Anna-Marie Mirage
She's painting our teardrops on
And on
And on
And on

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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