Miss Delaney

Jack's Mannequin

Finally, I'm letting go of all my downer thoughts
In no time, there'll be one less sad robot
Looking for a chance to be
Something more than just metal
Now I'm going part time with a film projectionist
And she's the vinyl queen from my surfer dream
She likes the Beach Boys more than radio metal
And she's so good, but, she's no good for me
Oh, Miss Delaney, what's the matter?
You waited by the window, I waited by the door
Oh, Miss Delaney, where's your boyfriend?
He isn't up in Heaven, so why treat him like he's dead? Like he's
It's not that everyday
Everyday is coming up with the green grass
But the times pass
When I think of you whenever I'm at dinner
Finally I've found someone to duel this lonely sea
I don't spend my nights searching for earthquakes
Though it's biblical, how fucked my sleep can be?
But she won't sleep with me
Oh, Miss Delaney, what's the matter?
You waited by the window, waited by the window, I waited by the door
Oh, Miss Delaney, where's your boyfriend?
No, he isn't up in Heaven so why treat him like he's dead?
Like he's dead, like he's dead
From here you can't find everything
Arin, I would never lie to you
Oh, Miss Delaney, Miss Delaney, what you sad for?
Well, you waited by the window and I was kicking down your door
Oh, Miss Delaney, where's your boyfriend? Where's your boyfriend?
He isn't up in Heaven so why treat him like he's dead?
Well, Miss Delaney

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