Moody Girl

Circe Link

Moody girl, in a whirl, your life is like a Pollack mural
Such a teen, drama queen, everything is so obscene
Always standing in the down pour
Pretty mouth wide open drowning
Tiny feet that spin in circles
Bruise the world and leave a purpleMoody girl, in a whirl, carving hearts in knotted burl
Silly dame, what a shame, cant you see youre to blame?
Always telling others secrets
But you never seem to spill yours
Wonder who the rules were made for
Not for you cause because the games called
Moody girl, in a whirl, moody girl, in a whirlLipstick, perfume, stains upon your dress
Broken teacups, shinning in the mess
No one told you life could be so bland
You make the best of what you have
I can see why youre a
Moody girl, in a whirl, moody girl, in a whirlLilting eyelash, crocodile tears
Knee jerk passion practiced all the years
No one told you life could be so bland
You make the worst of what you have
No surprise that youre aMoody girl, in a whirl, clutching at dime-store pearls
How bout that spoiled brat? Always thought youd laugh lastWhen its time to face the music
Youve got cotton in your ears
But the ever-smiling poseur sings a song freshly composed for
Moody girl, in a whirl, moody girl in a whirl

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