Betty

Superhorst

You got a quick snap lock on your cold, cold heart
You got your YSL kicks and a red birthmark
In the shape of Canada that you try to keep a secret
You got a quick clack walk and a cold hard stare
And if your eyes could talk they'd say they just don't care
Before they wander off to hide inside their sockets
You've got your scars and you've got your birthmarks
You've got Toronto hiding on your hip, honey
You've got your secrets, you've got your regrets
Darling, we all do
You got a fool proof plan for a lonely life
You won't be no one's daughter and no drunk man's wife
If a wife at all, it's a silly institution or so you keep insisting
You've got your scars and you've got your birthmarks
You've got Toronto hiding on your hip, honey
You've got your secrets, you've got your regrets
Darling, we all do
You're cool coy, 'bout to stroll, very hip
It's you that's hidden by the expectations
We wanna see you, won't you show us where to start?
You're talking trash with your red liquor lips
It's you that tickle in the conversation
Sweet Betty, won't you show us who you are?
You've got your scars and you've got your birthmarks
You've got Toronto hiding on your hip, honey
You've got your secrets, you've got your regrets
Darling, we all do
You've got a quick snap lock on your cold, cold heart

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