

So who was first?  
Obviously not me.  
She's locked up inside herself  
and I can't get anything free  
So won't somebody tell me please  
Why the former owner always keeps the keys.

There's no bubbles to burst  
No bursting out crying nor dying of thirst  
She's utterly tied to somebody else  
and it seems he got there first.  
And No, I'm not untying  
the reins around her neck that she feels  
and I won't try to prise out of her the truth anymore  
when she lies about the things that she sees  
Because the former owner always keeps the keys.

There's no calling  
"Come here, you're necessary to me."  
There's no excitement in her face when I implore  
"Corrupt me and confess to me some more."  
And when we hear trees falling or see people disappearing  
Her emotions won't be reached or released,  
Because the former owner is keeping the keys

Like a ticket inspector running for a bus  
Irony's revenge surrounds us.  
And it's ironic that he promised you he'd never let you go  
When he's left you used-up and disturbed  
And I said "Just as the early bird catches the worm  
The early cat catches the bird"  
But that former owner is keeping his word