

You Could Be Her

Jonathan Coulton

I run the Goddamned pretzel store at Buckingham Mall
Here on the east wing's second floor, I'm belle of the ball
But at night I could swear that I'm someone else
Someone who's better

Why does no one come here to save me?
Why won't anybody stay?
'Cause I've got it in my head that maybe
You could be her

Six hundred dollars, seven days, and I drink all I make
While people with great big fat BA's, they move and they shake
I can't dress me up, I can't take me out
I can't do nothing

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Why won't anybody stay?
'Cause I've got it in my head that maybe
You could be her

You don't come by no more
You never wear that sweater I like
You don't say nothing that makes me think I'll ever get out of
here

It's six in the morning, I'm awake, and it's nobody's fault
I knot them up tightly, watch them bake, and rub in the salt
Somewhere, there's a hell that was meant for me
And I think I found it

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Why won't anybody stay?
'Cause I've got it in my head that maybe
You could be her