

There is a boy in a band  
Who is friends with my  
French teacher's stepson, Sebastian  
A very nice gentleman

He seems to know me  
But I can't remember him  
Good god, forgive me  
I'm out of my element

And I can't seem to keep them all straight  
I've forgotten which people I like and which people I hate  
And I'm waiting for someone to shake me and say

"Hey, bitch, your wish is my command  
Just smile and nod, we'll under"

Standing in front of the sink  
I'm pretending to wink  
At pretend paparazzi  
Who hide in the chemicals

From every locket, behind every curtain  
Their lenses ensure that  
I look lost in thought  
Yet approachable

And I can't seem to keep them all straight  
I've forgotten which ones I should skip and which ones I should take  
And I'm waiting for someone to shake me and say

"Hey, bitch, don't quit, you're almost dead  
Don't give up now, make friends instead  
Of going out, go home instead  
Of getting dressed, go back to bed"

There is a voice on the phone  
Who's convinced I'm alone  
And I've called 'cause I'm greedy  
And looking for sympathy

He seems to like me  
But I can't relate  
I would like to get closer  
But Christ, all the time it takes

And I can't seem to keep myself straight  
I've forgotten which habits to hide and which habits to fake  
And I'm waiting for someone to shake me and say

"Hey, bitch, nice tits, you're broke, but then  
You're rich in love, you're great in bed  
You'll see the world, you'll knock them dead  
And all the thick books that you've read  
Will count for nothing in the end"