

Straight

Amanda Palmer

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"