

Split Into Fractions

Curve

Yeah

Guilty much more from new
I can't confide all I want to
Spiteful with the fact of life
Not everyone you meet is that nice
When we scratch below the surface
The characters have merged,
That split into fractions in front of your eyes

I'm so bitchin', love to be it
My friends and I just love to meet
We meet all the time 'cause we think we're clever
So surreal, it makes us feel better
We think we're so, clever
The characters have merged,
That split into fractions in front of your eyes

In front of them
There is nothing to behold
In front of them
You can't be sure what you're dealing with
And that's got to be good for you

I'd die on the cross before I crossed you
You know I'd never hurt you
I'm just not that type of girl
Die on the cross before I cross you
Know I'd never hurt you
Just not that type
I'm just not that type of girl