This flower is scorched, this film is on On a maddening loop, these clothes
These clothes don't fit us right
I'm to blame
It's all the same
It's all the same

You come to me with a bone in your hand You come to me with your hair curled tight You come to me with positions

You come to me with excuses
Ducked out in a row
You wear me out
You wear me out

We've been through fake-a-breakdown Self-hurt, plastics, collections Self-help, self-pain EST, psychics, fuck all

I was central, I had control
I lost my head
I need this, I need this

A paperweight, junk garage Wedding ring, a honey pot Crazy, all the lovers have been tagged

A hotline, a wanted ad It's crazy what you could've had

It's crazy what you could've had
It's crazy what you could've had
I need this, I need this

It's crazy what you could've had
Crazy what you could've had
I need it, I need this

It's crazy what you could've had It's crazy what you could've had I need this, I, I need this

It's crazy what you could've had
I need this, I need this

It's crazy what you could've had
Crazy what you could've had
I need this, I need this

Crazy what you could've had Crazy what you could've had