Planets aligned, here comes the sign A guilded word, the holy kind There's rows and rows of Saturdays To come

They cried a laugh, you cried alone
They fleshed it out, your gone and grown
Equipped with all you'd ever want
To feel

Nigh bricks nor mortar Can hold you in place Place your hands upon a hammer And nail away, see if she stays

You're glued to the girl
Glued to the girl
Six or seven minutes
Repeat then you're finished
You're Glued to the girl
Glued to the girl girl girl

Embrace the day with your good deeds She tunes you out, you speak your peace With vacant stares and coffee stains On your shoes

Placid and pain, soaking the stain We try so hard to cast away Pilgrimidge is set To sail

All thrown together but to no avail
No tax, tongue, or tape or fine-tuned detail
See if you sail
You're glued to the girl
Glued to the girl
Cried when you left
All of us alone
Glued to the girl
Glued to the girl
Glued to the girl girl girl

If you want to, I can show you
All the things I learned and misused
It's true that I don't love you no more
I'm sure to lack and not be friends

Planets align with baited breath The guilded kind within my chest There's rows and rows of mundane Junk to sort through