

She's wearing too much lipstick tonight
A little black dress a little too tight
Tries to make small talk but it drips with spite
She knows that he's coming; it's really all right
Nobody here could know how she feels
Not getting drunk and she hates wearing heels
She tries to stand, but the room seems to bend and reel
Her friends all keep asking why can't she just deal
If she spins fast enough than maybe the broken pieces of her heart will stay together
But any gyroscope can't spin forever, yea
If she spins fast enough than maybe the broken pieces of her heart will stay together
But any gyroscope can't spin forever
He says it's over and it's such a release
It's finally happened and he's making his peace
All the reminders don't bother him in the least
The Jekyll and Hyde shit will finally cease
His eyes on fire and his hands kind of shake
Like his voice is ready to break
You kind of wonder how long this boy's been awake
Or how much less sense one person can make
If he spins fast enough than maybe the broken pieces of his heart will stay together
But any gyroscope can't spin forever, yea
If he spins fast enough than maybe the broken pieces of his heart will stay together
But ain't no gyroscope can spin forever, yea
Happiness is such hard work, and it gets harder every day
And it can kill you, but no one wants to be that tacky about it
If you spin fast enough than maybe the broken pieces of your heart will stay together
But some things I've seen lately make me doubt it.