

Rosy's showtime favors some restraint
Into change, to any who she ain't
So force her to do anything but choose
'Cause she hate what she win when she bet what she lose
And she have what she hold when she red what she blue

Rosy knows life stories ain't so smart
Change her own around until it's art
Strip off truth until it feels like clothes
And she write what she see cause she left what she know
And she make for the man with the heat when it snow

Rosy sharing time
Why would you be so hard to find?
Rosy Overdrive
Why do you look so half-alive?

Rosy low-fi, no preventive cures
"Threw my youth away - now I want yours!"
Lovers too embarrassed to turn blue
What's a girl with a gun in her hand supposed to do?
Say, "It's not me. I was in 1982!"

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Why do you look so half-alive?
Half-alive...

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