

# What I'd Be Without Me

The pAper chAse

Dear Diary  
As you can see, the pen's drinking  
It's an ornery little thing  
And it's dreadful, dreadful, dreadful

Dear Diary  
My sweet body will turn on me  
Say "pretty please," 'cause God is listening  
And we all fall in the big empty

Do you want to know what girls want?  
Do you want to know what girls really need?  
They want their greasy hands all over their mouths  
Apparently turncoats that grant the nosebleeds

Do you want to know what boys want?  
They want the grass stains on their sisters' Barbies  
They want their hands crawling up themselves  
And you're knock-kneed, knock-kneed, knock-kneed

We'll cross our hearts, we'll cross our t's  
I'll clean your feet, you'll scrape your knees  
Remember me, remember me, remember me  
I had you by your baby teeth

Abeline, look at me  
Were you wanting to go it without me?  
Wait and see, wait and see  
Don't you forget what you'll be without me  
Grab your knees, fall asleep  
When you wander the desert in suspense  
Wait for me, wait for me  
Don't you stumble across your own footprints

Baby teeth, baby teeth, come to me  
Come to me, come to me, come to me

Dear Diary  
Day Ten of Day Ten's desert scene, it's an odious thing  
And it's awful, awful, awful

Dear Diary  
I fear I've seen those things I've seen  
Say "pretty please," 'cause God is listening  
And we all fall in the big empty

Baby teeth, baby teeth  
Were you wanting to know what I'm made of?  
This is me, this is me  
Snap a photo to show what I once was  
Grab your knees, fall asleep  
When you wander the desert in suspense  
Wait for me, wait for me  
Don't you stumble across your own footprints

Baby teeth, baby teeth  
Come to me, come to me