

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