

Divine Simulacrum

Yeasayer

It's just a crush, don't beat yourself up
Don't beat yourself up, don't beat yourself up
It's just a crush, don't beat yourself up
Don't beat yourself up, don't beat yourself up

There's heaven in the sea, driftwood on the sand
Tell him to go to hell, and take me by the hand
She's coming back with me, this time I understand
Carved from memories and she always gets her man

She's not your average station vixen
Or a manic pixie dream girl
She's a mimeograph, not a blot on your past
And you cannot leave her vision

She's Divine Simulacrum
And you can't help your attraction
She's divine, she was made for you
And it could be so good

I know things could be finer off when I'm with her
Then why is she acting almost worse than ever
Stop testing your theories, leave me with my lover
You're closer to zero, the more that you uncover

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And you can't help your attraction
She's divine, she was made for you, oooh
She's divine, she was made for you, oooh

So pull out the tacks
That's no way to react
Pull out the racks, that's no way to react
That's no way to react to Divine Simulacrum
Pull out the racks, that's no way to react
That's no way to react to Divine Simulacrum