

I have lived in a junkyard
Where the weeds eat up the rain
If you get anything there even out of place
You know there's hell to pay
And he said "you're as sick as you are lovely
And in need of a hand"
He tells me "you are never worthy"
But I was just a child you see
That's my reality

He had a sick little girl
Dirty and hard
With a breast plate made of metal
She drives all day in her rusty Buick
Her feet don't reach the pedals
Got a jar of flies, father's disguise where his heart should be
Her mouth is sewn together
She screams with those eyes
And he says she's as sick as she is lovely
And in need of my hand
Yeah he uses his hands
He tells her "you are never worthy"
She was all alone you see
That's her reality

Should have been sleeping
Should have been dreaming
But I wake up to broken glass
There'll be one more empty desk in my homeroom class
I got an old bone pocket knife tight in my right hand
To save my poor mother from the junkyard man
And I say he's as sick as he is lovely
And in need of a hand
He will know he's not worthy
Because he will die alone you see
That's his reality

But I'm not sick
I am lovely
And hatred is the curse of man
And I will not feel unworthy
Because I have washed my hands you see
That's my reality