

there's a whisper in your heart
that speaks of dangerous games to come
with open hearts and bleeding words
and you know you're just a tease
can't really be more than that
it hurts too much to give yourself away
and flirting is as easy as 1-2-3
wink, smile, stay a while
ignore your conscience
(why is it there it should go away now)
dance and smile and laugh away the pain
forget the boys waiting for you back at home
(home is where the heart lies;
where is home when your heart keeps jumping around)
think it's all fine till you get back and find
that one message 'where were you'
remember those days when you used to care
before your heart was made out of wear and tear
click delete and cry on the inside
outside is where it's at though
so you paint your face pretty
and keep yourself happy
wait until the next one comes along
nobody says it
(she's such a nice girl)
but they don't need to
because the only thing in your head is 'what a slut'
bouncing back and forth all the time
line them all up
ask cash or credit
see your history and edit-edit-edit
everyone lies in this world of ours
to protect and shield and make yourself look better
always too busy for that guy next door
he's been waiting to play scrabble
since you moved in last december
emotions scramble up

(emotion is seven letters- bingo)
they ask if you know what's going on
and you say
'why would i know what i'm doing'
best friend trying to hold you back
lock up your heart and put it on the rack
maybe it's all for the better
when the feelings leave the stage
but you always were a sucker for big brown eyes
(bambi eyes, that's what they're called)
and you're being sucked-sucked-sucked in
to where the laughs and giggles die down
so only the sad grimace 'why'd you do that' face is there
'sorry i'm a tease and i can't ever fully please'
that's the truth and you wishwishwish people would stop
(stop it, i can't breathe anymore)
hoping for more because you're just a little girl
(turning 14 what do you want for your birthday sweetie
i'd like to get a new heart and a second chance)
the world was on your shoulders and now you're in the hospital
for breaking your back
(you've got to stop hurting yourself)
for now you spread the glitter
and pretend you've got it under control
(drop a pick up line like you would a 'i'm fine and you?')
always was good at acting
and maybe no one will really ever understand
that ball of runaround-pleasethecrowd-fakeasmile-
stayawhile-loveitall-haveaball-postitonyourfacebookwall
who flails and primps and goofs and wheezes
no one can really seem to get ahold of her
it's like watching an explosion in slow-mo
so captivating in its destruction
and when she goes down in all her glory
(food sex anger pain love
hate friends words sayitallinonebreath)
hopefully someone will remember
that she really did care
she was just too busy