

Dillinger Four

"Fuzzy Pink Hand-Cuffs"

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She's got a little book
She thinks it tells the truth
Easy answers so simple she can't refuse
It's disengenous, just like the smile on her face
Somewhere here there's a mind that has been
misplaced
Taking the easy way always get you through the day

He's got a bank account
He's got a house in the hills
He burns the midnight oil, he can't get off the pills
He'd give it all away to get a little more
He's a bright exterior, an empty core
Doubt if he'll ever see
They're burning him in effigy

Losing yourself in the path that you've taken
You are nothing if not vacant

Fill yourself up just to end up more hollow
Fall to your knees for the false that you follow

She's got a catalog
It's full of hopes and dreams
It makes her hate herself, it's what she wants to be
She spends more every day, she wants the fairy tale
And everytime she tries, and everytimes she fails
She wallows in her shame
No one but herself to blame

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