

## **Brooke Fraser**

### **"Betty"**

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You got a quick snap-lock on your cold, cold heart  
You got your YSL kicks and a red birthmark  
In the shape of Canada  
That you try to keep a secret

You got a quick clack walk and a cold hard stare  
And if your eyes could talk they'd say they just don't  
care  
Before they wander off  
To hide inside their sockets

You've got your scars and you've got your birthmarks  
You've got Toronto hiding on your hip, honey  
You've got your secrets  
You've got your regrets  
Darling, we all do

You got a fool-proof plan for a lonely life  
You won't be no one's daughter and no drunk man's  
wife  
If a wife at all  
It's a silly institution  
Or so you keep insisting

You've got your scars and you've got your birthmarks

You've got Toronto hiding on your hip, honey  
You've got your secrets  
You've got your regrets  
Darling, we all do

You're cool coy, 'bout your strawberry hip  
It's you that's hidden by the expectations  
We want to see you, won't you show us where to start?  
You're talking trash with your replica lips  
It's you that tickle in the conversation  
Sweet Betty, won't you show us who you are?

You've got your scars and you've got your birthmarks  
You've got Toronto hiding on your hip, honey  
You've got your secrets  
You've got your regrets

Darling, we all do

You've got a quick snap-lock on your cold, cold heart

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