

Lydia

"Empty Out Your Stomach"

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You empty out your stomach,
So everyone can see that you are as black as the
basement,
And just as wicked as me.
But my God, what a mess I've made,
My God, what a mess I made.
You stare in a way I once thought was stunning,
Oh but I will try, try and fake it.

You changed back into your clothes, while I was
thinking.
My body is sick, yeah, it never stops breathing
I'm sure I know what you're going through-
Yeah, I call it vanity.
(The world is yours, so take it.)
Vanity
(I lost my mind, in this make believe)

You stare in a way I once thought was stunning
Oh but I will try, try and fake it.
It's all in a way your words will come out now,
'Cause I can't seem to doubt you.
Vanity
(The world is yours, so take it.)
Vanity
(I lost my mind, in this make believe)

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