

## **Paul McDermott**

### **"Happiness"**

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You're what happens when models marry  
You're the kind of angel they produce  
Pale creature more sad than savage  
Heaven knows you're fireproof  
In an apartment with a dirty mirror  
You can still kiss your face goodbye  
Yeah

I want you, I need you,  
I want your skin upon my skin  
I want to - possess you,  
I want to know where the hell you've been  
Yeah

You're what happens when models marry  
You're the sort of victim they let loose  
Sitting on your own, it's tragic  
That no one knows the awful truth  
Your scheming little junkie friends all tell you  
That kind of beauty is a crime  
Yeah

I want you, I need you,  
I want you confused and unable to stop  
I want to - possess you,  
I want to know what the hell you want

I want you, I need you,  
I want your happiness and scars  
I want to - oppress you,  
I want to know who the hell you think you are  
Yeah  
Yeah

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