

## Get Scared "Cynical Skin"

Visit "[Cynical Skin](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Talk candy in my ear  
Come on, come on  
I want you toxic, talk sick baby  
I know those gospel lips can change me

Look to the right of me, okay  
We got exhibit "A"  
She, she ain't okay  
And to the left, the left of me  
We got exhibit "B"  
Oh, she's a mess to say at least  
She's got her daddy's money, money, money  
Honey, I think you should run

Look, oh look around  
You're lost but never found, no  
Six feet below the ground  
Where you avoid your problems

Look right in front of me  
We got exhibit "C"  
Anorexic, obsessed with magazines  
And when I look over here, oh my  
That's me in the mirror  
No, no, no ladies and gentlemen  
This is my fear  
My eyes and ears  
Honey, I think you should run

Look, oh look around  
You're lost but never found, no  
Six feet below the ground  
Where you avoid your problems  
Look, oh look around  
You're lost but never found, no  
Six feet below the ground  
Where you will never solve them

(I know you don't want to hear this but just listen)

The last contentent, bad for you, bad for us  
This capillary root could root up all the little

The puzzle pieces of what you've been through  
You hair all up in knots, don't ever say you're not  
Oh, just a nothing  
'Cause I swear downstairs you're something  
Egotistic, cynical I'm getting out of control  
Out of control  
Out of control

Look, oh look around  
You're lost but never found, no  
Six feet below the ground  
Where you avoid your problems  
Look, oh look around  
You're lost but never found, no  
Six feet below the ground  
Where you will never solve them  
Look, oh look around  
You're lost but never found, no  
Six feet below the ground  
Where you avoid your problems

Out of control  
Out of control

Visit [Get Scared](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.