

## Vanity Theft

### "My Cup Runneth Over"

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This pounding in my chest  
Will be digested with a grain  
Of salt they couldn't find  
When dissecting my brain

You found an avenue to course through  
Like blood in my veins  
Now just decode my pulse in morse to hear  
The things I couldn't say, wait

I hope that you catch up when you catch on

Chorus:  
I must be a dead give-away  
If not I'm well on my way  
Go slow, Tip-toe,  
Don't give me away  
I'm a dead give-away  
If not I'm well on my way  
Go slow, Tip-toe,  
Don't give me away

'Till my cup runneth over darling

Hit the nail on the head  
Yeah hit it right on the nose  
To knock your qualms and hesitations  
Down like dominos

Where is all my skill in prose?  
Where are all my fancy clothes?  
I keep forgetting things I need to not  
Be overly exposed, wait

I hope that you catch up when you catch on

Chorus x2

My body's shakin' like an earthquake  
I really wish I could articulate  
My body's shakin' like an earthquake

Shake, shake.

Chorus

Why don't you give me away?

Chorus

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