

## Circe Link

### "Moody Girl"

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Moody girl, in a whirl, your life is like a Pollack mural  
Such a teen, drama queen, everything is so obscene  
Always standing in the down pour  
Pretty mouth wide open drowning  
Tiny feet that spin in circles  
Bruise the world and leave a purple

Moody girl, in a whirl, carving hearts in knotted burl  
Silly dame, what a shame, can't you see you're  
to blame?  
Always telling others secrets  
But you never seem to spill yours  
Wonder who the rules were made for  
Not for you cause because the game's called  
Moody girl, in a whirl, moody girl, in a whirl

Lipstick, perfume, stains upon your dress  
Broken teacups, shinning in the mess  
No one told you life could be so bland  
You make the best of what you have  
I can see why you're a  
Moody girl, in a whirl, moody girl, in a whirl

Lilting eyelash, crocodile tears  
Knee jerk passion practiced all the years  
No one told you life could be so bland  
You make the worst of what you have  
No surprise that you're a

Moody girl, in a whirl, clutching at dime-store pearls  
How 'bout that spoiled brat? Always thought  
you'd laugh last

When it's time to face the music  
You've got cotton in your ears  
But the ever-smiling poseur sings a song freshly  
composed for  
Moody girl, in a whirl, moody girl in a whirl

