

Amanda Palmer "Provanity"

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Iâ€™ve been pro-vanity since I was ten.
I picture altars in past the shutters-den
Baby bottle didnâ€™t choke
there were no cherry lollipops, cherry lip smacker and I
got off
Marry money have a child, keep it pretty ugly as you
eat sushi and drink cocktails.

And Iâ€™m sick of your smile
And Iâ€™m sick of your cake
And Iâ€™m sick of your meaningless blather
And Iâ€™m sick of your hair
And I wish it werenâ€™t there
Maybe some night iâ€™ll visit you sweetly

There is no place I would rather be killed
Than in my own backyard
On my own propane grill
And lolly didn't stop the little melancholy absence and I
felt high so I ripped it off
Money prices an unborn child it would be hated(?)
But you should be wary of those thirty fall drops
And I'm sick when I breathe
And I wish you would leave
At the very least have an abortion
I donâ€™t need a damn life
And I donâ€™t think itâ€™s right
For a woman to breed for attention

Iâ€™ve been pro-vanity since I could know
No one will ever care to see what I donâ€™t show
And momma didnâ€™t lock and load it
Secretly we see
Could see a letter and withstood the shock
Oh my daddy felt I knew and consequently
Took control and took over the hope that was you

And Iâ€™m sick of myself
And I wish you could help
If you want to you can pull out the ladder
Oh, and it sounds so indulgent
Amazing iâ€™ve managed

To keep you engaged for just four fucking minutes
And maybe you'd be provanity

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