

The Odds

"Oh Sorrow, Oh Shame"

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Drinking like a teenager
Using up the cleenex
Staring at the CD rack
Asking myself which fuzzbox band would sound the best

I try on your lipstick
I try on your clothes
I wanna be you for a little while
And Im freaked out enough to bloody my own nose

Oh sorrow, oh shame
Take me by the shoulders, shake me to the brain
Oh sorrow, oh shame
Ive locked myself in a room again

Glossy of you next to my face
Looking in the mirror
I see us frozen like cavemen
Together in a thousand years

Every little town has its 3 legged cat
Im happy to live that way cause no one expects me to catch the rat

Oh sorrow, oh shame
Take me by the shoulders, shake me to the brain
Oh sorrow, oh shame
Ive locked myself in a room again

I cross myself and do my best acid queen
A cross between a dime store witch
And a whirling painted Martin Sheen

I try on your lipstick
I try on your 'hose
I wanna be you for a little while
And Im freaked out enough to bloody my own nose

Oh sorrow, oh shame
Take me by the shoulders, shake me to the brain

Oh sorrow, oh shame
I've locked myself in a room again

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