

And they say she's in the Class A-team
Stuck in her day-dream
Been this way since eighteen, but lately
Her face seems to slowly sink, wasting
Crumbling like pastries
And they scream, "worse things in life come free to us"
Cause we're just under the upperhand
And go mad for a couple grams
She don't wanna go outside tonight
And in the pipe, she flies to the motherland
And sells love to another man
It's too cold outside, for angels to fly

Dark room, starin' down a bottle
Blank face with the figure of a model
These cold nights, too often to be coincidence
Used to be an artist now the pipe's the only instrument

A-Student, her friends loved her to death
Her assessment of her men just wasn't the best
They met freshman year, fell in love on a whim
Left after first semester, all she wanted was him

Didn't love gettin' high, but did it because he wanted to
Little scared, but how much damage could marijuana do?
Weed turned to pills, pills turned to pain
Personality changed, nothin' was the same

Now he didn't wanna kiss her, didn't wanna love her
Everything was fuckin' different, he left to find another
So hurt, and embarrassed
All she got was dial tones every time she called her parents

Move along, move along: what she told herself
Had to find the means so she sold herself
Used her body for a buck, but hardly was a slut
She would cry herself to sleep after every single fuck

Lost track of her reality
Thoughts of her addiction made her think this how it had to be
Now she stands, lifted on that balcony
Lost soul and ready to be a casualty

Found a star, to make one last wish
Brought the pipe up to her mouth, for one last hit
It was the ultimate high, took a breath and closed her eyes
And jumped off the ledge, she was ready to fly