

Heidi, there are things you couldn't possibly know
It's a race of angels, a line in the snow
A flame in the dark, a prayer to Saint Jude
He's the patron saint of nothingness
There's nothing he can do

'Cause it's out of his hands
He's not a God, no he is merely a man
And so I'm telling everybody, "I will not come undone"
But being so superior is just no fuckin' fun, no!

If I had a gun, I think I'm able
If I had a gun, I'd know what to do
If I had a gun, I would be perfectly unstable
Well nothing really changes, then, that's true
Oh Heidi, I am many things, but I thank God I'm not like you

'Cause kids of today
They think they're so damn profound
You give them one slim book of Kerouac
And they're ready to expound
On the way of the world
On what makes things art
They couldn't find their way around Kentucky
Or the map of a human heart

So it's out of my hands
I'm not a God 'cause I will never be a man
And so I'm telling everybody, "I've learnt to fill the hole"
I'm baking cakes on Sunday for the teatime of my soul

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'Cause I have a heart
I think it beats
I don't say things I do not mean
To appear clever
Heidi, I'm not you
Maybe that's strange to you
Maybe I'm just strange...

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