

Chemical, Chemical

Pretty Girls Make Graves

See the strange boy talking to his shadow
He's got a secret to tell
His imaginary friend knows everything
Don't let him go out
He says they won't believe you
You don't know what you're talking about

'Cause his eyes are always red, can't sleep at night
Doesn't feel like being positive all the time
Doesn't sit still, doesn't look well
Give him something, make it chemical, chemical

You'll feel better when you cannot feel

See the strange girl talking to her shadow
She's got a secret to tell
Her imaginary friend knows everything
Don't let her go out
She says they won't believe you
You don't know what you're talking about

Doesn't sit still, doesn't look well
Give him something, make it chemical, chemical

You'll get used to cranial niches
Smooths out neuro-transmitted glitches
You'll feel better when you cannot feel

We'll have such a fabulous time
Almost imitate a normal life
You'll feel better when you cannot feel
You'll feel better when you cannot feel