

I've been contemplating suicide,
But it really doesn't suit my style,
So I think I'll just act bored instead
And contain the blood I would've shed
She makes me feel so ill at ease
My heart is really on its knees
But I keep a poker face so well
That even mother couldn't tell
But my baby's so vain
She is almost a mirror
And the sound of her name
Sends a permanent shiver down my spine
Down my spine
I keep her photograph against my heart
For in my life she plays a starring part
All alcohol and cigarettes
There is no room for cheap regret
But my baby's so vain
She is almost a mirror
And the sound of her name
Sends a permanent shiver down my spine
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Spine, spine...