

## Divine Simulacrum

Yeasayer

It's just a crush, don't beat yourself up  
Don't beat yourself up, don't beat yourself up  
It's just a crush, don't beat yourself up  
Don't beat yourself up, don't beat yourself up

There's heaven in the sea, driftwood on the sand  
Tell him to go to hell, and take me by the hand  
She's coming back with me, this time I understand  
Carved from memories and she always gets her man

She's not your average station vixen  
Or a manic pixie dream girl  
She's a mimeograph, not a blot on your past  
And you cannot leave her vision

She's Divine Simulacrum  
And you can't help your attraction  
She's divine, she was made for you  
And it could be so good

I know things could be finer off when I'm with her  
Then why is she acting almost worse than ever  
Stop testing your theories, leave me with my lover  
You're closer to zero, the more that you uncover

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Or a manic pixie dream girl  
She's a mimeograph, not a blot on your past  
And you cannot leave her vision

She's Divine Simulacrum  
And you can't help your attraction  
She's divine, she was made for you, oooh  
She's divine, she was made for you, oooh

So pull out the tacks  
That's no way to react  
Pull out the racks, that's no way to react  
That's no way to react to Divine Simulacrum  
Pull out the racks, that's no way to react  
That's no way to react to Divine Simulacrum