

What could you possibly see in me?
Is my soul hung out to dry?
I think my dysfunctional family has shaped it throughout my life.

What could you possibly like in me?
Do you like my ability to bend?
I think my fear of intimacy has shaped the time we spend.

No it's not you, it's me
and it's not us, it's them
and it's not her, it's just the way she moves you?
and she kisses harder than me, oh she kisses harder than me.

And I've always looked in through your glasses,
but all I could see, is the spectre of me reflected
the empty shell of me, the empty shell of me.

What could you possibly love in me?
Is it the way I wear my smile?
It hangs from the tip of my tongue you see, oh this might take awhile.

No it's not you, it's me
and it's not us, it's them
sure it's not her, it's just the way she moves you?
and she kisses harder than me, oh she kisses harder than me.

And I've always looked in through your glasses,
but all I could see, is the spectre of me reflected
the empty shell of me, the empty shell of me.

oooooh, ooooh- aahhh, me, oooooh, ooooh, me- oooooh oooooh, me- oh, oh, oh, oh, ooooooh

And I've always looked in through your glasses,
but all I could see, is the spectre of me reflected
the empty shell of me, the empty shell of me.

And I've tried to look in through your glasses,
but all I could see, was the spectre of me reflected, the empty shell of me, the empty shell of me.