

Dollhouse – Melanie Martinez

Hey girl, open the walls
Play with your dolls
We'll be a perfect family
When you walk away
Is when we really play
You don't hear me when I say
Mom, please wake up
Dad's with a slut
And your son is smoking cannabis
No one ever listens
This wallpaper glistens
Don't let them see what goes down in the kitchen

Places, places
Get in your places
Throw on your dress and put on your doll faces
Everyone thinks that we're perfect
Please don't let them look through the curtains
Picture, picture, smile for the picture
Pose with your brother, won't you be a good sister?
Everyone thinks that we're perfect
Please don't let them look through the curtains

D-O-L-L-H-O-U-S-E
I see things that nobody else sees
D-O-L-L-H-O-U-S-E
I see things that nobody else sees

Hey girl, look at my mom
She's got it going on
Ha, you're blinded by her jewelry
When you turn your back
She pulls out a flask
And forgets his infidelity
Uh oh she's coming to the attic, plastic
Go back to being plastic

No one ever listens
This wallpaper glistens
One day they'll see what goes down in the kitchen

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Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych