

# 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