Jack's Mannequin, Miss Delaney

Finally, I'm letting go

Of all my downer thoughts

In no time there'll be

One less sad robot

Looking for a chance to be

Something more than just metal

Now I'm going part time

With a film projectionist

And she's the vinyl queen

From my surfer dream

She likes the beach boys

More than radio metal

And she's so good

But, she's no good for me

Oh, Miss Delaney

What's the matter?

You waited by the window

(You waited by the window)

Ì waited by the door

Oh, Miss Delaney

Where's your boyfriend?

He isn't up in heaven, so

Why treat him like he's dead

It's not that everyday

Everyday is coming up

With the green grass

But the times pass, when

I think of you

Whenever I'm at dinner

Finally

I've found someone to dull this lonely scene

I don't spend my nights searching for earthquakes (oh)

It's biblical how fucked my sleep can be

But she won't sleep with me

Oh, Miss Delaney

What's the matter?

You waited by the window

I waited by the door

Oh, Miss Delaney

Where's your boyfriend?

He isn't up in heaven, so

Why treat him like he's dead

Like he's dead, like he's dead

From here you can find everything

Arin, I

Would never lie to you

Oh, Miss Delaney (Miss Delaney)

Whatcha sad for?

You waited by the window

And I was kicking down your door

Oh, Miss Delaney

Where's your boyfriend?

(Where's your boyfriend)

He isn't up in heaven, so

Why treat him like he's dead

Oh, Miss Delaney