

Envy And Other Sins, (It Only Gets Harder To Be

Here's a song for a backwater princess who relishes the tiniest bit of interest.
The guys in town can't put Emily down, they just live to see her undressed.
Friday night's a veritable carnival, the meat is on display for all the cannibals.
You know the rest, and

It only gets harder to be such a martyr
In the rush of the crowd, you know such weaknesses are not allowed,
They whimper and shout, but in the end they all just slowly peter out.

Anthony, Darren, Jack and Jonathan all agree Emily is number one
And Kevin, Tom, Dick and Harry do to, and I know they're not the only ones.
Emily, you are the catalyst, the start of all the amateur dramatics
They lick their wounds but

I won't hold my breath for your next solution,
So I wait in the queue, trying to find something new to pull me on through.

Emily, what about your family? They brought you up anything but easily.
It makes no sense what you do to them, it makes no sense.