

## **Cookie // Lyrics**

### **Ceramic Mary**

Ceramic Mary in pieces on the sidewalk,  
Joseph is jealous again,  
and blonde Jesus on a dirty dinner plate.  
breaking the hearts of the holy again  
Where have our heroes gone?

And now we're on trial  
and no we won't win  
and now we're on trial  
we won't do this again.

We sat on the curb and saw a baby face behind the wheel of a BMW,  
I traced the lines of your smile and found the past was a world inside of you,

and now you're on trial  
And no you won't win  
And now you're on trial  
you won't do this again.

You march your flags over the bridges of your hometown,  
hoping everyone heard  
I whisper of my privilege now,  
like a four letter word

And now I'm on trial,  
And no I won't win.  
And now I'm on trial  
I won't do this again.

Where have our heroes gone?

### **White Girl**

Don't reduce me to good times,  
And the nostalgia of lust that lives in them.  
I'm more than just a white girl with fantastic rhythm.

Don't reduce me to a ton of fun  
I've thought little of my decisions  
and even less about the long run

Don't reduce me to my appearance.  
Don't tether me to this pretty smile.  
I want to be more than a beautiful woman,  
I want to hear no every once in a while.

I may never become what I'm supposed to be,  
the past may always becomes me.  
But in the here and now,  
don't you dare reduce me...  
To your reality

Don't reduce me to the sum of my parts  
I have problems with each of them  
I suspect they conspire against me in the dark

Don't reduce me to an artist type,  
I'm more realistic about our life.  
I know these songs may turn you on  
but they'll never make you my wife

I may never become what I'm supposed to be,  
the past may always becomes me.  
But in the here and now,  
don't you dare reduce me...  
To your reality

## **Binge Thinking at El Compadre**

People here change their name to better suit their new face  
To better suit their brand  
New face.  
A brand new state in the same old mind,  
I know what it takes  
But no one told me it takes so much time

On your way to another cliché La fable,  
Falling for the talent that drinks you  
Under the table  
Oh I know what's coming if I stay  
A little heartbreak, and a little hell to pay  
And a hell of a lot of fun along the way

You've got your fears  
I've got my tendencies  
If love is not enough to make us stay,  
Then why not try some co-dependency

I'll do it all babe  
I just want to fall babe  
for something right away

Got a big booth drinking alone at el compadre,  
binge thinking about my vulnerabilities,  
the mariachis sing ever so sweetly  
that love will always leave me

I raise my margarita and blindly agree,  
with a wonderful woman, there's no blurring the subtleties,  
I know it's unhealthy to crave what cripples me,  
but how the hell else does one escape all the little things  
I just want shitty food  
and mindless company  
a mere witness to when my conscious leaves me

I want it all babe,  
I just want to fall babe,  
for the real thing  
could you believe me  
or at the least be  
a witness to when my conscience leaves me

I'll do it all babe  
I just want to fall babe  
for something right away