

# Our Riotous Defects (feat. Janelle Monáe)

## of Montreal

You are such a crazy girl  
You are such a crazy girl  
And I don't know why I even tried to make you love me  
I want it, babe You are just a crazy girl  
You are so crazy girl  
I don't know why I even try to help you  
Can't help you, can't help you When I first met you at that Al Anon meeting  
And you made that reference to "All your goodies are gone"  
And even sang a verse  
I was amazed how husky your singing voice was I wanted to talk to you so badly  
But I didn't know how to come on  
Because you've got that kind of beauty  
That makes people nervous  
I know it's fucked  
But before we got together  
I even hooked up with one of your cousins  
Just to feel somehow closer to you Because I knew, like, you guys were best friends  
And you talked everyday  
And it was thrilling to touch something  
That had touched you In my head you were like this goddess  
But in fact, you're just a Crazy girl, you're just a crazy girl  
I don't know why I even try to understand you  
Can't stand you, can't stand you Your ass is crazy, girl  
Yeah, you are so crazy, girl  
And I don't know why I even try to relate to you  
Can't wait for you, it's too late for you  
My God, I should have realized, on our second date  
When you dragged me into the bathroom at Tanika's house  
And screamed at me for like twenty minutes  
'Cause I had contradicted you in front of your friends I was like, "Oh"  
And then later that night at my apartment  
As punishment you killed my beta fish  
Just threw it out the window I did everything I could to make you happy  
I participated in all your protests  
Supported your stupid little blog, got a Bowflex  
Wore colored contacts to match your dresses Whatever your eyes caught, I bought  
Still we fought like Ike and Tina but in reverse 'Cause you're so crazy, girl  
You're just too crazy, girl  
And I don't know why I even try to understand you  
No, no Well, I think you're crazy, girl, yeah, you are so crazy, girl  
And I don't know why I even try to make sense of you  
Sense of you, sense of you, oh, tell me why

Someone tell me why my heart's real weird for you still I was like crazy fan over you  
Like I'm all star struck over you  
Like I'm getting handcuffed over you  
(Now it's only fucked up) My frame works in constant confusion  
I can't peel away the flowers of this psychic disturbance  
And our riotous defects  
Snowflakes, snow, snowflakes

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>