

Healing Is Difficult

Sia

Healing is difficult
Often results in psychosomatic
I admit to enjoying drugs
They get rid of tension, boredom and static
Hate those adverse sideeffects
Forcing the people who love me to scatter
Excuse me for being such a hypocrit
The way I see it really doesn't matter

Why do you cock your head
To the side when you look at me
Why are my skills in bed
More important than sanity

Why do you cock your head
To the side when you look at me
Why are my skills in bed
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To tell you the truth
I can't believe I love you so much
So much in fact that I don't know
Whether to weep or wind my watch
I have a sick sense of humour
It amazes me how points it scores
I'm addicted to vice
My best friends are pushers
My boyfriends are whores

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Simple to see why I breathe
No one bothers me completely

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Waking up next to you
Your morningbreath reminds me of Lucy

The flies in the frontroom
Buzz round my head and try to seduce me
If I contract illness
The last thing I want is to pass it to others
Fucking leaves guilt pangs
When I start forgetting the names of my lovers

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