

Gross

Allison Ponthier

My blood gets on everything
But you can't see the lining under all my clothes
Nobody knows

Pretty princess look at me
Flash a smile of ivory
But you don't know

When I'm alone
My hand down my sweatpants
I eat a whole bag of some sweet shit

I have a right to be gross
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I have a right to be gross
I have a right to be

White socks now turned gray
It's coming up on their third day
But they don't show

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I sweat just like a truck driver
Did you expect flowers inside her
You fuckin' fool (you fuckin' fool)
You're a dumbass
Yeah yeah

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I just feel like the world is on fucking fire
And so the self-care that I do
Um, is no one else's business at all
Like if I wanna be gross, like if I want to be 'disgusting'
Like fuck you I can be

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