

## What's Fair

Blondshell

I think that you'd be proud I flew alone today  
I think that you'd be shocked that I don't look the same  
I grew up fast without you  
Did my lashes in the bathroom  
And some things you'd like to skip  
Sixteen, sucking dick  
In the bathroom

What's fair?  
What's a fair assessment  
Of the job you did?  
Do you like it when you can't regret it?  
It's not rare, doesn't make you less depressive  
Tried so hard, and I overcorrected  
Aaaah  
Aaaah  
Aaaah  
Aaaah

You'd want me to be famous  
So you could live by proxy  
You always had a reason  
To comment on my body  
You're not a perfect person  
Something's always wrong  
But I know there's nothing  
Less perfect to a girl than a mom

What's fair?  
What's a fair assessment  
Of the job you did?  
Do you like it when you can't regret it?  
It's not rare, doesn't make you less depressive  
Tried so hard, and I overcorrected

Maybe it was not the right time  
Maybe it was not the right wine  
Maybe it was in the water  
Maybe God turned a blind eye  
Maybe it was my crime  
Maybe you should see a [?]

Didn't choose you, you chose me  
I won't trot out the [?] disease

What's fair?  
What's a fair assessment  
Of the job you did?  
Do you ever even regret it?  
It's not rare, doesn't make you less depressive  
Tried so hard, and I overcorrected

And I overcorrected  
Aaaah  
And I overcorrected  
Aaaah  
And I overcorrected

Aaaah  
Aaaah  
Aaaah  
Aaaah