

## I Tell Myself Everything

The Blow

I like not getting what I want, I guess.  
I'm just reporting what the facts suggest.  
I've read my journals and it appears I like torture, a lot.  
I'll top or I'll bottom.  
Try your cold maneuvers on me if you've got them  
My endurance is awesome.  
But I'm not as easy to woo as I once was  
Since I got jumped by the girl of the month club.  
I ascended from dumper to dumped,  
Remind me sometime, I'll tell you about it.  
I heard a rumor that I was amazing,  
And I tell myself everything I hear about myself.  
I knew that it was bad when she bought  
The crucifix earring at the yard sale.  
That man was an actual witch.  
When I wish for pain I get my wish,  
One good heartbreak and you'll sing for a decade.  
This one could wound me to middle age,  
I was splayed I said, "Go ahead."  
Then in walks a nurse from a hot French movie  
And tells me she can do things to me.  
I like getting things done to me  
But just then getting wrecked seemed more fun to me,  
And pleasure writes fewer good songs  
So I kicked out the nurse.  
But we did some stuff first.  
They say you are what you eat  
And I was starved for attention,  
I ate every eyeball that aimed my direction,  
I was desperate for someone to mess with me  
But so few could do it successfully.  
Here we come in a slow motion strut  
It's all four of me, the cool one two more  
And the one careless whore of me.  
I heard a rumor that I was amazing.