

The Funeral of Who I Refuse to Be

Chloe Ament

I'm treading water to prove that I can
Keep on turning my head to ignore every hand
Won't you tell me I'm great before you disappear
Oh, the deep end's familiar, but I can't survive here
Gasping for air to get someone's attention
If he thinks I'm pretty, then there's my redemption
The payout is worth much more in my head
'Til it's there then it's gone and I drown again

I will keep him until I cannot, then
Put myself through all the fire of learning to let it go
Forgive me for making it personal
I know I'm old enough to know better
Think I'm done chasing a feeling that could never set me free
It's the funeral of who I refuse to be