

(Ooh-ooh, ooh)

(Ooh-ooh, ooh)

If changing my clothes would make you like me more
If changing my hair would make you care
Then I'd grab the kitchen scissors
And cut myself to slivers
For you
If being more polite would keep you satisfied
If being less insane would make you stay
Then I'd be more like my sister
Say, "Thank you Ma'am and Mister"
To you, for you

I've changed every part of me
Until the puzzle pieces aren't me, at all
I look in the mirror, now I'm just a jigsaw, ah-ah, ah
Ah, ah-ah
You take every part of me, all of the things you need
Then the rest you discard
I look in the mirror, now I'm just a jigsaw, ah-ah, ah
Ah, ah, ah

All I did just to make you happy
Still you don't even fuckin' love me
(Jigsaw, jigsaw, jigsaw, jigsaw)
Killin' parts of myself to fit you
Clear as shit I was not the issue
If I made you like me, would I even like myself?
Pointin' out my flaws doesn't help

Why don't you love me?
Don't you love me?

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Until the puzzle pieces aren't me, at all
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