

Don't Apply Compression Gently

Courtney Barnett

Tell me what you're thinking, what you're thinking about
Tell me when you're finished - maybe I'll come around
Had enough to bring me all the way to the ground
I don't have to tell you what I'm thinking about

You have made your bed, I know better than to sleep in it
Better off dead than the hell that will become of it
You have hurt my head but I'm not denying
That I did not bring it on myself

I take pieces of myself from everyone around me
I'm not individual enough for you
I replicate the people I admire
But at least I'm not bitter and sad, bitter and sad

I may not be 100% happy but at least I'm not with you
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