

Antibiotics

Eyelar

Everybody thinks I'm happy
That's fine
I'm making people laugh
And I'm chatty all the time

No one's seen my mind
Scared of what they'd find
I'd rather go back home and watch the telly
To not cry

I don't know why
I always fight the hardest
When I fight myself
I'm so tired
But I don't need any help
I've got Antibiotics
On my shelf

Every time I feel the words stuck in my throat
I'm screaming out my darkest thoughts
With my mouth closed

Less of who I am
More of what they said
I'd rather go back to the way
I was before I left home

I don't know why
I always fight the hardest
When I fight myself
I'm so tired
But I don't need any help
I've got Antibiotics
On my shelf