

## 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

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