

HEADCASE

Field Medic

Please don't think that I hate you
When I don't want to see you
I just don't want you to see me
I've been hiding in dark rooms
Going to bed early
Self diagnosing on WebMD

I used to feel so pretty
Now I've got a complex
Is it supposed feel lucky
When they say I'm just a headcase?

My days pass in a bright blur
While my mind is elsewhere
I'm obsessing over who I could be
If the fog would be lifting
For some relief from this sickness
That beats me into submission
Anytime I'm happy

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