

Sometimes I don't feel like doing my hair but I
Don't need to glue anything to my hairline
Put on mascara to mask all my errors
So what are we doing this for?
I know you can't breathe
You can't move in that tight dress
And your feet killin' you
Who you trying to impress?
They all the same
But they end up in your bed
So who are you doing this for?

All this scrutiny, on a tiny screen
Yeah, it's killing me, this society
Tell me, who is she? I'm comparing me
To something I feel like I have to be

That's why I'm anti, don't ask why
I stay to myself, I'm just
Anti this, anti that
Don't have the time or the energy, I

Visions distorted, can't see what's important
I'm holding it back, an emotional hoarder
Don't deal with phonies, I don't like the faking
I'm anti-it-all at the end of the day

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That's why I'm anti, don't ask why
I stay to myself, I'm just
Anti this, anti that
Don't have the time or the energy, I

Oh, I
Oh no, I'm never sure, no
Wondering what you love me for
Wondering, would you tell me, boy
Would you love me, love me more
If I could be, the most beautiful girl in the world
There'd be something else to make me insecure
Maybe then I would fit in this world