

Misfit

Jayme Dee

You think you know me, oh
You think you know me better than I know myself
You try to tie me, wrap me up in plastic, like a barbie on a shelf
Boy when you met me, you really got me, now what the hell is this
It's so confusing, boy what you're doing, what you see is what you get

And I can't be your picture perfect pageant queen
That's not me, and it's never gonna be
Sorry I'm not sorry that I don't quite fit in your tiny little box, oh I'd rather be a misfit
I can't be an artificial copy, no you can't change me, I'll be who I want to be
Sorry I'm not sorry that I don't quite fit in your tiny little box, oh I'd rather be a misfit

You had me going, really had me going, with your pretty promises
So dam deceiving, had me believing I was as good as it gets
You'll never change me or rearrange me, or that's what you say
Not all conversations lead to alterations
Making fire fray

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