

## 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 damn 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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