# Little Lamb

**Jazmin Bean**

I've got gum disease
I'm scared all my gums are gon' recede
I'm scared that you are still mad at me
I'm scared if I take the plaster off it will bleed
There is no quick fix
I left it too long in my ditch
Doctor can you fix it up with a stitch?
I'm craving structure in this mix
I fear I'm leaking out
Someone tipped me over by my spout
And out we all watch me pour
While the people around me keep begging for more
I'm sorry I cried, can't help it half the time
This bleating heart of mine, little lamb in the bright light

If these lambs legs are bled and scratched
Nurture and place a cotton pad
I'll run and bite my tail and say "I'm sorry" time and time aga
in
I'll rip my stuffing out and I will cry for you to put it back
Do we use stitches or glue?
What is going to see me through?

I want to be your best, mechanical simply flawless
Wind me up watch me impress, stacking trophies on the shelf
I'm just a fucking pet, wipe your eyes with me when you're upse
t
Show me off to all your friends together till the very end
I'm scared that you will leave, so I'll keep pulling at your sl
eeve
Or maybe I'll push you so hard away you'll be so far from me
Overthink each word, each glide
I'm T-T-Terrified little icky fingies pulling at me all the fuc
king time

Try being in my head for a second (come on in!)

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