

# Dysmorphia

## LAUNDRY DAY

Oh, she's gettin' caught up  
In the size of her clothes  
And her parents don't know how it goes  
Uh, huh  
Dysmorphia (dysmorphia)  
And summer's coming in  
From the edge of the shore  
And she swears it doesn't fit her  
Like it fit her before  
Oh no  
Dysmorphia, dysmorphia

Just imagine if you couldn't see yourself in the mirror  
Imagine if you couldn't see yourself in the mirror  
Just imagine if you couldn't see yourself in the mirror  
Imagine if you couldn't see yourself in the mirror  
Oh no, oh, oh, oh  
Would you love me even so?  
Oh no, oh, oh, oh  
Would you love me even so?

Oh, she came all this way for the baseball game  
Just for the baseball boys to call her name  
Walking down the stairs (down the stairs)  
As they point and stare (as they point and stare)  
And the goosebumps bump at the back of hair  
As her face is turning red  
Uh, huh (uh, huh)  
Dysmorphia (dysmorphia), dysmorphia

Just imagine if you couldn't see yourself in the mirror  
Imagine if you couldn't see yourself in the mirror  
Just imagine if you couldn't see yourself in the mirror  
Imagine if you couldn't see yourself in the mirror  
Oh no, oh, oh, oh  
Would you love me even so?  
Oh no, oh, oh, oh  
Would you love me, would you love me even so?

Would you love me even so, oh, oh?  
Would you love me even so, oh, oh, oh?

Just imagine if you couldn't see yourself in the mirror  
Imagine if you couldn't see yourself in the mirror  
Just imagine if you couldn't see yourself in the mirror  
Imagine if you couldn't see yourself in the mirror  
Oh no, oh, oh, oh