

She Said

Longpigs

There's no clothes I can buy
Make me feel like myself
She Said
So I put on clothes
To make me look like someone else
Instead

And as a matter of fact I don't like to be seen
'Cause I'm not satisfied with myself she said
You better hit her
She said, she said, she said, she's dead

There no perfume I can buy
Make me smell like myself
She Said
So I put on perfume
To make me smell like someone else
In bed

And as a matter of fact
I don't like to be scented
'Cause I don't like to smell myself she Said
You better hit her
She said, she said, she's dead, she said

But I'm not afraid
Of being more than pretty
While your getting paid
To wind yourselves up until you drop
Yeah...

There no one I can talk to
Like I talk to myself
She said
So I play games to make them
Think I'm someone else
It's inbred

And as a matter of fact
I don't like to be seen
'Cause I'm not satisfied with myself
She said
You better hit her

I'm not afraid
Of being more than pretty
While your getting paid
To wind yourselves up until you drop

She said, she said, she said, she's dead,
And it's ingrained she said, she's trade, she's played

I've fucked up inside my own head and what the fuck am I doing
In a place like this I know exactly why I'm here rape me