Map On A Wall

Lucy Dacus

Oh please, don't make fun of me
Of my crooked smile and my crowded teeth
Of my pigeon feet, of my knobby knees
Well, I got more problems than not

But I feel fine and I made up my mind
To live happily, feeling beautiful beneath the trees
Above a ground that's solid at the core
Oh please, don't make fun of me
Oh you know I get frightened so easily
When I'm all alone and the floorboards creak
It's those noises in the dark

But I am alive and I made up my mind
To live fearlessly, running wild beneath the trees
Above a ground that's solid at the core

Send my regards to the north my friends
I am built for the heat, I regret to admit
My fear of freezing keeps me on my feet
And so far my whole life's one long lucky streak
They say you should take the credit when it comes
But I believe in haunted wood

Oh please, don't make fun of me
Oh I'll try my best to tell it like it is
But I'll bite my tongue and I'll close my lips
When nobody wants to hear it

But here we are and something about it doesn't feel like an accident
We're all looking for something to adore
And how to survive the bending and breaking

I've walked on two legs since I was a child
But when did I realize that some ways out
Past the horizon for thousands of miles
There are people like me, walking on legs like mine?

Coming closer and farther away
Coming to me and from my embrace
Hoping good comes from good
And good comes from bad anyway

Oh please, don't make fun of me
With my heart of gold and my restless soul
Oh please, don't make fun of me
This smile happens genuinely

If you want to see the world, you have to say goodbye
Cause a map does no good hanging on a wall
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Cause a map does no good hanging on a wall

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