

Plain Letters

Madison Cunningham

It always shows up at your door
When you least expect it to
Old wounds from your youth
Reintroduce themselves to you
Well, do your best impression of yourself
A watered down version of the way it felt
To be unrecognized, misunderstood, and spelled out
In plain letters
In plain letters

The camera's always on the wrong side of the glass
Is there ever a flattering angle of the facts?
Well, do your best impression of yourself
A box within a box in a storage cell
Those who tell you what you are, poke an insect in a jar
And put it on your name tag
In plain letters
In plain letters

How does it look when it dries in pen
On your eyes, on your heart, on your emptiness?
Well, you can't be surprised by what you've come to expect
I hope you find a weakness that you're stronger than
I hope you find a weakness that you're stronger than

You've got a case of winter that no one's ever seen
Is that a new bandage on your knees?
Did anybody ask you what was wrong
Or did they stare at you strange
When you asked where you belonged?
You know you can't defeat it, so you run out to greet it
But it looks like a stop sign
In plain letters
In plain letters

How does it look when it dries it in pen
On your eyes, on your heart, on your emptiness?
Well, you can't be surprised by what you've come to expect
I hope you find a weakness that you're stronger than
I hope you find a weakness that you're stronger than
I hope you find a weakness that you're stronger than

It's an illiterate feeling and a slow healing
Your world spins like a planet on your ceiling
And I wish it was enough to convince you of yourself
But it can't be said in plain letters
In plain letters
Plain letters