

Dysmorphic

Mal Blum

I packed my overnight bag a year before
They say "everyone's waiting for something"
And this is what I have been searching for

Do not call the doctors
They will not tell you a thing
And do not call my father
As if he knew how I was doing

Bandages all around
Jello running down my chest
Hope for the best
This is not what I had expected
You were not the person I projected on you from the start

Now my nerves are a bowl full of porridge
Drive the last nail and close up this casket
And I know it's dramatic
But baby, I'm manic
And the verdict of late is dysmorphic

Like I could be, I could be, I could be better
Like I could be, I could be, I could be better
Like I could be, I could be, I could be better, I swear

And if I develop infection
I will scratch you right out of my skin
If I come home looking different
Please do not ask me where I have been

I was there, under my skin
Everything I knew that I would have been
For you were there, under my skin
Everything I did that I'd do again
Because I was there, under my skin
Everything I knew that I would've been
For you were there, under my skin
Everything I did that I'd do again
Everything I did, oh, I'd do again
Everything I did, oh, I'd do again and again

'Cause I could be, I could be, I could be better
Like I could be, I could be, I could be better
Like I could be, I could be, I could be better, I swear

I packed my overnight bag a year before
They say "everyone's waiting for something"
I don't want to wait anymore