

# 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