

Inside Voices

Mallrat

I just sit inside in silence
I just sit inside

Everyone talks nicely, but I don't think they like me
'Cause when they go out, they never invite me
Maybe I'm too quiet, but should I try and fight it?
I just need someone to sit beside in silence
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Would love to spend a day in the clouds
And I wish I had another day with you now
But you're gone, I'm alone, and the music's too loud
Got out and I'm alone in a crowd, it's all I think about
And I never really felt right there
All the kids had mummy's money, I had waif-like hair
Wasn't ever good at being told what to wear
Much preferred to sit and people-watch at King George Square
And I really wanna leave, but you tell me to stay
And there's smoke in my face
And you say to try to stop but you couldn't handle the breaks
Cut the ties, fuck the cuts on the thighs, now cut the cake
And I'm left-field, I fucking hate Westfield
And I can't feel and can't remember how to cartwheel

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