

Good Intentions

Marika Hackman

Don't like my mouth
There's just a hole where it used to be
Can't even smile, not even if I'm happy
Don't feel obliged to laugh on my behalf

Can't eat it all, I've got a lot on my plate right now
Don't fill me up, I really like my outline

And then you go ahead and ring me up
Asking about, my day, my mum, my dad
My head, am I okay

I don't want your good intentions
I'm not your man, and I can
Sense your bullshit from my bedroom
It's driving me mad, I'm not sad

But up on my throne I killed my sister
I'm so alone: I really, really miss her
And all those times she watched me bleeding out
Strapped on a tourniquet, and smiled
And told me I would be okay

I just need your good vibrations
I've gotten so ill, and I'm still
Rigor mortis, set in motion
Bring me to life, I'm so tired