

Ugly Crier

Mckenna Grace

I know a girl who never got into choir
She's such an ugly crier
She'll never be Taylor Swift
And I know a girl who caught her head in the dryer
Spinnin' 'round and 'round for hours
She can't get a grip

Oh-oh-oh...
Even at her best, she's a constant mess

I know a girl who can't sleep at night
Nothin' that she does is ever right
God, she's just a waste of space and time
The voices in her brain on a megaphone sayin'

I'm so mediocre, I'm a loser, I'm a joker
I should quit and be a broker
Who am I tryna kid?
I'm so mediocre, I don't measure up to no one
I'm not perfect, I'm a screw up
Who could love me like this?

I know a girl who's too bitter, too sweet
She's mature for her age, but too young for sixteen
With so much potential
Was it accidental?
And God hid it somewhere in her she can't reach

Oh-oh-oh...
Even at her best, she's a constant mess

I know a girl who can't sleep at night
Nothin' that she does is ever right
God, she's just a waste of space and time
The voices in her brain on a megaphone sayin'

I'm so mediocre, I'm a loser, I'm a joker
I should quit and be a broker
Who am I tryna kid?
I'm so mediocre, I don't measure up to no one
I'm not perfect, I'm a screw up
Who could love me like this?

I'm so mediocre, I'm a loser, I'm a joker
I should quit and be a broker
Who am I tryna kid?
I'm so mediocre, I don't measure up to no one
I'm not perfect, I'm a screw up
Who could love me like this?

I am a girl who never got into choir
I'm such an ugly crier
I'll never be Taylor Swift