

T.M.I

Meet Me @ The Altar

You ask me "how are you"
And it kinda makes me wanna die
I don't wanna say what's on my mind
It's T.M.I, T.M.I, T.M.I
I know if I tell you
You won't look at me the same
That's why it's bottled up inside
It's T.M.I, T.M.I, T.M.I

I hate myself
I look in the mirror and start to cry
Stupid self sabotage every time
T.M.I
I think I'm the worst
Criticize everything 'til it hurts
If you knew me better you'd like me worse
T.M.I

On my way over
I wrote a script of what to say
It's what you wanna hear but it disappeared
When I looked at your face
Went something like
I'm good, I'm great, I'm really really great
Been blessed these days, you know I can't complain
It's all lies, it's all lies cause what I wanna say
Is T.M.I, T.M.I, T.M.I

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Bet you wish you never asked
Sorry if I made you sad
At least you know now where I'm at
Now we can't go back

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