

Dressin' up like an optimist  
Showin' my skin, it's obvious  
If I was smaller, it wouldn't bother them  
Countin' my flaws like calories  
I know it isn't good for me  
Will I feel better with a new measurement?

If I can't have the chemicals  
I need something to control  
'Round and 'round and 'round we go

In the funhouse, I can never tell what's real  
Break the mirrors, now I'm lookin' how I feel  
Asking what questions, I'm in the background  
Wondering when they'll notice me  
In the funhouse, ahh

Must be in my head or something  
I don't even it see coming  
Do you know you look so pretty?  
I already see what they say  
I know that I'm preachin' to the choir  
But I just wish that they'd be fucking quiet

If I can't have the chemicals  
Then I need something to control  
'Round and 'round and 'round we go

In the funhouse, I can never tell what's real  
Break the mirrors, now I'm lookin' how I feel  
Asking what questions, I'm in the background  
Wondering when they'll notice me  
[?], I'll keep the lights on  
I'm so afraid of what to feel

What I see isn't me, it's distorted (It's distorted)  
Through the glass, looking back, I'm performing (I'm performing)  
What I see isn't me, it's distorted (It's distorted)  
What I see isn't me, isn't me

In the funhouse, I can never tell what's real  
Break the mirrors, now I'm lookin' how I feel  
Asking what questions, I'm in the background  
Wondering when they'll notice me  
[?], I'll keep the lights on  
I'm so afraid of what to feel

In the funhouse