

sick of myself

Nessa Barrett

The medication didn't work
Broke up with him, it didn't hurt
Put my heart into a Prada purse
Still feel like a pyro
Someone pass me a lighter

Do you ever wanna be someone?
Do you ever wanna see somebody else in the mirror?
'Cause nothing is clearer to me

I'm sick of myself, sick of my clothes
Sick of these boys and their obvious jokes
Sick of my tits, sick of my shit
Bored of my car, think I'll go and crash it, oh

Who's down to trade places?
I wanna swap faces
Yeah, I can be you, you can be me, we can be somebody else
I'm sick of my, sick of my

Regret it all when I open my mouth
Should sew it up and never let it out
My skin is crawlin', must be something wrong
Your personality's nice, can I try it on?

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Else
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