

Bad Advice

Penelope Scott

Life is long and God is mean
Suffering in everything
Music is bad and movies are too
Bugs are trapped inside my room
So pick anybody other than me

I'm so sick of telling lies
I'm so sick of smiling 'til
I can go home and cry
Say sad girls are hot
But it doesn't even matter if
You want me or not

'Cause I'm so tired, I'm so low
I've got nowhere left to go

Leaves change color, babies cry
All I want to do is die
Cut two holes out of a sheet
Give me something good to eat
Trick or treat
What's it gonna be?

I wish I could lose the weight and look the part
Exorcise my fat old heart
Wedding dress and smokey eyes
That look better after I cry
It's nothing to me
These days
Halloween is nothing to me

And the worst part is
I have no desire to be thin
I don't need to let them win
But I would give anything
To look the way that
Sick people are supposed to look

Why can't I just finally die
Why can't I just fail and try
I know exactly where my blood is
If I try I will not miss