

Skinny

Peter Hammill

Nobody knows what she sees, no-one can get behind that warped reflection. What glossy varnish strips away protection from young girls like these? No-one admits what it means, no-one permits a gesture of contrition; how carelessly they stacked the ammunition in the magazines. Like a gun to her head, skinny model fantasy.

No, she just can't bear to live with this body image.

Who knows what she sees? Who knows what she sees in body image? Nobody knows what she sees, no-one can guess the depth of her self-rejection. Seen through the eyes of the disease her unblemished skin's all pock-marked with imperfection. Somebody messed up all her young dreams; pretending that this is all of her own volition how carelessly they stacked up the ammunition in the magazines. Like a gun to her head, every glossy fashion shot that reminds her of all the pretty girls she's not in body image.

Like a gun to her head skinny model fantasy; no she just can't bear to live with this body image. Like a gun to her head, every glossy fashion shot reminds her of all the pretty girls she's not in body image. Like a gun to her head, every image that she sees. No, she just can't bear to live with this body image, body image, body image.