

# Shapes

Poppy

Ooh-ooh-ooh  
Ooh

Push me into spaces to fit  
I can't relax in this body I'm in  
I'm looking for personal improvement  
But your mind is wicked, that's how you use it  
You push me into a place I resist  
I'm not a child, I'm not a kid  
I'm not ignorant to the bullshit  
I'm a straight shot, but don't you know this?

I'm changing the shapes  
I'm a work in progress  
I'm changing the shapes  
But you never noticed

Ooh-ooh-ooh  
Ooh

Push me into spaces to fit  
I'm changing shapes and I'm feeling thin  
You lie to me thinking I'm clueless  
But you fuck yourself for your amusement  
You push me into spaces to fit  
If I stand the ground, call me a bitch  
I'm not a pacifist and you know this  
And my rage is my emotional protest

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