

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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