

OUCH

Ruby Fields

You're an overgrown umbilical cord
I'm a leaking mobile liquor store
I could never be what you want me for
I could never be what you want

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I'm constantly away on tour
And you just hate being ignored
I'm sitting listening to orchestral scores
You're making bank and practicing law

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I mostly lie around on the floor
I guarantee you'd get so bored
With my growing list of shitty flaws
But that worldly oyster is all yours

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