

Pretty Grim

Ruby Fields

I'm hungover again
Fourth week night on the piss
I'm barely scraping rent
And there's more of my blood in the bathroom sink

There's a poster of Uluru
Hanging above my bed
Next to a photo of my mum
And she's wearing a warm coloured dress

And it says, "my little girl,
Why are you so depressed?"
And I say "mum,
I'm not quite sure anymore"

I've got hateful guts
And all my songs are whiney
The spoon wasn't silver
Just really shiny

I turn her picture around
And pour myself a glass
It's only 9AM but I guess
That's where the joke of adulthood starts

"I don't feel too well"
"Then don't line up the dust so much
And quit the booze and smokes"
My mother says with disgust

So I take her picture down
And say "I'm so sorry mum"
I'm just tired of trying to impress people
I don't even love
That I don't even love
That I don't even love
That I don't even love

I just want something to touch
That'll make me forget enough
Something to make me cry in my sleep
I need something worthwhile to me