

## tender little scumbag

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Twisting the lens but I been losing focus  
Reflecting a stranger in my skin  
Lately I'm haunted by delusions that I've memorized  
Paper heart is in the wind

Hourglass is running lower  
Drowning in myself again  
Terrified of getting older  
A paradigm that never ends

I'm a tender little scumbag  
Contradiction in the flesh  
Got a bone to pick with fairytales  
On the TV screens oh I  
I'm a perfect little mess

Hourglass is running lower  
Drowning in myself again  
Terrified of growing older  
A paradigm that never ends

Swear the clocks are getting faster  
Ticking louder in my head, pulsing with every regret  
And the future holds the power  
But my feet are caving in  
Is it running  
Running  
Running out