

## John Elton

### Self Esteem

And I'm reminded of a joke we had  
So, I go on my phone to tell you  
And your profile picture is the lad  
That your girlfriend gave birth to  
And I'd forgot  
Yeah, I'd forgot  
And that's my lot  
This illness I've got

And you're wading through your life, I know  
It's blossoming, consuming so  
And it became your challenge to  
Push me out of all the places that your mind might have gone to  
But it doesn't hurt  
It doesn't hurt that much  
'Cause there's a queue of people you've lost

And I know  
It's hard to feel okay at night  
And I know  
That you prefer the easy life  
But I'd have shown you  
There was nothing to be frightened of  
Everyone was trying not  
To let you see I was enough

So, this all that's left of it  
A dull ache in my stomach pit  
As I try to make the memories fit  
A less rejecting narrative  
For me  
It's all for me  
Maybe I'll sleep  
Eventually