

Impostor Syndrome

Sidney Gish

Unfortunately, I am
My own dog, my own fur companion
My own old lady on a forum
Who types in glittery decorum
Unfortunately, I take
Myself out walking every day and
I hand my legs to the feet and
I give my head to the leash

Every other day I'm wondering
"What's a human being gotta be like?
What's a way to just be competent?"
These sweet instincts ruin my life

Every other day I'm wondering
Was it a mistake to try and define
What I'm certain's mad incompetence?
These sweet instincts ruin my life

I can't smell well, or tell the time
Not K through 8, nor K dash 9
For human, grossly underqualified
For canine, grossly overqualified
I don't blend in at PetSmart
And that truth remains for the Walmart
'Cause in either case, they say to me
"What the fuck is lost in aisle 3?"

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Just watch me, moving far away
Nobody even knows my name and
No one suspects that I'm not fine, and
Nobody outs behavioural Frankenstein
Just look at Victor in LA
And Syd with the "y" at U of A
And all the majors at the labels
Rebooting soon as I am able

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Da da da da da da, da da da
Da da da da da da, da da da, da

Da da da da da da, da da da
These sweet instincts ruin my life

Da da da da da da, da da da
Da da da da da da, da da da, da
Da da da da da da, da da da
These sweet instincts ruin my life

Attention passengers, we've now reached our destination. We hope you enjoyed
the flight, now have a nice day