

I'm a Fake

The Used

[Spoken:]

Small, simple, safe price
Rise the wake and carry me with all of my regrets
This is not a small cut that scabs, and dries, and flakes, and heals
And I am not afraid to die
I'm not afraid to bleed, and fuck, and fight.
I want the pain of payment
What's left, but a section of pigmy size cuts
Much like a slew of a thousand unwanted fucks
Would you be my little cut?
Would you be my thousand fucks?
And make mark leaving space for the guilt to be liquid
To fill, and spill over, and under my thoughts
My sad, sorry, selfish cry out to the cutter
I'm cutting trying to picture your black broken heart
Love is not like anything
Especially a fucking knife
Look at me, you can tell
By the way I move and do my hair
Do you think that it's me or it's not me?
I don't even care
I'm alive
I don't smell
I'm the cleanest I have ever been.
I feel big, I feel tall, I feel dry (dry)

[Chorus:]

Just look at me, look at me now
I'm a fake (4x)
Just look at me, look at me now
I'm a fake (4x)
Do I drink? Do I date?
I've got perfect placement all my ink
Satisfied, in your eyes
I'm the biggest fan I've got right now
I made sure, that I look how I wanted to look
The people around me, the people surround me
I feel big, I feel tall, I feel dry (dry)

[Chorus]

My stomach hurts now, and all tied off in lace
I pray, I beg for anything, to hit me in the face
and this sickness isn't me, I pray to fall from grace
The last thing I see is feeling
And I'm telling you I'm a fake (4x)
And I'm telling you I'm...

[Chorus]