

Edna's Goldfish, Purple

Question me about my bruises
He's the one who wins and I'm the one who always loses
To all the fights and fits of anger
The marks will fade but the pain still lingers

I can play along for as long as you want
Pretend that I've never been hurt by anyone
it's easy to be where no can see me
hiding that pain so easily

he says he's been mistook
He said he wrote a new page in his book
I'd like to know if this is at all true
What would you do if it were you?

Don't you underestimate my word
You'll be hearing some things you thought wouldn't be heard
If you like I'm still carrying the proof The pain that I feel it is the truth