

Mckenna Grace, Ugly Crier

I know a girl
Who never got into choir
she's such an ugly crier
She'll never be Taylor Swift

And I know a girl
Caught her head in the dryer
Spinning round and round for hours
She can't get a grip

Ahhhh
Even at her best
She's a constant mess

I know girl who can't sleep at night
Nothing that she does is ever right
God she's just a waste of space and time
The voices in her brain, on a megaphone sayyyyin'

I'm so mediocre I'm a loser I'm a joker
I should quit and be a broker, Who am I tryna kid
I'm so mediocre I don't measure up to no one
I'm not perfect I'm a screwup
Who could love me like this

I know a girl
Who's too bitter too sweet
Mature for her age
but too young for 16

With so much potential,
Was it accidental
That God hid it somewhere
In her she just cant reach

Ahhh Even at her best
She's a constant mess

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I am a girl
Who never got into choir
I'm such an ugly crier
I'll never be Taylor Swift