

The Beaches, What Doesn't Kill You Makes You Paranoid

I think I'm becoming a conspiracy theorist
Everyone says that love exists
But I think that it's a myth
Closed the curtains cried all Thursday night to your lyrics
God I don't mean to reminisce
Empty the bottle and get pissed
Cause I know it all comes rushing back like this

What doesn't kill you makes you paranoid
What doesn't kill you makes you feel like your love ain't shit
Ran up my minutes on my inner voice
She loves to bring up all my issues, God she's a bitch
And now I'm like
Why are they staring? Am I oversharing?
I'm so embarrassing
What doesn't, what doesn't
What doesn't kill you, what doesn't kill you
What doesn't kill you makes you paranoid

I think I'm becoming some kind of validation fiend
Cut my hair cause I needed a fix
Of an acquaintance's compliments
I must have left my self-esteem at the base of your bedsheets
Where I used to leave my socks
Well I miss that girl a lot
Well she's just brand new and unimproved I guess

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