

Alanis Morissette, Straitjacket

Something so benign from me construed as cruelty
Such a difference between who I am and who you see
Conclusions you come to of me routinely incorrect
I don't know who you're talking to with such fucking disrespect

This shit's making me crazy
The way you nullify what's in my head
You say one thing, do another
And argue that's not what you did
Your way's making me mental
How you filter as skewed interpret
I swear you won't be happy 'til
I'm bound in a straitjacket

Talking with you's like talking to a sieve that can't hear me
You fight me tooth and nail to disavow what's happening
Your resistance to a mirror I feel screaming from your body
One day I'll introduce myself and you'll see you've not yet met me

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Grand dissonance
The strings of my puppet are cut
The end of an era
Your discrediting has lost my consent

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