Courtney Barnett, Pedestrian At Best

I love you I hate you I'm on the fence it all depends whether I'm up I'm down I'm on the mend transcending all reality. I like you despise you admire you what are we gonna do when everything all falls through? I must confess I've made a mess of what should be a small success but I digress at least I've tried my very best I guess. This that the other why even bother, it won't be with me on my death bed, but I'll still be in your head.

Put me on a pedestal and I'll only disappoint you. Tell me I'm exceptional I promise to exploit you. Give me all your money and I'll make some origami, honey. I think you're a joke but I don't find you very funny.

My internal monologue is saturated analogue, It's scratched and drifting, I've become attached to the idea it's all a shifting dream bitter sweet philosophy, I've got no idea how I even got here. I'm resentful I'm having an existential time crisis, what bliss, daylight savings won't fix this mess. Underworked and oversexed I must express my disinterest, the rats are back inside my head what would Freud have said?

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Tell me I'm exceptional I promise to exploit you.
Give me all your money and I'll make some origami, honey.
I think you're a joke but I don't find you very funny.

I think you're a joke but I don't find you very funny.

I wanna wash out my head with turpentine and cyanide,

I dislike this internal diatribe when I try to catch your eye

I hate seeing you crying in the kitchen

I don't know why it affects me like this when you're not even mine to consider.

Erroneous. Harmonious.

I'm hardly sanctimonious.

Dirty clothes, I suppose,

we all outgrow ourselves.

I'm a fake,

I'm a phoney,

I'm awake,

I'm alone.

I'm homely,

I'm a Scorpio.

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Tell me I'm exceptional I promise to exploit you.
Give me all your money and I'll make some origami, honey.
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