

Heather Dale, Medusa

Mother would tell me I was a pretty girl
Then she would cry all night
Nobody thinks that really they're being cruel
When they suggest that I should try to look like them
As if God loved the pretty ones best

Damn 'em all - I create my own perfection
Damn 'em all in the face of their rejection
Damn 'em all - well this dog will have its day
My garden's full of pretty men who couldn't stay away

Notice the ones who all like to criticize
Are the ones trying to hide
Why would I sell my soul to be one of them
Better to love the me within behind the skin
I choose to be a goddess inside

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