

Maisie Peters, BSC

I cut my nose to save some face
You cut your hair and take some space
We don't speak 'cause it's too tricky
But if I'm tricky, why'd you kiss me
On the forehead way up north
Pressed the scar and found the source
If you don't love me, why you'd act it
Love's a verb and not a bandage

And I'm spiritual cleansing (But the truth)
Is I'm good at pretending (Oh and you)

Broke me big time
It's funny and I'm laughing baby
You think I'm alright
But I'm actually bloody motherfucking batshit crazy

1 2 3

I kept it in but it wrecked my organs
So pour the gin, and call Graham Norton
I'm gonna throw you down the river
Your mum can watch it over dinner
Golden boy you dropped the ball
I am Annie fucking Hall
If you don't love me, what was April?
You played a game but I run the table
Mr I Don't Want A Label
You made me little Miss Unstable and it

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I am unhinged
I am scaling all these walls, I've gone within
I am both Kathy Bates and Stephen King
I can write you out the way I wrote you in
'Cause here's the thing

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