

Maria Mena, Eyesore

The ugly naked truth
She starves me of my youth
And I stand alone until
You catch on
I swear it's not by choice
But Ana has this voice
And it calms me down
It gives me purpose

And it's alright
I'm alright
I want to be ok
I've seen it before
This eyesore, it's me
Oooh oooh oooh me

I want out from under
This convining skin
That I so reluctantly live in
My worth is measured solely
According to the scale
I'm heavy, I feel frail

And it's alright
I'm alright
I want to be ok
I've seen it before
This eyesore, it's me
Oooh oooh oooh

Me oooh oooh oooh
Ooooooooooooooooooh
Oh