

Nessa Barrett, sick of myself - x Whethan

The medication didn't work
Broke up with him it didn't hurt
Pour my heart into a Prada purse
I still feel like a pyro
(someone) pass me a lighter

Do you ever wanna be someone?
Do you ever wanna see somebody else
In the mirror cos nothing is clearer to me...

sick of my self
sick of my clothes
Sick of these boys and their obvious jokes

Sick of my tits
Sick of my shit
Bored of my car think I'll go and crash it

(ooh)
Who's down to trade places?
I wanna swap faces
Yeah I could be you, you could be me
We could be somebody else
I'm sick of my, sick of my(self)

Regret it all When I open my mouth
Should sew it up and never let it out
My skin is crawlin must be something wrong
Your personality's nice
Can I try it on?

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