

# Nessa Barrett, talk to myself

I don't go out much  
'Cause parties are too much  
And I don't need anymore judgement  
So you keep your gossip  
You're cool and you're toxic  
Already got someone who does it

It's me, and that voice in my head  
Telling me that I'm better off dead  
If you think that you can make me cry  
More than me, myself and I  
Well go ahead and try

If you talk to me, like I talk to myself  
I'd give you the finger, I'd say, "Go to hell"  
You can be mean, make it sacred, you will  
But you can't say shit I don't say to myself

I wish you could hurt me  
So maybe when I bleed  
I could blame somebody else  
But she's sick and she's twisted  
A bit masochistic  
There's no point in calling for help

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I'd give you the finger, I'd say, "Go to hell"  
You can be mean, make it sacred, you will  
But you can't say shit I don't say to myself  
I get used, baby, it's you, baby  
If you're hard to love  
No one likes you, you're crazy, you're totally fucked  
If you talk to me, like I talk to myself  
I talk to myself

It's me  
Yeah that voice in my head telling me  
That I'm better off dead  
If you think that you can make me cry  
More than me, myself and I  
Make me wanna die

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