

Rihanna, Question Existing

Take off my shirt.
Loosen the buttons and undo my skirt
Stare at myself in the mirror
Take me apart piece by piece
Sorrows increase
Pressure release, I put in work
Did more than called upon, more than deserved
When it was over, did I wind up hurt (Yes)
But it taught me before a decision ask this question first

Who am I living for?
Is this my limit, can I endure some more
Chances are given, question existing
Who am I living for?
Is this my limit, can I endure some more
Chances are given, question existing

Take off my shirt, show them that
Under here, I'm just like you
Do the mistakes, I may make me a fool
Or a human with loss, and if that I'm lost
Round of applause, take the abuse
Sometimes it feels like they want me to lose
It's entertainment is that an excuse? (No)
But the question existing whether win or lose

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Dear Diary,
its Robyn
Entertaining is something I do for a living
It's not who I am, I'd like to think that I'm pretty normal,
I laugh, I get mad, I hurt, I think
guys suck sometimes,
But when you're in the spotlight,
Everything seems good,
Sometimes I feel like I have it worse cause I have to always keep my guard up,
I don't know who to trust, I don't know who wants to date me for who I am,
Or who wants to be my friend for who I really am,

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