

# Scheer, Babysize

Don't speak with words, they won't keep me warm,  
I have no need of you or anyone,  
And you are not my keeper,  
And this is not your place.  
I'll scrub this skin, 'till I reach my bones,  
Close my ears to everything and everyone,  
And you are not my father,  
And this is not your place.  
And it hurts so hard,  
It hurts so hard,  
In this place, in this place,  
And it moves too fast,  
And it hurts too hard,  
In this place.  
No you are not my father,  
And this is not your place.  
I wish I was small as baby size,  
I could be curled up here, inside you.  
But you are not my mother,  
And this is not your place.  
And it hurts so hard,  
It hurts so hard,  
In this place, in this place,  
And it moves too fast,  
And it hurts too hard,  
In this place.