

Tim Minchin, You Grew On Me

You grew on me like a tumour
And you spread through me like malignant melanoma
And now you're in my heart
I should've cut you out back at the start
Now I'm afraid there's no cure for me
No dose of emotional chemotherapy
Can halt my pathetic decline
I should've had you removed back when you were benign

I picked you up like a virus
Like meningo-fucking-coccal meningitis
Now I can't feel my legs
When you're around I can't get out of bed
And I've left it too late to risk an operation
I know there's no hope for a clean amputation
The successful removal of you
Would probably kill me too

You grew on me like carcinoma
Crept up on me like untreated glaucoma
Now I find it hard to see
This untreated dose of you has blinded me
I should've consulted my local physician
I'm stuck now forever with this tunnel vision
My periphery is screwed
Wherever I look now, all I see is you

When we first met you seemed fickle and shallow
But my armour was no match for your poison arrow
You are wedged inside my breast
If I tried to pull you out now I think I'd bleed to death
I'm feeling short of breath
You grew on me like a tumour
And you spread through me like malignant melanoma
I guess I never knew
How fast a little mole can grow on you