

# 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