

# Eyesore

## Stray Bullets

The ugly naked truth  
She starves me of my youth  
And I stand alone until  
You catch on  
I swear its not by choice  
But Ana has this voice  
And it calms me down  
It gives me purpose And its alright  
Im alright  
I want to be ok  
Ive seen it before  
This eyesore, its me  
Oooh oooh oooh me I want out from under  
This convining skin  
That I so reluctantly live in  
My worth is measured solely  
According to the scale  
Im heavy, I feel frail And its alright  
Im alright  
I want to be ok  
Ive seen it before  
This eyesore, its me  
Oooh oooh oooh Me oooh oooh oooh  
Ooooooooooooooooooh  
Oh

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