

Troubled Girl

Fefe Dobson

Here's a part of me
That wants to be like her
Perfect skin
Long legs and blond hair
She's so popular
It magnifies your worst fear
But she's just living in her fake world
That's too hard to bare
She's got tons of angst
To leek into your teenage minds
But she's a beauty queen
With liner dripping from her eyes
Her tears keep burning holes
Into her sick abusive lies
All the poison tears
And rips away at her
You're a troubled girl, just like me
There's no need to hide your insecurities
'Cause I can see
I can see right through you
I can see, I can see the truth
Her high school's full of guys
That hang around and want a date
Stand straight, shoulders back
Oh, she's so full of hate
(Wait)
Lifts her skirt, pulls his hair
That's why she's always late
(Hate)
But still you around
Like you're some kind of fucking saint
You're a troubled girl just like me
There's no need to hide your insecurities
'Cause I can see
I can see right through you
I can see, I can see the truth
There's a part of me
That wants to be like her
Perfect skin
Long legs and blond hair

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