She Said

Longpigs

And there's no clothes I can buy
Make me feel like myself
She said, so I put on clothes
To make me look, feel like someone else insteadAs a matter of fact I don't like to be seen
'Cause I'm not satisfied with myself
She said, you better hit her
She said, she said, she said, she said, she's deadThere no perfume I can buy
Make me smell like myself
So I put on perfume
To make me smell like someone else in bedAnd as a matter of fact
I don't like to be scented
I don't like to smell myself
She said you better hit herShe said, she said, she said, she said, she said
But I'm not afraid of being more than pretty
While you're getting paid
To wind yourselves up until you drop, yeahThere no one I can talk to
Like I talk to myself
She said, so I play games to make them
Think I'm someone else, it's inbredAs a matter of fact
I don't like to be seen
'Cause I'm not satisfied with myself
She said, you better hit herI'm not afraid
Of being more than pretty
While you're getting paid
To wind yourselves up until you dropShe said, she said, she said
She's dead, she's dead, she's sad, she's played
It's ingrained, she's stained
She's played, she's tradeI've fucked up inside my own head
And what the hell I'm doing
In a place like this
I know exactly why I'm here, me

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