

# Make Yourself (live)

## Incubus

If I hadn't made me  
I would have been made somehow  
If I hadn't assembled myself  
I'd have fallen apart by now  
If I hadn't made me  
I'd be more inclined to bow  
Powers that would be have swallowed me up  
But that's more than I can allow  
If you let them make you  
They'll make you papier-mâché  
At a distance you're strong  
Until the wind comes  
Then you crumble and blow away  
If you let them fuck you  
There will be no foreplay  
But rest-assured  
They'll screw you complete  
'Til your ass is blue and gray  
You should only make amends with you  
If only for better health  
But if you really want to live  
Why not try and make yourself?  
If I hadn't made me  
I'd have fallen apart by now  
I won't let 'em make me  
It's more than I can allow  
So when I make me  
I won't be papier-mâché  
And if I fuck me  
I'll fuck me in my own way  
You should only make amends with you  
If only for better health  
But if you really want to live  
Why not try and make yourself?

Songwriters

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