Eyesore

Fig Dish

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 purposeAnd its alright
Im alright
I want to be ok
Ive seen it before
This eyesore, its me
Oooh oooh oooh meI 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 frailAnd its alright
Im alright
I want to be ok
Ive seen it before
This eyesore, its me
Oooh oooh ooohMe oooh oooh oooh
Ooooooooooooooh
Oh

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