

# Delicate, Petite & Other Things I'll Never Be

## Against Me!

I wanna be more real than all the others  
I wanna be more real than all the rest  
I wanna be so real, you can see the difference  
All of the places that we never went before  
All of the times that we never had  
They're dead in the past  
Dead in the past I wanna know how you see you  
The world is not enough, I want your brutal truth  
I am still waiting for the visions  
Possession has yet to take hold of me  
We all want to burn on a pyre  
So tell me what kind of witch are you  
The skin on your neck looks a little thin  
Don't go sticking it out for me  
Like a beggar with a cold cup to fill  
I am the dirt under your nails  
I wanna know how you see you  
The world is not enough, I want your brutal truth  
I wanna know how you see you  
The world is not enough, I want your brutal truth  
The finest attributes of an amputee  
Something to eat instead of what you need feed  
One day closer than the last  
No more or less dead than the last second past  
I wanna know how you see you  
The world is not enough, I want your brutal truth  
I wanna know how you see you  
The world is not enough, I want your brutal truth

Songwriters

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WILLARD  
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