Numbers

Pompeii

Came at you in silence, my back at the wall.
"I've seen those nights where you binge and purge"
Those locks on your doors tell me when you're crouched on all fours
Counting tile, losing bile and sleep.
"it's just a diet, I've kept it quiet. Even if you told all my family and
Friends they would never believe it."
I think you're right. I can't believe it too
That it's you, but it's you.

My problems hide in numbers that leave when I gag and heave,
I weighed out every option, that scale's not fit for advice.
Medical language won't ever help to shape this if that mind is just as frail
As it's frame.
You know I'd leave it alone.

We can beat genetics, adopting new aesthetics for beautiful bodies, figures
Ever-so-slender
Taking control, oh. oh, what a nice, nice thing.

Besides, my problems hide in numbers that leave when I gag and heave
And heaving's kind of hard with your hands tied round your waist.
Point out the obvious, tell me just how dangerous
Then bundle every fight in an "isn't right" and leave it alone.

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