Love Is Love (feat. Mary Kay Lambert)

Mary Lambert

Know girls who are trying to fit into the social norm
Like squeezing into last year's prom dress
I know girls who are low rise, mac eyeshadow, and binge drinking
I know girls that wonder if they're disaster and sexy enough to fit in
I know girls who are fleeing bombs from the mosques of their skin
Playing Russian roulette with death; it's never easy to accept
That our bodies are fallible and flawed
But when do we draw the line?
When the knife hits the skin?
Isn't it the same thing as purging
Because we're so obsessed with death
Some women just have more guts than others
The funny thing is women like us don't shoot
We swallow pills, still wanting to be beautiful at the morgue
Still proceeding to put on make-up
Still hoping that the mortician finds us fuckable and attractive
We might as well be buried with our shoes
And handbags and scarves, girls
We flirt with death every time we etch a new tally mark
Into our skin
I know how to split my wrists like a battlefield too
But the time has come for us to
Reclaim our bodies
Our bodies deserve more than to be war-torn and collateral
Offering this fuckdom as a pathetic means to say
"I only know how to exist when I'm wanted"
Girls like us are hardly ever wanted you know
We're used up and sad and drunk and
Perpetually waiting by the phone for someone to pick up
And tell us that we did good
You did goodI know I am because I said am
I know I am because I said am
I know I am because I said am
My body is home
My body is home
I know I am because I said am
I know I am because I said am
I know I am because I said am

Songwriters
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