

# Is It My Body

Emilie Autumn

"Not just any insane asylum," she exclaimed indignantly, as though I had offended her. "Though you certainly do not deserve it, you are a very lucky girl indeed, for you have been assigned a bed in the most progressively innovative, the most morally experimental, the most, ah, the most ingeniously directed medical institution for the mentally ill, lead by my own dear son, Dr. Montmorency Stockhill. You, unworthy child, are now an inmate of The Asylum For Wayward Victorian-"What have I got

That makes you want to love me?

Is it my body?

Someone I might be?

Something inside me?You'd better tell me

Tell me

It's really up to you

Have you got the time to find out

Who I really am?What does it take

To get inside of your mind?

Give me a break

And take a chance

For the very first timeYou'd better tell me

Tell me

It's really up to you

Have you got the time to find out

Who I really am?Something inside me

Something inside me

Something inside me

Something inside me

Something inside me

Something inside me

Something inside meWhat have I got

That makes you want to love me?

Is it my body?

Someone I might be?

Something inside me?You'd better tell me

Tell me

It's really up to you

Have you got the time to find out

Who I really am?

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