Made To Measure

My Ruin

I was born like this with hips like this
Lips like this and wrists like this
Legs like this and arms like this
A fist like this to hit you with, nowYou're like school on Sunday
You ain't got no class
Keep runnin' your mouth off but
You can kiss my *Not made to measure, baby
One size does not fit all
I will not be the one
You make to take the fallNot made to measure, baby
One size does not fit all
I will not be the one
You make to take the fallI got the curves to fear
I got the words to feel
And when I scream I've heard them say
I've got the voice to healYou don't have to be sorry
You don't have to be saved
You just need to be proud
Of the body that God gaveNot made to measure, baby
One size does not fit all
I will not be the one
You make to take the fallNot made to measure, baby
One size does not fit all
I will not be the one
You make to take the fallListen to me, say, yeah
I'm so fat, I'm * up
I'm so skinny, I'm sick
I'm so tired of the magazinesTalkin' that bull*, I'm not fat, they're * up
I'm not skinny, they're sick
I'm just so tired of the critics
Who keep talking that bull*I was born like this, with eyes like this
Teeth like this, and thighs like this
A face like this, a waist like this
When I die, I'll die like this, nowYou're like school on Sunday
You ain't got no class
Keep running your mouth but
I just might kick your *Not made to measure, baby
One size does not fit all
I will not be the one

You make to take the fallNot made to measure, baby
One size does not fit all
I will not be the one
You make to take the fallLet me hear you say, yeah
You're so fat, you're * up
You're so skinny, you're sick
You're so tired of the magazinesTalking that bull*, you're not fat, they're * up
You're not skinny, they're sick
You're just tired of the critics
Who keep talking that bull*Now what?, Now what?, Now what?
What you gonna say the next time you see us?
Now what?, Now what? Now what?
What you gonna say the next time you see me?

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