

# Look Like Shit

Lauren Hoffman

Hunched over a microphone,  
You're whispering and I moan,  
Hardly moving, one toe tapping. In a hushed tone and eyes turned low,  
While the space you take up grows,  
I grow weak and my heart's collapsing. Yeah I look at you, you look like shit,  
But that's got nothing to do with it,  
You open your mouth and a God comes out.  
I look at you, you look like shit,  
But that's got nothing to do with it,  
You open your mouth and a God comes out. It's two forty-five in the morning,  
Being lonely just gets boring,  
It's too late now to get wasted.  
Yeah it's two forty-five in the morning,  
Being lonely just gets boring,  
It's too late now to get wasted.  
I look at you, you look like shit,  
But that's got nothing to do with it,  
You open your mouth and a God comes out.  
I look at you, you look like shit,  
But that's got nothing to do with it,  
You open your mouth and a God comes out.  
I'm in my room and all alone  
You're turned up loud there's no-one home,  
You're faceless and my eyes are closed.  
I'm in my room and all alone  
You're turned up loud there's no-one home,  
You're faceless and my eyes are closed.  
I look at you, you look like shit,  
But that's got nothing to do with it,  
You open your mouth and a God comes out.  
Yeah I look at you, you look like shit,  
But that's got nothing to do with it,  
You open your mouth and a God comes out.

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