

# Deal With It

## Lunachicks

I'm going out of my mind  
Don't know who I am  
I don't understand meat  
And I wanna take to my wings, open wide  
And fly right back to me  
And return, with a poison worm in my beak  
And I'm going out of my skin  
My patience is thin, I'm lucky my hair ain't  
And I'm, I'm losin' it fast,  
my composure won't last  
I just acn't hold it in!  
No more sucking my cheeks  
No way holding in my spit,  
No more sucking in my cheeks  
No more holding in my spit  
I can't pretend that it's okay  
Time has come to deal with it!  
Deal with it! Deal with it! Deal with it!  
Deal with it!  
Deal with it! Deal with it! Deal with it!  
Deal with it!  
I'm gonna let it all out  
Like a fresh water trout  
Close your ears if you want to  
And I'm gonna scrape through the grime  
'Cause there is'nt much time, no I ain't foolin'  
I'm gonna spit up the seeds, in my chest  
Growin' weeds, we all gonna bloom sometime  
And I'm, I'm climbing the walls  
In the bathroom stalls,  
mummified in toilet paper! Yeah!  
Crazy, crazy, crazy, crazy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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