

# Little Girl

Faith Marie

My friends always tell me I get carried away  
Sometimes I spit when I talk because I have so much to say  
They don't seem to hear me but I guess it's OK  
It's not their fault my mind is working overtime with no pay  
They always see the same things and it's starting to get old  
My head can't get sick  
I can't catch a cold  
Scratch and I pick  
My insecurities poke  
My fears my anxiety voice that provokes  
Take a walk clear your head breathe in count to 10  
Because on the first page of life written in red  
Never make it here if you don't know how to bend  
Don't speak unless you're spoken to a little girl  
Someday you will find your place in the world  
But ladies don't get dirty  
Someday you'll learn to fill the empty space  
With empty faith  
Every day feels like a battle and I always get hurt  
I was frequently told violence is never the answer  
Life doesn't abide by the rules of a child  
I don't know how to fight only taught how to surrender  
There's a certain kind of darkness that does a reaping  
Usually takes you at four you are sleeping  
Is it the crack in the door that it finds a way to creep in?  
Or the crack in your brain that wants you to drop dead  
I don't remember what it's like to see with clear vision  
I awake every morning with dead has arisen  
I don't have to think this body of mine is a prison  
You don't control me I just got a find the light switch  
But the more that I look the further I get  
You're the only thing about me that needs to be fixed  
Because on the first page of life written in FinePrint  
Stop looking for light live it instead  
My mind is a mess but I love it none the less  
They tell me to hush but my words are all that's left  
So on the last page of life written in gold  
Don't waste it always doing what you're told

Lyrics Submitted by Bella Sivak

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