

Suicide Hotline

The Pretties

On a scale from one to Plath I'm like a four
My head's not in the oven but I can't get off the floor
It's not that bad, I won't take it too far
I see a good shrink and hey dream boy's no bell jar
I'm not fine but I'll be okay
I probably won't kill myself today
Woolf took a dip with some rocks in her pockets
I'd say comparatively, I've got a bad case of the fuck it's
It's not that bad and I'm told I'll be fine
But it feels like shit right now, so just let me whine
I'm not fine but I'll be ok
I probably won't kill myself today
The sun rose for Hemingway when he was twenty-seven
I've got a couple of years but I doubt it's gonna happen
I'm pretty fucking jaded for someone my age
But I don't have any plans with Ernie's twelve-gauge
I'm not fine but I'll be okay
I probably won't kill myself today
I'm not okay but I guess I'll be fine
Please don't call suicide hotline, hotline
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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