

Ugliest Son

Diarrhea Planet

Look inside and tell me
That I'm the ugliest one
Turn around and see me
 Coughing up blood
 Spilling out my sickness
 For everyone to soak in
And let bake out in the sun
 All we want
All we need is some healing
 A kind of push
 A kind of shove
 To get me moving
 Attract a smile
To try and get that feeling
 To try and stop the slip
 That got me reeling
You're reading into this too much
 Or maybe I'm just not enough
You tell me that I've lost my touch
 But I've really just given up

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

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