

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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