

Question Existing

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Take off my shirt, loosen the buttons and undo my skirt
Stare at myself in the mirror
Take me apart, piece by piece
Sorrow decrease, pressure release
I put in work
Did more than called upon, more than deserved
When it was over, did I wind up hurt?
Yes, but it taught me, before a decision, ask this question first
Who am I living for?
Is this my limit? Can I endure some more?
Chances are given, question existing
Who am I living for?
Is this my limit? Can I endure some more?
Chances are given, question existing
Take off my cool
Show them that under here, I'm just like you
Do the mistakes that may make me a fool
Or a human with loss
And with them a loss, round of applause
Take the abuse, sometimes it feels like they want me to lose
It's entertainment, is that an excuse?
No, but the question that lingers, whether win or lose

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Dear diary, and to all them
Entertain is something I do for a living
It's not who I am, I'd like to think that I'm pretty normal
I laugh, I get mad, I hurt, I think I suck sometimes
But when you're in the spotlight, everything seems good
Sometimes I feel like I have it worst
'Cause I have to always keep my guard up
I don't know who to trust
I don't know who wants to date me for who I am
Or who wants to be my friend for who I really am

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