**i met the devil at 4 years old**

Someone came up to me with faith and hope,

Saying I sinned trying to hang myself from the rope.

So I told her,

If I had a premonition that I should be a christian,

I would have made the strong decision,

Would have focused on religion a long time ago!

But for me, God was a no show.

I had to do it all on my own,  *x2*

All on my own.

Enough of that bullshit!

I met the devil at four years old!

Someone came up to me with faith and hope,

She tried to hand me her pamphlets and her brooch.

But where did he go?

Or where was he in the first place?

He never came to my place,

He’s gonna’ lead us on a wild, wild goose chase,

If I had a premonition that I should be a christian,

I would have made the strong decision,

Would have focused on religion a long time ago!

But for me, God was a no show.

I had to do it all on my own,  *x2*

All on my own.

Enough of that bullshit!

I met the devil at four years old!

**its happening again**

I feel it hard, I feel the hurt, I said,

It's happening all over again,

And I’ve got no control this time,

Help me!

I feel it in my chest and in my eyes,

It's happening again tonight,

And I've got no control this time.

When I get lonely,

I turn to you,

You’re making this so hard,

you know it's true,

But enough about you,

Let’s talk about me.

I remember thinking,

Yeah, I know where i'll be,

Dead by the age of twenty three,

I said i'd never love me,

 But then I saw my mum at my feet

A sight I can never unsee.

I feel it hard, I feel the hurt, I said,

It's happening all over again,

And I’ve got no control this time,

Help me!

I feel it in my chest and in my eyes,

It's happening again tonight,

And I've got no control this time.

The obsessions in your life,

That are hard to quantify,

‘Cause you’re reaching out for comfort,

And it always hits you right,

When your dreams turn into longing,

And it’s hard to say goodnight,

When you show me, you show me,

You’re here.

Your nails so long,

Her skirt so high,

She’s gone in the day,

But I see her at night,

And I know i’m obsessed,

She brings peace I can’t describe,

I feel it hard, I feel the hurt, I said,

It's happening all over again,

And I’ve got no control this time,

Help me!

I feel it in my chest and in my eyes,

It's happening again tonight,

And I've got no control this time.

**miss andry**

I buried a poem under each of the places we used to go,

In hope that you’d find one and read it so you know,

How I feel,

I had a dream and this is what it was,

You walked away with Mark and my phone started to buzz,

Yeah better luck next time,

I never hated you,

I don’t even hate them, x2

I just hate myself.

How unfair that he gets to run his dirty fingers through your hair,

And when we fought he was always standing there,

In the back of my brain,

A smile so cruel and the smell of his cologne,

Could put me in a trance where his blood was on my hands,

But that’s what mad people do,

But who’s to say that you still think of me,

I’m just weak and miserable and only 5 foot 3,

How do I compare,

I never hated you,

I don’t even hate them, x2

I just hate myself

Just to clarify

I beat myself up every night,

Taking shit out on you

was never right,

INSTRUMENTAL

I never hated you,

I don’t even hate them, x4

I just hate myself.

**take two**

I’ve got the sweats,

And I feel my heart pumping right through my own chest,

I hear my pain,

Look at the wall,

The faces are moving and I see them all,

I hear my name,

It's quite cold in here,

I’d put on something warm if I could,

But they took my jacket outside,

Along with the chances I had to survive,

So now,

I wait in the fog with my hurt on the couch.

I’d cry if I even knew how,

Three kids, take two,

Now i’m the only one left in the room,

Keep me sane!

Three kids, take two,

Don’t open your eyes whatever you do,

Lead the way!

Throw up, throw up,

You’ll get it out if you chuck hard enough,

It’s in my veins!

Knock knock, who’s there?

The guy who told me to rip out my hair

Please help me!

My eyes,

They sting,

I feel,

Everything,

My heart,

Racing,

One kid,

Waiting,

Three kids, take two,

Now i’m the only one left in the room,

Keep me sane!

Three kids, take two,

Don’t open your eyes whatever you do,

Lead the way!

No-one knows what i’m facing

No-one knows what i’m facing

No-one knows what i’m facing

No-one knows what i’m facing

*Three kids, take two,*

*Now i’m the only one left in the room,*

*Keep me sane!*

Three kids, two run,

Of course you chose the most vulnerable one,

You made it rain.

**vodka orange juice**

My friend drove me to the party,

In her red velvet dress,

She’s always looking at her best,

For the tall and pretty boys.

I’m shaking to the core now,

These things get the best of me,

These goddamn kids can be so mean.

Now here comes James with the long brown hair,

A scent of bitterness fills the air,

He sees me standing next to the girls,

And he shakes his head.

So smug he towers over me,

I’m scared he’s gonna’ try and cause a scene,

So I tell him,

Patiently.

It took me a while,

To be where I am now,

I learnt how to fight back,

You don’t even wanna know how.

He then smirks slowly,

And he pats my back.

He says,

‘The girls want a real boy, *x2*

And you’re not that’.

Now everybody’s dancing,

And i’m just sitting in the corner,

With my vodka orange juice.

I never should have come here,

But I don’t have a ride home,

And it’s all thanks to you.

Maybe it's the way that I act,

Or it might be the way I look,

Or maybe it's what he heard,

From his forty five year old uncle Brooke, That one saturday,

When the family had a barbecue,

The real boy couldn’t lift the meat tray, So his uncle swiftly slapped his face and said,

No-one's gonna wanna marry you.

Now I don’t blame you james but I can't help the way I am,

I didn't sign up for this life but i'm doing the best that I can,

And it gets hard sometimes,

Boy i’ve tried to commit suicide multiple times.

It took me a while,

To be where I am now,

I learnt how to fight back,

You don’t even wanna know how.

Still I look in the mirror,

And another looks back,

She says ‘the girls want a real boy’,

‘The girls want a real boy’.

Now everybody’s dancing,

And i’m just sitting in the corner,

With my vodka orange juice.

I never should have come here, *x2*

But I don’t have a ride home,

And it’s all thanks to you.