Devon "Inadequate"

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I feel inadequate That extra mystery puzzle piece that doesn't fit That birthday candle that doesn't stay lit I feel like shit

How can I reinvent myself to meet the standards That they have set

I'd like to end this game I'd press start over Next time everything stacked better in my favor

I'm all fed up and starved to death Carved and sliced to look my best There's nothing wrong with me I'm so sick of this Living up to an image That doesn't exist

I feel all worn out Like a Barbie doll with its legs ripped off And hair torn out Fuck it, she's just a doll

I'm more like Barbie's friend

The one who didn't get The pink Corvette, the platinum hair And perfect breasts

I hate that bitch for what she's done to my head

I'm all fed up and starved to death Carved and sliced to look my best There's nothing wrong with me I'm so sick of this Living up to an image That doesn't exist

Don't follow me down this downward spiral

It's like a viral infection
No antibiotic protection
The world will make you feel
Like its collection of lies
It's lies ... it's lies ... it's lies
Is real

There's nothing wrong with me There's nothing wrong with you

I'm inadequate No no no

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