

Her Space Holiday "Missed Medicine"

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I figured out the key to short-term success
Just tell everyone that you're clinically depressed.
Make a list of all the people that you've wronged.
Don't ever call them back, but use them in a song
And if you're lucky enough to have a parent pass away,
Pretend it broke your heart, but never go to their grave.

And it goes 1, 2, 3, easy as 1, 2, 3.
It goes 1, 2, 3, let's all exploit our misery.

I figured out a way to twist reality,
Just take a ton of drugs and never go to sleep.
Re-rent the saddest movie that you've ever seen.
Fill your room with TV sets and put it on repeat.
Push all your friends away with the cool things that you
said.
If you need company, you got the voices in your head.

And it goes 1, 2, 3, easy as 1, 2, 3.
It goes 1, 2, 3, let's all exploit our misery.

So stay down on yourself
And if you feel a glimpse of hope,
You gotta choke it out before it grows.
You're the only one that really counts.
Stuck dollar bills inside your ears
And let the rest of them work it out.

And it goes 1, 2, 3, easy as 1, 2, 3.
It goes 1, 2, 3, let's all exploit our misery.

Right now

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