

Jeffree Star "Emo Kid"

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"Dear Diary, Mood: Apathetic
My life is spiraling downward
I couldn't get enough money to go to the "Blood Red
Romance & Suffocate Me Dry" concert.
It sucks because they play some of my favorite songs
like, 'Stab My Heart Because I Love You' and 'Rip Apart
My Soul' and of course 'Stabby, Rip, Stab, Stab'.
And it doesn't help that I couldn't get my hair to that
flippy thing either.
Like that guy from that band can do. Somedays..."

I'm an Emo kid, Non-conforming as can be.
You'd me Non-conforming too if you looked just like
me.
I have paint on my nails and makeup on my face,
I'm almost Emo enough to start shaving my legs.
Cause I feel real deep when I'm dressing in drag,
I call it freedom of expression, you'll just call me a fag.
Cause our dudes look like chicks, and our chicks look
like dykes,
Cause Emo is one step below transvestite.

Stop my breathing and slit my throat,
I must be Emo.
I don't jump around when I go to shows,
I must be Emo.

I'm dark, and sensitive and low self esteem,
The way I dress makes everyday feel like Halloween.
I have no real problems but I like to make believe,
I stole my sisters mascara and now I'm grounded for a
week.
Sulking and writing poetry are my hobbies,
I can't get through a Hawthorne Heights album without
sobbing.
Girls keep breaking up with me,
It's never any fun,
They say they already have a pussy, They don't need
another one.

Stop my breathing and slit my throat,
I must be Emo.

I don't jump around when I go to shows,
I must be Emo.
Dye' my hair and polish on my toes,
I must be Emo.
I play guitar and write suicide notes,
I must be Emo.

"... My life is just a black abyss, You know? It's so dark.
And it's suffocating me, Grabbing a hold of me and
tightening it's grip...
Tighter than a pair of my little sisters jeans.
Which look great on me, by the way..."

When I get depressed, I cut my wrists in every
direction.
Hearing songs about getting dumped give me an
erection.
I write in a live journal and wear thick rimmed glasses,
I tell my friends I bleed black and cry during classes.
I'm just a bad, cheap imitation of Goth,
You could read me 'Catcher In The Rye' and watch me
jack-off.
I wear skin tight clothes while hating my life,
If I said I liked girls I'd only be half right.

I look like I'm dead and I dress like a homo,
I must be Emo.
Screw XBOX I play old school Nintendo,
I must be Emo.
I like to whine and hit my parentals,
I must be Emo.
Me and my friends all look like clones,
I must be E-mo.

"My parents don't get Emo.
They think I'm gay just because they saw me kiss a
guy... Well, a couple of guys. But I mean it's the 2000's.
Can't two... Or four dudes just make out with each other
without being gay?
I mean chicks dig that kind of thing anyways.
I don't know diary, sometimes I think you're the only
one on that gets me, You're my best friend..."

I feel like Taco's..."

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