

Zella Mayzell "Target Demographic"

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Reject me hey Reject me
Build me up higher

It's the status of Idol
To which I aspire

I could lie to you all
And you'd never think twice

Selling lip-gloss and hair dye
I'm the piper, you're mice

Please tell us we're cool
And forget that I'm flawed

It's the image and the fashion
Not the heart that you bought

I'll sing for the music
And I'll bow for the cheers

And I'll hold up a soda
While I hold back the tears

Forget me hey Forget me
I stood for something

Having all these convictions
Gets so exhausting

I'll pretend that it's worth it
All the soul that it's costing

You would do it for the money
You would do it for fun

You would do the same thing
If it meant that you'd be shunned

From all of the parties
And all the premieres

This won't feel the same
After several years

So I'll hold up a soda
While I hold back the tears

Please tell us we're cool
And forget that I'm flawed

It's the image and fashion
Not the heart that you bought

If it's questions you have
Or it's insight you need

I'm an expert on greed

I know it's wrong
It's wrong

I know
Hurting you is wrong

I know
It's wrong
It's wrong

I know
It's wrong
It's wrong

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