

Sixty Stories

"Less Of Me"

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I am getting hungry again. When will the sharp pains
end?

I thought this was something called control.

I am like those drawings I like-the ones with thin
sketchy lines.

When you squint your eyes they disappear.

Everyday you'll see less of me.

My brother said my ass is fat.

How am I supposed to feel about that?

There is a closet to hide in down the hall.

Where I'll be safe for a while. I'll sing quietly.

"Oh, why does my body bother me?"

Everyday you'll see less of me.

A feminist theory? A privileged girl disease?

I could drown in clothes with skin too tight to breath.

If I was pencil thin would I disappear

If you squinted your eyes at me?

I am very salty these days-a lot of sweat,

A lot of tears and even more running away.

I will stay in this closet for now.

Sit safely down the hall.

Safely quiet. Safely small.

Until everyday you won't see me.

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