

# Itch

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I am evening the score  
I am cutting the umbilical cord  
Curled with my teeth against my knees  
I am scratching at my consciousness  
Like a bitch with fleas  
I think you'll be greatly pleased  
To learn that yours was the hardest itch to relieve

This is me  
Without my hair  
Welcome to my open stare  
I got nothing to hide no more  
Why disguise what isn't there  
I am an eyesore  
I am a detour  
You can find me crying on  
The shoulder of the road  
And I will tell you  
What you want to hear  
Before you go  
And that is that  
Yours was the hardest itch to relieve  
Yours was the hardest itch to relieve

I've mapped out my course  
Looks like it's all uphill  
I've got a heavy heart to carry  
But a very strong will  
It's just hard to travel  
In the shadow of regret  
In fact it's so hard  
That I haven't actually left yet