

# Medusa

Heather Dale

Mother would tell me I was a pretty girl  
Then she would cry all night  
Nobody thinks that really they're being cruel  
When they suggest that I should try to look like them  
As if God loved the pretty ones best

Damn 'em all - I create my own perfection  
Damn 'em all in the face of their rejection  
Damn 'em all - well this dog will have its day  
My garden's full of pretty men who couldn't stay away

Notice the ones who all like to criticize  
Are the ones trying to hide  
Why would I sell my soul to be one of them  
Better to love the me within behind the skin  
I choose to be a goddess inside

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